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THE MUSIC MAKERS

BY CATHERINE DRINKER BOWEN

L ISTED in the county ledgers as housewife, I have four brothers and a sister, the conventional number of parents, two children, and four nieces and nephews. None of us are professional musicians, and we all live together in a quiet, practical succession of days. But strike A on the piano, blow it on the pitch pipe, and to a man we move to the fiddle cases as mechanically as we move, on occasion, to the telephone bell.

People ask us constantly, 'Who is responsible for all this music in your households? How has it come to pass?'

And they add with a vague look of distress, 'We *used* to play the piano, but —'

I cannot bear to hear people say this. It outrages me to see my friends go hungrily to concerts and come away only partially filled — the hunger unappeased, or the appetite whetted, perhaps, to an even keener edge. I know what these people want; I have seen them pick up my violin and turn it over in their hands. They may not know it themselves, but they want

music, not by the ticketful, the purseful, but music as it should be had, music at home, a part of daily life, a thing as necessary, as satisfying, as the midday meal. They want to *play*. And they are kept back by the absurd, the mistaken, the wicked notion that in order to play an instrument one must be possessed by that bogey called Talent; one must have been born with specially shaped fingers, or have seen the moon all yellow at the quarter on a Friday night.

To these persons, then, I address myself. In the hazard that I may reveal, not the secret, but the very fact that there is no secret, no mysterious password, no angry gods to be appeased at the portal to the shrine, I offer my musical reminiscences, from the age of seven to thirty-seven. Hastily, in the fear that the words 'began to play at seven' may raise again the bogey, I interpolate, before beginning my story, my affidavit that I have seen people begin to play the violin at twenty-seven, the viola at thirty-two, the flute at forty, the cello at sixty-two; not only begin, but

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go on to the essential goal — membership in a hard-playing, musically exacting, weekly meeting amateur ensemble group.

II

We are not the descendants of talented musicians. There has never been a professional musician in our family, nor even anyone noted in his community for musical virtuosity. My mother, with only an elementary knowledge of the piano, — she could read hymn tunes and liked to sing the alto part of a Mendelssohn duet, — somehow instilled into my eldest brother, John, a profound passion for music which he in turn communicated to me, sixteen years his junior. Of the four intervening children, the three boys remained immune to music; as a girl my sister Victoria played Mozart with me, played Beethoven too, and then in due course married a musician and began, as she says, to live music instead of abusing it. In defense of my thesis I must add that Victoria is the one person I know who does not need to play music — does not, that is, need it at the moment. At the moment, she is beautiful, active, and triumphant. If ever she may be less of these things, she has music, as it were, up her sleeve; she knows how to play the piano.

When I say the boys remained immune to music, I except such exercises as playing the mandolin in the Glee Club at college, or even the clarinet in the school band. The clarinet is a noble instrument, an instrument of true music; long and mournful its notes when blown from a brother's room in the third story. But when he was grown, my brother abandoned his clarinet. Now he is forty; in the intervals of scientific research he solaces himself upon a four-key harmonica, or even, on occasion, upon a large and complicated piano-acordion.

My children, aged six and nine, accept piano playing and sight singing as they accept breakfast and dinner and the hours that strike round the clock. John's wife and their four children, ranging in age from twelve to nineteen, all play and sing, — and with eagerness, — piano, cello, and violin. String and piano quartets, quintets, octets, choral ensembles, burst into sound at a moment's notice, the difficulty being, not to make the children play, but to keep them from battle when there are not as many parts as musicians.

What interests me in this family music chronicle is the fact that my mother, with so slight a musical knowledge and technique, could have influenced at least two of her children so that music has been the profoundest and happiest fact of their lives, and from all evidence bids fair to have an equal share in the lives of her grandchildren.

I deem this worth recording, if only in answer to the many mothers who protest to me, 'It's all very well for you to talk about making music a natural part of children's lives. You and your brother John live next door to each other; you play the violin and he and his wife play the piano; the three of you really know music. Of course you can impart this knowledge and enthusiasm to the six children. But what about the rest of us, who can barely read a hymn tune? How can we direct our children, how can we direct ourselves, along the path of music?'

My mother could barely read a hymn tune herself; my father, who had in his youth sung a very tolerable bass, was, by the time I came to know him, wholly indifferent to music. Indifferent, that is, to the hearing of it; he sponsored music and worked in its behalf. For fifteen years he acted as president of the famous Bach Choir

at Bethlehem, accepting the office on condition — so he told us — that he should never be expected to go to a concert. At home, my father endured much in the name of music: a room known as Father's Office was just across the hall from the piano, but never once were we told to stop our playing.

Indeed, my father's patience in the face of overwhelming sound has always been a matter for marvel. I do not remember his ever listening to me play, but he used to encourage me: 'Your mother says you are doing very well on your violin.' He would have said music was a good thing — good, certainly, for girls. For boys, questionable. He had the attitude of his generation. I suspect his eldest son's piano playing worried my father a little; this intense preoccupation with one of the arts — was it quite the part of a gentleman, of a man of affairs? Not until John became well established as a lawyer did my father's conscience permit him to cease casting small gibes at what he called the 'long-hairedness' of music playing.

III

But what brought music to life in our household and kept it so burningly alive was not my mother's feeble performance upon the piano, not even, I am tempted to believe, her attitude toward music, but a larger thing — her attitude toward art and toward life. Both she and her sister were trained by family environment — in a way curiously indirect — to a respect for the arts, that serious respect which in the end amounts to passionate, yet entirely unassuming, conviction. My Great-Aunt Eliza and my Great-Uncle Will played piano duets, played them *well*. In that household a thing undertaken was a thing finished; there were no loose ends, artistic or practical. My

mother and my aunt used to wash the dishes — from necessity, not choice; often enough there was no money for a servant. More than once they have explained to me with pride exactly *how* they washed the dishes. It was a system so perfected as to be almost a ritual; they could, when challenged, clear a table set for five, wash and put away the dishes, have their aprons hung upon the nail and no spot upon the lace cuffs — all in seven and a half minutes.

I have heard also how they made the beds and with what care they mended, in the long hot Philadelphia summer days, the hand-woven linen sheets brought down from the attic. And in these recitals is nothing tedious; the sisters tell their story with excitement, with relish, in the same tone they use to tell how the younger sister obtained her first gold medal from the Paris Salon. Dishwashing or portrait painting, high standards were not high to them, because high standards were expected — demanded.

My great-grandmother, who ruled this household, had that type of simplicity which the sixties produced in New England. Art was a thing foreign to her — but refinement was not foreign to her, nor the discipline of mind and character that goes to the creation, the establishment, of good taste. Good taste, in that simple household, was not a social asset, it was a matter of morals, of what people used to call 'character'; it consisted in perfecting to the best of one's ability what one had undertaken to do or to learn or to make.

To these children, perfection was no bogey, no nightmare; by their own account theirs was a house filled with laughter and gayety. Yet I am constantly amazed at the hints which slip from my mother concerning the enormous things which were expected, as a matter of course, from her and her

sister. They learned a habit of perfection — and with it bound themselves forever to Perfection's sister, the dangerous but fascinating habit of Intensity. My mother is eighty; she has never been a stern woman, — her laugh is high and quick, like a girl's, — but to this day she flies at a task as if the witches were after her, and she expects others to do the same. With stupid people she has patience, but lazy people are beyond her comprehension; she hears of them in astonishment, as though she were hearing of a baboon, something existent but not quite human.

I will not make the boast that my great-grandmother's spirit has come down undiluted to me and my brothers and our children. I will not try to argue that, as a family without talent, we achieved music through 'character.' But I must pause to give tribute to the much maligned Puritan discipline. The stern fanatic eye which said, 'Do with all thy heart that to which thou has set thy hand' — that was a hard eye to meet. But, if met, how glorious the reward! I remember well my mother's words when, at seven, I told her I wanted to play the violin. She took my hands and looked at me. 'That is not an easy thing to do,' she said. 'It will take courage. Do you think you will be up to it?'

Up to it! Years passed before I understood the full meaning of her words; at that moment I did not need to understand them. What child would not have risen to such a challenge? Flags waved, banners flew. But I know now why she used the word 'courage.' For without courage no one can be a sincere artist, even an amateur artist. Ridicule pursues the aspiring fiddler. One of the best violinists I know told me that when she first began to play the neighbors' children — among them her bosom

friend — gathered under the window daily and shouted '*Meow!*' — shouted it tirelessly, enthusiastically, until her practice time was over. Children to whom music is unfamiliar look upon violin-playing children with a combination of curiosity, ridicule, and that grudging, instinctive respect which even your adult 'practical man' grants an artist.

But I care not how the world looks upon music, if only the world be not indifferent to it. 'To music,' says the philosopher, 'we must remain inattentive altogether or become altogether enslaved.'

IV

And we who are enslaved, to what quality of this art of music do we owe the strength, the glory, of our chains? What is this close, this hungry relationship between music and life? I know of one answer, at least; of one quality music, alone among the arts, possesses — a warm, a satisfying friendliness. All the other arts are lonely. We paint alone — *my* picture, *my* interpretation of the sky. *My* poem, *my* novel. But in music — ensemble music, not soloism — we share. No altruism this, for we receive tenfold what we give. Our fiddle bow draws out high C; gives it out, thin and true and long, to three other fiddlers under the lamp. And back it comes, realized, made authentic by the viola G, the clean, the vigorous fifth, softened by the second violin's E flat, — pleasant, drowsy minor interval! — strengthened now by the cello's deep, tonic C, the full chesty burr of his open string. The chord dies; and the four of us sit silent, smiling. The first fiddler nods. 'Not so bad,' he says. 'Not — so — bad.'

Perhaps it is this warm yet impersonal friendliness of music that causes people to look so wistfully upon our family quintets, our neighborly octets. Certainly I never saw that nostalgic

envy creep into the eye of anyone listening to a piano solo. *Ensemble*, that is the key to musical enjoyment. Your soloist, no matter how skillful, is a bird of different feather, and your concert-goer, though he feed upon symphony as a lamb upon milk, is no true lover if he play no instrument. Your true lover does more than admire the Muse; he sweats a little in her service.

An instant flash, an instant communication, passes between strangers who discover a mutual love of ensemble playing. Perhaps this same communication is established between mutually discovered bridge players, between fishermen. I do not know, but I do know the reality of this other, the warm invisible bond, the banishment of aloneness, the sudden reawakening, reawareness of life, that only communication brings. To break for an instant that shell, that hard protection with which every adult surrounds himself — what glorious, delicious indulgence! And to know it broken, not in dissipation, — as in any vulgar, too easy effort at communication, — but broken with the brain sharp, the eye clear, the ear alert, and the belly hot with triumph. . . .

V

Sometimes, driving home after an evening of quartets, the thought has come to me: Suppose the Lord had made me, let us say, a tennis maniac instead of a melomaniac. A few years, and I shall be forty — pushed off the court! No wonder people fall into panics concerning old age. But with music one's pleasure, one's participation, grows rather than diminishes with the years. Not only are new beauties discovered, new loves introduced, but new meaning is revealed in the old love!

Beethoven, for instance. When I was

young I loved Beethoven because I loved the tunes, the melody; as a child I had been literally rocked to sleep to the Kreutzer Sonata: John and the old Steinway — not old, then — fighting it out in the parlor below until my small white iron bed shivered and my spine shivered with it. John was getting ready for Katrina, who would come down from Boston with her violin next month or next week-end. Katrina was an excellent violinist. A formidable alliance, Katrina and Beethoven, for a young lawyer to attempt to enter; no wonder the walls shook and the ceiling of the old parlor rocked to six-eight time! John practised the Kreutzer like one demented; whistling the violin parts, he practised it at night and he practised it before breakfast, and it will haunt me till I die — but I am not sorry. Indeed, it was the Kreutzer that was responsible for the commencement of my fiddling career; I remember well my amazement when Katrina, arriving, took out her fiddle, nodded to John — and did things to the Kreutzer. Magic things: what was this wild, slippery voice creeping in and out, so deep, so high, so like John's Kreutzer and yet so more-than-John?

So it was *this* John had meant when he had said, 'Wait till you hear the fiddle! Wait till you hear the two of us!'

And now I was hearing it. I sat on the red parlor sofa with my mother; I remember my legs dangling, the pressure of my mother's hand around my fingers and her quick smile answering mine. I whispered, 'What is it, Mother?' She said, 'It's Beethoven, child' — and I was a little offended that she could have thought me so stupid. But I know now that she could not more richly have answered my bewildered question. When they had done I went to John and told him solemnly that I wanted to do that, too,

and he laughed his great laugh of pleasure.

I remember his hand upon my shoulder and his face upturned to Katrina, — whom I remember not at all, — his eager voice, 'Do you think the Infant could do it?'

For years I practised with the Kreutzer as goal; I am grateful to John that he never hinted at its difficulties, its impossibilities, though he more than once hinted at the difficulties of violin technique. 'You can't fool with a fiddle,' he told me. 'It means *work*' — and he made me, upon my mother's advice, promise two years of piano lessons before I ever touched a violin. 'To see if you really mean it, Infant.' I served my two years' bondage and I had my reward; indeed, I have been having it ever since!

But Beethoven — Beethoven was magic to me then; Beethoven was melody, swinging, rushing melody,

music like a thunderstorm. And indeed I remember, years later, running through the hall in a thunderstorm with John and Beethoven matching it out in the parlor through the open door. . . .

Beethoven is not a thunderstorm to me now; he speaks to my maturity with a voice more quiet, yet more triumphant, than the thunder. He has walked through the thunder and has come out unscathed. It would be an impudence and a vanity for me to attempt to put upon paper what Beethoven is to me now. Nothing can say it save the music itself. . . . Thus far, Santayana was right: 'Music is not a criticism of violins, but a playing upon them.'

But I wonder, when I shall be old, what Beethoven will have in store for me? What further, deeper reaches of beauty, what revelation of hours serenely lived?

CHRISTMAS

BY HENRY WILLIAMSON

SINCE Michaelmas my Yule log has been propped against the walling of the hump-backed bridge over the river, which runs less than a hundred yards away from my cottage door. A small spate brought the log down one day, and the boys and I hauled it out with a lasso. It weighs about one and a half hundredweight, and is of yew.

Many times have I wondered if it were not too good for burning: if that salmon-pink wood, stronger than oak, should not be cut up for table legs.

A crack running by a twist in the 'stick' finally decided me. There stands the Yule log, which we shall drag into the sitting room on Christmas Eve.

The small children are excited, and have been rehearsing in make-believe for days. Only this morning Charlie the black cat ate three-year-old Margaret's 'yoolug' — a piece of bacon rind on a string.

It is difficult to remember all the Christmastides of the past few years. There was one up in Rhode Island, when we skated on the lakes where herrings had spawned; another in the mess of the Navvies' Battalion in Halton Park, Buckinghamshire, when the P.M.C., a major recently a sergeant major, gave us roast beef, saying it was good enough for anyone, and turkeys were only for fops, and he made his subalterns eat the fat, too, also he knocked down defaulting privates in the guardroom — but that was long

ago; and then that flat and lifeless Christmas after the Armistice, when color and movement had gone from the only world we knew.

Best of all was that strange and beautiful Christmas of 1914, when we made friends with the Saxons of the 133rd Regiment opposite us under Mes-sines Hill; when in the frosty moonlight of Christmas Eve we strolled about in No Man's Land, talking and listening to the carols sung in German, only forty yards away, and later watching with indescribable feelings the candle-lit Christmas tree they planted on their parapet. And the great white star rising from the east, over their lines, which some of us thought must be a light on a pole, it was so bright!

That time had a dream quality for my eighteen-year-old self. Many of us, German and English, longed, and even prayed voicelessly, that its good will and kindness should extend and deepen, until no war spirit remained. Alas! it was not realizable — then.

Why should not this Christmas be the best one has known?

The children are beginning to be human beings, with their own personalities, and therefore as companions they are stimulating. Also, we are looking forward as eagerly to our guests' coming as, we hope, they are eagerly anticipating their arrival. It has been fun arranging the bedrooms, and finding odd corners for camp beds.

And the walks we shall have, what-

ever the weather, on the high ground of Exmoor and in the lanes, with their tall beechen hedges! The blazing of wood fires on open hearths shall greet us when we return, pleasantly tired, to sip tea made from the black iron kettle hanging on its lapping crook from the chimney bar.

I have got a spruce fir, with all its roots; it is set in an oak tub, for later planting-out in the hilltop field. The sapling shall not be murdered; it shall, after Christmas, join the company of its brethren below Windwhistle Spinney. Late on Christmas Eve, when the children are lying excitedly awake upstairs, or breathing sweetly in sleep, we and our friends will deck its branches with shimmering delights. Then into the cupboard under the stairs, until the afternoon party!

Of course everyone will hang out a stocking. And of course Father Christmas will fill each stocking, and everyone will sit at the long refectory table for breakfast. On one side the children, graded according to size, from the gypsy-dark Margaret to the blue-eyed Ann; on the other ourselves, the so-called adults, watching the happy faces over the table.

Afterward a two-mile walk across the park and fields to church. On the way we shall peer over the parapet of the bridge to see if any of the spawning salmon are visible.

And I shall show my friends the ant hill beside the river where every traveling otter scratches and rolls, a small hillock very green in spring with the many fishbone fragments that nourish the root grasses.

Before the church service everyone greets everyone else in voices that are

neither loud nor yet too subdued. Contrast is the salt of life; and, after the singing of the good old hymns, we shall return in an amazingly short time to see the turkey turning slowly on the jack-spit by the hearth. And what a fire! The wood for it has been selected and matured for several years. Pine for the resinous scents; oak for body; elm for its majestic white ash; alder for its charcoal — the flames of these woods will blend and be thrown out by the bulk of the yew-wood back brand.

The twin rows of human cormorants will perch themselves along our table, I shall refuse to carve, corks will pop with bubble of grape and ginger; the lighted pudding, set with holly sprigs, will come in, with the mince pies, to be eyed with lessening enthusiasm except by the row of brighter faces. Who will want figs, dates, or nuts? Then for the crackers!

There will be ping-pong, skittles, bagatelle, lead-horse-racing, crown-and-anchor, and maybe (since Harold is of the party) the three-card trick. And those of us who have realized the poise and harmony between life and death will meet in my writing room, to listen and to think as the voice of the King, symbol of our hopes for our brother men and neighbors, speaks around the earth.

Yes — this Christmas, I hope, will be 'proper.' Windles, the eldest boy, has just come in to tell me he has seen Father Christmas's reindeer! They were going up the path to Bremridge Wood . . . or else they were the red deer from Exmoor, driven down by the hard weather. Which were they, Dad?

Quick, Windles, tell the others what you've seen! Christmas! Christmas!!

DEATH IS A STRANGER

BY M. BEATRICE BLANKENSHIP

I

At what particular point in the long journey from cell to man did the race first gain that awareness which is one important difference between humanity and the 'little brotherhood' of the lower animals — the consciousness of the personal quality of death? Animals recognize death when they see it, but, so far as I know, man is the only being that perceives it in its relation to himself — and even in man this recognition is very often vague and ill-defined.

I suppose humanity grew gradually into this knowledge as most individuals mercifully must. Otherwise I should think the sudden discovery that your own death was far more inevitable than anything else in your life would render that life completely null.

For my own part I cannot remember how I came to know about death either objectively or subjectively, but it must have been at a very early age, for among my first recollections are memories of lying awake at night vaguely trying to comprehend the full meaning of eternity, and endeavoring to imagine some form of life after death which could be considered eternally endurable, let alone desirable. By the time I was eight, I had discarded the harps and halos of heaven, and from recognizing that the orthodox heaven would be a good deal less interesting than the orthodox hell I progressed to a recognition of the fact that, if eternity really

meant what its name implied, *any* kind of life would eventually become unendurably monotonous. I then considered the possibility of there being no after life, and found my recoil from the idea of annihilation greater and more instinctive than my dislike for the unpleasant connotations of immortality.

I do not think that I was a morbid child, for there were weeks when death did not come into my mind at all, but whenever I began to *think*, my mind always returned to the problem, which seemed not so much to be insoluble as to present no desirable solution. From the consideration of death in the abstract I began to consider death in the concrete — my own death first, of course, and then the death of others. I was then, and am still, afraid of death — though not of the mere act of dying, which I imagine will not much differ from other experiences of pain and unconsciousness. But if there is no life after death, then I abhor the waste involved in the destruction of a spirit so arduously schooled by life; and if there is life after death, then I dread the complete and utter change which it seems bound to bring. However, the fear of my own death — though the recklessness of which I have occasionally been accused comes from my determination not to let this fear get the better of me — does not *worry* me or shadow my life. The death that I really do dread

unspeakably is the death of people I love.

I cannot remember the time when I have not been haunted by this fear — so much so that, very young, I developed the mental habit (I wonder if it is shared) of classifying all human relationships according to the grief I should feel at the death of the individual.

II

For years I was afraid to face the moment when I should see the person turn into the thing; but when the time actually came I stood calmly at the foot of the deathbed drying breakfast dishes as I waited for the dying girl's harsh breathing to stop. Beside her sat Kitty Tandy, — dear Kitty, herself now dead, — tears streaming down her face and her hand clasped in the dying hand.

It was during the influenza epidemic of 1918, and Kitty, the young but extremely capable representative of the Home Service Branch of the Red Cross, had promised the dying girl's sister, who had to return to the job that was going to pay the funeral expenses, that Lucy should not die alone.

Nothing about the scene seemed real to me: not Kitty with her tears, nor the purple face on the pillow, nor myself — nothing except the dishes. I was drying them because the eleven others in our tiny emergency hospital would presently need their lunch regardless of who lived or died, and our dishes were too few to allow any dishwashing to be skipped. I dried cups and saucers, bowls and spoons, going into our make-shift kitchen not ten feet from Lucy's army cot and hurrying out again with another handful of crockery, because my presence at the foot of the bed loosened the tension for Kitty. I was washing out the cocoa kettle when Kitty called me. The harsh breathing had stopped. Together we stood by the

bed and looked down at the girl, younger than either of us. Her disfigured face was peaceful for the first time since she had been brought to us three days before.

'When you think what she would have had to face if she had lived, you can't feel really sorry,' said Kitty. I shared Kitty's knowledge of her sad, all too common little story, and yet, as much as I felt anything, I felt a vague pity for Lucy. No matter that she was safe from the shame and the heartache which, as far as we could tell, she had no chance of avoiding, no matter what unearthly peace or what strange beauty was now hers, she had lost the homely comfort, the reassuring everydayness of our world. . . . Kitty called the undertaker and I finished the dishes.

The next month is more dreamlike than any other part of my life. The history of the influenza epidemic of 1918 has as yet been too much overshadowed by the tremendous background of the war to have been adequately depicted. Our own emergency hospital for women relatives of soldiers was of necessity inadequately equipped, and, since the nursing staff were inexperienced volunteers, for a time lost as many patients as it saved. Two Red Cross nurses worked eighteen to twenty hours a day, — and never lost their tempers! — but they had the entire civilian sanitary district to look after as well as our little hospital. Kitty's hands were more than full taking care of the children of sick mothers and making arrangements for the dead. The burden of responsibility fell on me — and I had never even seen a seriously ill person, and possessed no special aptitude for nursing. We all did our best, — which in too many cases was not good enough, — and one would naturally think that once and for all I should have learned to know death then.

But, as I have already said, the month in the emergency hospital stands out like a dream only. I remember what happened, but only objectively — as if I had read about it. I know that over and over again I saw people die. I remember particularly one pretty girl. She was brought in at ten o'clock one morning, laughing and joking about coming to the hospital for a touch of flu. I remember that at three that afternoon, when I took her temperature and found it 106, she was looking past me at some imaginary tennis court on which she was playing a game. I remember that when Kitty came in at supper time, to see if she was so ill that her parents should be notified, we found that she was dead. I remember amusing a convalescent little girl of four so that her attention should be distracted from the undertaker and a soldier, husband of one of our other patients, who were lifting her mother's body through the window behind her cot. But none of the horror and the tragedy pierced to the citadel where one really lives. I had no time to think or to feel, nor did I want to do either. Impossible as it seems, death was still an abstraction and a stranger.

The war spared not only my brother, but even my best friends, and, though my life was profoundly altered by it, the alteration was not due to any death connected with it, but to my marriage. For a time thereafter that inner attention which is the core of every life was diverted from its old preoccupation. I was too much interested in life to think about death. And then, as I suppose must often happen, death struck.

III

Now, if for some forty years death is to you merely an academic term, and if you then encounter it in its most sudden and premature form in connec-

tion with the person whom you most love, you will find that, for some time at least, it completely changes the current — even the very channel — of your thought. Before you can go on with life, you must come to some sort of compromise with death. To arrive at such a compromise should not be so hard as for many of us it undoubtedly is. The ability to adjust oneself to the commonplaces of life ought to be as instinctive to all as it is to the fortunate few. Since death and birth are both intrinsically everyday matters, surely death no more than birth should possess the power to shake the soul.

For more than two years the attempt to make such an adjustment has occupied my profound inner attention. Even yet I cannot be *sure* that death is to me anything but a tiger lurking in the jungle of life, to be dreaded not so much for ourselves as for those we love, the dear few whose presence in our lives gives them whatever savor they may have. I do, however, perceive that this feeling is artificial — that it is the result of circumstances rather than of qualities inherent in the thing itself.

Because many of the letters brought me by the publication¹ of 'All Sweet Things' indicate that my feeling about death is shared by numbers of my contemporaries, it seems to me perhaps worth while to describe the tentative conclusions at which I have arrived, and the steps by which I have reached them.

When I realized that the thought of death, which had haunted my childhood, but which for many years I had neglected to face, would now forever and most poignantly accompany my nights and days, my first sensation was one of despair. How does one set out to overcome despair? The method differs with the individual. I read. I had

¹ In the *Atlantic* for November 1933. — EDITOR

always read widely; now I read inordinately. Every moment not devoted to the sketchiest of housekeeping was filled with reading — newspapers, magazines, novels, history, psychology, science, economics, religion, everything except poetry. At first I read to keep from thinking; but so much of what I read was so evocative of thought that I soon realized the uselessness — not to say the cowardice — of trying to evade it. Then I decided to read everything I could find which dealt with the unrelenting fact that I was facing.

I read the New Testament and many books which attempt, more or less successfully, to interpret Christianity in terms of everyday existence. I read theosophy, spiritualism, Buddhism, and Mohammedanism, and as I read I perceived that death is at once the centre and the stumblingblock of all religions. Their ethical teachings are practically the same; their principal difference lies in their conception of death — and these very differences in their attitude toward death, in the face of the unanimity of their ethics, serve to weaken the validity of any one belief.

Next I saw that death is the most significant constituent not only of religion but of life — not our own death, necessarily (for, whatever death may or may not do to us, it must certainly resolve our own immediate problems), but the death of those close to us, whose loss often infinitely complicates our lives as well as saddens them. No one who is not prepared to face death — his own or another's — is prepared to face life.

To judge from the books of an earlier generation, it strikes me that we of to-day are less prepared for death than were our predecessors. Our mounting suicide totals may seem to give this statement the lie, but the increase in suicide, and in crime as well, indicates

to me a lessening ability to assign the various factors of our lives their proper value.

In the last analysis, crime and suicide are only attempts to shirk facing disagreeable elements in the lives of the people who resort to them. This unwillingness to face the painful or unpleasant may be part of a general weakening of fibre of which our reluctance to face death is only a symptom; but, whatever the exact reason, it seems clear to me that even thirty years ago the conception of death did not involve the terror and the despair which now seem inextricably commingled with it.

To-day our minds instinctively turn away from the entire idea, refusing to contemplate either the physical fact or the spiritual implications. The reason for this instinctive rejection is probably twofold: we refuse to consider the spiritual implications because of our slipping hold on a religion founded on the premise that Jesus has conquered death and all its terrors; we shudder at the physical aspect because of the undeniable fact that death to most of us is a stranger. But though it may not be possible for us to regain the comfort of a religion, we can at least learn to look death steadfastly in the face, without fear if without hope.

IV

Statistics tell us that neither birth nor death is the commonplace it used to be. Not that death actually occurs less often than it did, but our customs concerning it have altered greatly. The very fact that nowadays the greater proportion of deaths take place in the hospital does a good deal to render it a stranger. There is less of the neighbors' sitting up with the sick than there used to be, and the gathering of the family around the deathbed is not nearly so common. But, more than our hospital-

ization of the sick, our modern funeral customs have tended to turn a great commonplace into something so strange as to seem terrible.

Formerly, when the spirit had passed to its own place, the family, aided by the neighbors (and how clearly friendship shone at such a time!), took charge of the body, themselves performing the last offices. There were then, it seems to me, a simplicity, an affection, a journeying together to the parting of the ways, which are utterly lacking now that the disposal of the dead is a business or a profession. In hospital or at home, the doctor has hardly pronounced life extinct before the undertaker's brisk young men are at the door. The mortician will attend to all the details. The survivors are effectually spared everything — except thought. Death in a hospital room, surrounded by the glittering inhuman appliances of science and the impersonal hospital routine. Our dead, now no longer and never again ours, snatched away to undergo the uncanny rites of the mortician — how can it be anything but terrible?

Years ago, while I was visiting a small West Virginia coal camp, a baby girl died. Friends contributed the clothes she was buried in, and, because the mother had always hoped to see her little daughter in a white dress with blue bows, those friends, at considerable cost to themselves in that lean and hungry place, bought a whole bolt of narrow blue ribbon. As a compliment to me, a 'furriner,' they asked me to make the bows. I am naturally awkward at anything of that kind, but it was impossible to refuse even if I had wanted to, and I have seldom so labored to so little avail. At last, however, I achieved four, and the dress was adorned. For the last time the mother washed her baby and dressed her. The father and his friends made a little coffin of dry-goods-box

boards, lining it with a white petticoat. Loving hands dug the grave, and in the presence of the entire camp the baby was buried.

The occasion was sad, but not terrible and not agonizing. Death to that poverty-stricken coal camp and to those simple people was no stranger. Because he was a part of their lives, because they literally dwelt in his shadow, they accepted him with sorrow but without despair, and their inner lives were not thrown out of adjustment.

Long afterward my own baby girl was killed. I left her in the emergency room of the hospital. When I saw her next, and for the last time, she lay before the altar of the undertaker's chapel. The undertaker himself, a kindly soul, and in private life a jolly one, was arranging chairs and tiptoeing up the aisle with flowers. His woman assistant was sorting cards and listing names, explaining to me as she did so that the funeral included 'thank you' cards to be sent out after everything was over. Flowers heaped the chancel steps. The arrangements were dignified and the professionals were unobtrusively sympathetic. Nevertheless, as I stood before the white satin-lined coffin where lay my baby, dressed for the first time by strange hands, my mind flashed to that other baby's funeral, and I would have given much for the poor comfort of having myself performed the last offices for my child. But death was a stranger and I did not know how to meet him.

V

The modern funeral defeats its own ends. It is, I suppose, intended to be the final expression of affection for the dead, and, through the tremendous promises of the funeral service, a reassurance for the living. But do not the very pomp and ceremony with

which we surround death render it more terrible? If our love were greater than our fear, surely we should ourselves prefer to take charge of the bodies of our loved dead rather than at the last to turn them over to strange and perhaps ungentle hands. If we did so take care of them, death might, in losing its strangeness, lose half its terror.

For, after all, our dread of death is partly the child's terror of the unknown. If we knew more about it, if, even, we faced it fairly, we might conceivably find it kinder than our best hopes; we should at least find it natural. And we are more nearly able to make terms with it in its presence, to meet it on its own ground, than to shove even the idea away from us, only to have it constantly recur, to have the fear of it — again not for ourselves, but for others — eternally in our hearts. The people who seated a skeleton at their feasts may have done so not so much to remind the feasters that life is short as to familiarize them with the idea of death. If we could once lay firm hold on the conviction that death is as natural as it is inevitable, and that *no natural thing is to be dreaded either for ourselves or for others*, then a shadow would be lifted from our lives.

But though you may concede the naturalness of death for the old, and even for those in middle life who are often wearier and more perplexed than the aged, in connection with the young, strong, and beloved it is unnatural, and no amount of reasoning can make it seem anything else. You may and do point out to yourself how much your child has undoubtedly been spared; still, deep in your heart lies the conviction that life is intrinsically desirable, and you cannot but grieve for what she has missed — not the great joys, either, but the little homely happinesses, such as the ride on the

train that you had so long promised her 'some day.' But to thoughts like these there is no end. Unnatural as such a death may be, the stark fact of it must be woven into your daily life, and the less strange death is to you, the easier will be the weaving.

I am forced to admit, however, that under the conditions of modern life it is very difficult to become acquainted with death in the same manner and to the same degree as did our parents. In the present scheme of existence there is literally no room for the sick and the dead except in the places provided for them. Our acquaintance with the physiological aspect of death is for most of us bound to remain academic. But, after all, the physiological is of minor importance once we have determined the spiritual implications to our own satisfaction.

If the essential personality which we have cherished still maintains a conscious existence, and if at some future time we shall again encounter it, the importance of the physiological act wanes. Now there are many educated and intelligent people who have this assurance, or think they have, though their belief does not always survive the acid test. Rather more than half the letters I have received most positively assure me that the soul does survive. Unfortunately for me and for people like me, most of these believers pin their faith to the New Testament and are inclined to consider my inability to be satisfied with this testimony as willful rejection on my part, or else as due to ignorance of what it says. I am very well acquainted with the New Testament and am so far from willfully rejecting it that, though I do not at all care for Saint John's vision of heaven, I should be very glad to accept its assurances. I freely acknowledge the supreme nobility of its ethical teaching, but its value to humanity is too often based on its legendary and

unreliable proof of spiritual survival for me to find it of any great personal comfort.

VI

The real problem, however, is not whether the New Testament is historically accurate, but whether or not the entire universe is mechanistic or spiritual, fortuitous or planned, whether or not life is an accidental chemical combination or an important part of some transcendent design. That the truth about these questions bears no relation to the accuracy of the New Testament is a fact which is quite frequently overlooked. Because a great many of the Biblical statements have been disproved by science, doubters jump to the illogical conclusion that the theory of any spiritual basis for the universe has been disproved — which is absurd. The fact that Columbus was wrong in taking San Salvador for India did not prove India nonexistent. Of course we cannot hope to arrive at any absolute proof that there is a consciousness behind the universe, but if we can prove that the universe behaves as if it were the result of reason, rather than as if it were a purely coincidental combination of forces, we shall have laid the foundation for a reasonable hope that there is an underlying cosmic spirit.

If the universe is spiritual, then one would expect to run across some design, some glimpse of a gigantic pattern which, across the stars and down the ages, is gradually assuming who knows what strange and lovely shape. If, on the contrary, the universe is mechanistic, then one would expect to find it behaving in an unreasoning and purely arbitrary manner. I must admit that there are grounds for the latter belief as well as for the former.

The brutality and selfishness, not of savages, but of our own peoples, the most highly civilized of which there is

any record, for years was to me completely irreconcilable with any idea of kindness behind the universe, or even of any reason. Now, however, I do not feel so sure about it. If there is no plan for the cosmos, why is the evolutionary trend always upward? If there is no kindness behind the universe, whence do we draw the idea that kindness is a virtue? Cruelty may still be rampant, but at least we recognize that it is an evil — even if we do not always agree upon what constitutes cruelty. Our consciousness of the difference between good and evil must, it seems to me, derive from a universal consciousness. I do honestly believe that if there were no reason or kindness in the universe there could be no such thing as good or bad. If there were no logic or virtue in the whole, how could there be logic and virtue in any of the parts?

I think it is fair to argue that our recognition of divine qualities implies a share in divine consciousness — that each separate individual is part of the divine consciousness. If this is true, then to a fragment of the cosmic soul fourscore years in the flesh will be as a watch that passes in the night.

But, even if the consciousness outlives the body, it does not necessarily follow that what survives retains the personality that made it individual and dear to those left behind. The old idea of death transforming a soul into an 'angel' seems to me to have its inception in the belief that any incarnated fragment of the cosmic soul lost, on death, the individuality developed through its incarnation. It has always seemed logical to me to assume — granted a divine consciousness behind the universe — that each portion of the cosmic soul has been split off to enable it to develop an individuality of its own. Instead of accepting the Christian theory of a brand-new soul in

every body, it seems reasonable to suppose with Socrates that each baby brings with it into the world a soul which, like the body clothing it, has evolved through successive stages. The consciousness which was once a monocyte's dim perception of a difference between day and night perhaps goes through life after life until it may culminate in the personality of an Abraham Lincoln, a Socrates, or a Jesus of Nazareth. I like this theory because it does in some sort minimize nature's vast wastefulness of life and renders cruelty unimportant except to the perpetrator. For if all life is on a spiral staircase, all subject to the same law, all going from worse to better or from better to worse according to the use made of opportunity, if from the simplest form of jellyfish to the most complex human being we are all passing from room to room of the cosmos, then what happens to any individual on any one step of the staircase, or in any one room, is of minor importance. If the universe had contained only pleasant experience, we should have remained jellyfish. Even the monocyte's first feeble effort was due to some vague discomfort.

Beyond all question, pain and sorrow are necessary to the development of the individual, and they cause despair only when we think of them as constituting all of life. If we can reasonably hope that our dead are only in the next room, then our greatest sorrow becomes transmuted into patience; perhaps into faith. It is hard to understand why the doors between the rooms should be so tightly closed that no sure word or sign can pass between, but perhaps if we were too sure of the next room we might lose interest in this one. It is undeniable that the races most firmly convinced of the immortal quality of the soul are among those who have done the least to improve the conditions of human existence.

VII

I have said that, as a theory, the foregoing appeals to me, but a theory, no matter how attractive, is not what one lives by, nor does it satisfy the heart crying for a certainty. Whether or not consciousness survives, death must be faced, not only the death of the old, — natural death, — but the death of the young — unnatural death. Just what is it that makes death dreaded? It is, I think, its strangeness and, even more perhaps, its loneliness. They who walked and talked with us, who shared the intimate detail of our lives, have now gone forth — to what? — *alone*. If we *knew* to what they went, or if we could accompany them even a little on that unknown way, we should be the happier. But are they so alone? Is there one single experience, one feeling or even one thought, which has not been shared by countless millions through innumerable ages?

Death is a stranger, but death is also the great commonplace. Wherever, as Socrates says, we find life, we find death; and wherever we find death, we find life. They are common to all, they are part of the same thing — perhaps the two sides of it; they are the warp and woof of the universe.

And in that reflection I find my comfort, the sure certainty which is not a theory demanding to be proved, but a fact on which I can rest. Just as you cannot conceive of life without death, so you cannot conceive of it without tragedy. Lacking tragedy, life would be neither beautiful nor terrible; it might be something better, but it would not be life as we know it. The death of the old is never tragedy; it is often beauty and kindness. Of our lost babies, our little children, our young cut off at the flowering of their lives, of all the cherished and sheltered who have been thrust into the dark, as it seems, alone,

we can know this: they are not alone; they, no matter whether or not any consciousness survives, are as much a part of the universe as are we ourselves.

Viewed against the background of eternity, our elaborate and impressive undertakings are less than children's sand forts before an advancing tide. There is comfort in this recollection. Judged by the universal scale, the sound of John Robert playing 'Redwing' upon his mouth organ echoes as clearly among the stars as the crash of cannon along the Western Front. My baby's four short years do not make her less significant than my father, who came to more than four score. They both lived and moved and *had their being*.

Dead, they are still part of the universe, even as I am part. Somewhere in the time stream they all exist: the unborn of future millenniums, the

long-forgotten dead, and those whose loss is still an aching wound, who live in the hearts of the living as well as in the universe.

This sort of immortality is not so comforting as the conception of continuing individual consciousness, but it does away with the idea of utter destruction and definitely assures a certain continuance. If the person you have cherished lives somewhere in the universe, even though not at this particular place and time, it is not possible to think of her as dead. Since her thread in the pattern of the universe is therein woven to all eternity, we need not despair that it has separated from our individual strand. The quality of universal existence not even death can take away. If there is a surviving consciousness, so infinitely much the better—but, even if there is not, her thread is woven. And now she is safe. . . .

FOLLOWING THE GLEAM

Youth and Revolution

BY VINCENT SHEEAN

I

I WAS not, to begin with, a 'sympathizer' in Hankow. It was part of the middle-class dilettante view of life that I had half adopted to accept experience of this kind much as the translated experiences of art (a play or a poem) are accepted, and to value them, what is more, as separate parts of a continuous process of education. To the dilettante the Chinese Revolution might have been of interest as an exciting spectacle, like a new ballet of Diaghiliev's, and of value as a contribution to his own education, like the acquirement of a new language. By 1927, after constant exposure to the atmosphere of London and Paris, such ways of receiving experience, although not natural to me, had ceased to be altogether alien, and it was in some such frame of mind as that of your plain seeker-after-curiosity that I first went to Hankow.

There were, however, important differences. One — and a very curious one, at that — was the rapidity with which the purely intellectual and sensational dilettantism of Paris and London slipped away from me the moment I abandoned its geographical centres of influence. Something of the frame of mind (the view of experience) did remain, but the attitudes, tastes, even the vocabulary and the manners, evaporated as soon as I got on a boat.

The point is, it seems to me, rather important, and indicates a characteristic of the time which was not peculiar to me alone. Paris and London appeared to have a powerful dilettante influence on a whole *levée* of young people, of all nations, who came to maturity in the years just after the war. The influence was partly through intimidation: the dictators of taste, of ideas, of manners, were older and wiser, presumably, than we, and they spoke, almost professionally, for what is called 'youth.' The 'youth' of Paris and London (in fact already middle-aged) pursued novelty, admired innovation no matter what form it happened to take, and indulged in all the rapid changes to which dilettante taste is forced to fly to maintain its high temperature. But if my own course of development is at all typical, — and subsequent political and social movements indicate that it must have been at least rather usual, — the youth of the 1920's actually wanted a more direct experience of reality, at whatever cost in violence or discomfort, than was to be found in the fanciful, nervous art and ideas of the period. The desire, to which I have referred more than once, for a sense of relationship to the world system could never be satisfied with a society in which art, life, and manners were regulated by caprice.

To Hankow, then, I brought the mind and character of an American bourgeois, twenty-seven years old, who had divided his adult years between actual events — the living history of the time — and the preoccupations of personal taste. In these preoccupations, which had assumed greater importance in the last two years, influences of a powerful order had deflected what must originally have been a nature of considerable vigor and simplicity into channels where it was not wholly at ease. The character of the American bourgeois — let us call him Mr. X — had been tinged with the color of his surroundings, had taken on some of the flavor of Paris and London, and disengaged, no doubt, a light aroma of decay. The American character is not made to withstand, over long periods of time, the influence of older cultures in their most self-conscious and virulent forms. Our Mr. X was almost — and could, in time, have become — a dilettante. That is, he already possessed by nature, and had fertilized by experience, those tastes by which a man could live through sensation alone. Books, pictures, music, and the satisfaction of physical appetites constituted this world of sensation, and although it had always existed in some degree for our Mr. X, as it exists for everybody, it had only recently shown signs of taking over the whole of his life.

He was preserved, then and afterward, from this fate. Aside from any possible reasons that might be sought in deeper regions of the personality, he was preserved by two rather obvious circumstances. The first was that he had no money at all except what he could earn. The second was that, independently of the first, he wanted (why, God alone knows) to 'write' — that is, to put into words whatever he could learn about the mysterious transaction of living. His attitude

toward work was neither consistent nor serious; he was capable of writing the most undisguised 'piffle' to make money when he needed it; but he did possess, at the core, a determination to do some little work of which he need not be ashamed before he was finished. These two circumstances fought against the world of sensation at every point. A man who has to earn his living cannot spend his whole time, or even much of it, in pursuit of the experiences in art and life that might yield sensation; and a man who wants to do good work at some time or other can only learn how to do it by working.

The second circumstance was, of course, the really powerful combatant. Money, in the world in which Mr. X lived, could be come by in various ways. For instance, it was not wholly impossible (however unlikely) that somebody might die and leave him a million dollars. But, even with a million dollars in pocket and all the pleasures of the world at hand for the taking, he would still have been harassed by the thought that his time, the most precious and the most precarious of his possessions, evaporated with terrifying speed; that he had done nothing with it, was doing nothing with it; and that he must learn how to light the light before darkness descended.

Mr. X was thus, through no effort of his own, and indeed almost automatically, protected against the worst results of his own laziness and self-indulgence. But he was lazy and self-indulgent, just the same. He preferred the line of least resistance, avoided conclusions that might be troublesome to himself, and was tending, more and more, to treat the whole of the visible universe as a kind of catering firm employed in his service. The mind he directed upon people and things in China, and upon the whole drama of revolution, had been originally a good one, acquisitive, percep-

tive, retentive, but it was softened and discolored beneath later influences, which constantly suggested that fundamental questions were not worth bothering about. The shock of general reality was what he needed, and he was about to receive it—a seismic disturbance of greater intensity and duration than he would have believed possible a few months before.

So much for Mr. X—tiresome fellow!

II

Misselwitz of the *New York Times* was staying at the American Consulate.

'One thing you ought to do right away,' he said, 'is to go and see Mrs. Prohme.'

'Who's that?'

'You know—you must have heard something about her. Red-headed gal, spitfire, mad as a hatter, complete Bolshevik. Works for Borodin.'

'Oh, yes, I remember. Somebody told me about her. American.'

'Yeah—American. But I don't know if she still has a passport. There was some talk about her giving up her nationality. You can't pay any attention to what she says,—she's the wildest Bolshevik in town,—but she's a nice girl, anyway, and you'll enjoy talking to her. I kid her along all the time, but she does n't seem to mind. She can laugh, anyway, and that's more than most of these people can do.'

'O. K., let's go see her now.'

This conversation must have taken place early in May, soon after my arrival in Hankow; but it was so casual, and led to an event of such seeming inconsequence, that it was not even mentioned in my daybook. I remember it, however, far better than I do many of the circumstances that seemed worthy of careful recording. Misselwitz—'Missi'—led the way

down a shaded side street in the Concession to a low building that served as the editorial office of the *People's Tribune*, the official newspaper of the Hankow government. It appeared in two daily editions, one in Chinese and one in English, and I had already had the pleasure of reading some copies of it.

'Bill Prohme, her husband,' Missi went on, 'is another wild one—gets excited and shouts at you. He's in Shanghai now, I think. Fine Bolshevik pair. You ought to hear the way the navy people talk about 'em!'

'Are they Communists, do you mean?'

'Oh, sure—must be. Of course they say they're not, but you can tell. Everybody that's got anything to do with this government is a Red, whether they admit it or not.'

We reached the office just as Mrs. Prohme was coming out, and she stopped to talk to us on the step.

'Hello, Missi,' she said, laughing at him, 'what's the matter now? More outrages to report?'

'Oh, no,' he said. 'We just came round to get a little dose of propaganda. Any news?'

He introduced me, and we walked down the street with her. She was on her way home to dinner, and it was neither the time nor the place for any kind of serious conversation. She was slight, not very tall, with short red-gold hair and a frivolous, turned-up nose. Her eyes were of the kind the anthropologists call 'mixed,' and could actually change color with the changes of light, or even with changes of mood. Her voice, fresh, cool, and very American, sounded as if it had secret rivulets of laughter running underneath it all the time, ready to come to the surface without warning. All in all, she was most unlike my idea of a 'wild Bolshevik,' and I told her so. She laughed. I had never heard anybody laugh as she

did — it was the gayest, most unself-conscious sound in the world. You might have thought that it did not come from a person at all, but from some impulse of gayety in the air.

'You've been listening to Missi,' she said. 'Don't believe anything Missi says about us. He thinks everybody in Hankow eats bourgeois babies for breakfast. As a matter of fact, I'm not sure what people mean when they say "Bolshevik" in this place. It seems to me a Bolshevik is anybody that does n't want to make coolies out of the Chinese.'

'That's true enough,' said I. 'In Shanghai they all thought I was a Bolshevik because I talked to some Chinese, and went to Nanking.'

She inspected me for the first time with sudden gravity — the kind of gravity in which there lurks a faint suggestion of suppressed laughter. I was shaved within an inch of my life, and was dressed in the white uniform of the foreigner in China.

'No,' she said soberly, 'you flatter yourself. I don't believe anybody could possibly think that you were a Bolshevik.'

'You ought to be glad I'm not,' said I. 'If I were I could n't get anything printed in an American paper about your revolution, and as it is, I do.'

'I know,' she said, reflectively. 'You're what they call "fair to both sides." You sit on the fence and say, "On the other hand." How's the weather up there? Is it a nice fence?'

'It's comfortable,' I said, 'and I get a good view. How do you like it down there where you are? You don't see much, do you?'

'Oh, I'm all right,' she said. 'I can see over the fence if I try hard. But it's more interesting down here where the stuff is growing. I don't care about the view, anyway; I've seen it.'

III

This kind of sparring was not uncharacteristic of our talk even when I knew her much better. In the beginning of our acquaintance it was almost inevitable, for she could see at a glance all that I have been at such pains to explain in the preceding section — the character of Mr. X, the American bourgeois as modified by Paris and London, with a goodish but lazy mind. She could see it at once, not only because it was to some degree apparent to anybody, but because her acquaintance with the original material of the character was so exact and complete that its discolorations and the subsequent shapes to which it had conformed became immediately obvious. She could easily, perhaps too easily, consign me to the pigeonhole where many of her own friends and relations belonged. She was from Chicago, had been educated at the University of Illinois, and must have known hundreds of our contemporaries of the same general social, economic, and intellectual stamp as myself. Her instinctive attack or defense took the form of a quizzical flippancy, as it might with a contemporary (a brother or friend) known years ago in Illinois, who had, since the days of remembered acquaintance, gone off in an opposing direction and acquired a set of ideas that she could now regard as idiosyncratic.

Exactly the same thing was true, of course, on my side of the argument. She was the kind of girl I had known all my life, but she had, by the direction she had taken, acquired a purpose and point of view that did not seem to me to belong to her. From the first I was conscious of a great puzzle, the puzzle of why she was doing this particular thing at the particular point of the world's compass. The easiest suggestion for a solution was that she was a

romantic idealist, to whom a 'cause' was a necessity — any cause. Nobody, after one glance at her, could have supposed her to be animated by ordinary selfish reasons. Her sincerity floated over her like a banner. The hunger for a cause — that was it: the kind of thing that made so many nice American girls go out and get themselves cracked over the head by policemen during the suffragist campaigns. Some of the same nice girls, now that they had the vote, were busy with other causes, getting prohibition either repealed or enforced, getting prisons reformed, or organizing the local ball for charity in their own home town. It must have taken a peculiarly insatiable cause-hunger to bring a girl like this into the exact middle of the Chinese Revolution, but, except for the difference in degree, it was the same motive as that which caused ladies to spend a day or two in the suffrage jail in Washington and then come out and write books with titles like 'Jailed for Freedom.' Perhaps Mrs. Prohme, too, would write a book about her work in China — an excited volume in large print, with pictures, called 'Up from Canton' or 'China in Travail.'

These assumptions, however frivolous, — and nobody knows better than I how grotesquely frivolous they were, — controlled my mind in the earlier stages of our acquaintance, and had their complement in similar assumptions on her part. She had, in a sort of way, 'known me all her life'; not only that, but I was an American newspaper man from Paris (that is, the worst kind), and she could not take me seriously. She was obliged to assume, from what experience had taught her, that it was useless to expect a rational and unshrinking examination of any subject from such a person as myself. Neither of us was willing, therefore, to risk an attempt at discussion of the central reality toward which we

were both unescapably magnetized: she because she already knew, and thought she knew, where it was, and did not believe me capable of the drastic enterprise of reaching it; I because I was profoundly uncertain, and did not realize that the obscure necessity was felt in the same way by anybody else. There was a basis of perfect and complete misunderstanding, with a superstructure of familiarity (sameness of culture, social and economic identity, Illinois, Illinois!); and as a result we could only throw our whole relationship into a key of casual but sustained flippancy. Sometimes the flippancy wore thin, but it seldom broke down altogether. The most important conversation in my life — in the true sense, the only conversation I have ever had — began, and for months continued, as a kind of joke.

IV

There remains to this day a huge body of opinion that misunderstands altogether the situation of the Chinese Revolution. To this body of opinion, chronically theoretical and almost romantic, the Chinese Revolution seems always to have been an ideal quantity. Trotsky, Radek, and many of the Russians thought it was a beautiful example of their own theories, and were disappointed when it did not take the course indicated by them; the missionaries, the British and American Liberals, and in a general way the high-minded idealists of the world, thought it was a great national movement of the traditional nineteenth-century type, to which they owed support but not comprehension. The Liberals in general hoped that the tendencies represented by Hankow and Nanking — in reality exact opposites — might combine for the benefit of a peaceful, united, and strong China. That this peaceful, united,

and strong China was a chimæra did not keep them from cherishing the notion, and, as is usual with Liberals, they allowed the wish to father a good many of their thoughts. They were talking about 'united China' in glowing accents at a time when twelve separate independent governments existed in the territory shown on standard maps as belonging to the Chinese Republic.

It may be worth while to tabulate these governments for the sake of precision, and to show how foolish the talk of 'united China' was and is under the war-lord system. The twelve were: Yunnan, Szechuen, Sinkiang, Kweichow (all four remote and completely independent provinces), Honan (ruled by Feng Yu-hsiang), Shansi (ruled by Yen Hsi-shan), the countries of Tibet and Mongolia, which had been used to their independence for so many years that they no longer considered themselves parts of China, and the more pretentious governments established in Peking, Nanking, Hankow, and Canton. To these a thirteenth, Manchuria, might be added, for the Manchurian provinces were administered as a separate territory under the disguised tutelage of the Japanese. Some other provinces acknowledged special foreign influences; thus Shantung gave a special position to the Japanese, and Yunnan to the French. A freakish type of government, without a legal name or a parallel in other countries, was set up by the foreign concessions in the Yangtze River cities, in Tientsin, and the Peking Legation Quarter. There were also a number of military and naval strongholds that belonged outright to the foreigners — Hongkong to the British, Kowloon to the French, Kiaochow to the Japanese. And — the final absurdity — every inch of ground, every stick and stone to which a foreigner could possibly lay claim in any part of China, was foreign soil,

to be treated exactly as if it were a little bit of France, England, or the United States, miraculously transported through the air and dumped down in the midst of the Chinese.

Weakened, divided, half colonized and overborne by the foreigner, China could not be regarded as an independent country, and was not so regarded by anybody but the purely theoretical idealists. Practical men, whether they worked for the Standard Oil Company or for the Chinese Communists, had to recognize the fact that the huge territory called China on the maps was in reality a hotchpotch of colonies, protectorates, autonomous feudal states, and principalities, in which no step could be taken without consulting the special local forms of a general disease defined in the language of Sun Yat-sen as 'foreign imperialism.' In the unutterable confusion to which Chinese political life had been reduced by the quarrels of the military leaders from 1911 to 1927, one element alone was stable: the power, wealth, greed, and susceptibility of the foreigner. And the greatest stronghold of the foreigner, the channel of his wealth and the highroad of his power, was the fatal Yangtze-kiang.

I have presented this analysis of the revolutionary situation at Hankow in 1927 as my own, and have no desire to dodge responsibility for it; the facts do not seem to me to yield any other analysis. Subsequent events have proved that the view here put forward, in which the struggle between the revolution (represented by Hankow) and the counter-revolution (represented by Nanking) is seen as a fundamental antagonism, was the correct view. When the Hankow government was destroyed, the elements it represented 'went underground,' as revolutionists say, only to emerge again, tough and obstinate, in the various Communist and semi-Com-

munist movements that have attacked Nanking ever since. The Red China of which Hankow symbolized the hope was not strong enough to come into being in 1927 against the combined forces of Chiang Kai-shek's counter-revolution and the foreign navies, but it was too strong to be permanently crushed. If a historical parallel to the Chinese Revolution in 1927 must be sought, it can be found not where Trotsky and Radek strove to place it, in the Russian Revolution of 1917, — and certainly not where American missionary and Liberal opinion strove to place it, in the American Revolution of 1776, — but in a far more suggestive episode of Red hope and defeat, the Russian Revolution of 1905.

V

The analysis, I say, is mine; but it also happens to coincide at many points with the view taken by Borodin, and it would be ridiculous to deny that Borodin's cool, unhurried mind shed light on a good many subjects for me. I saw him frequently in Hankow. As I knew him better, and overcame the feelings of insignificance and frivolity that had originally oppressed me in his presence, I was able to discuss anything with him. Later on, when he was sick in bed with a serious attack of malaria, I used to go to see him every day; and although the conversation during these visits ranged over a wide field, involving many subjects that had nothing to do with the Chinese Revolution, the intellectual resources he displayed were at all times those of a trained Bolshevik — his cast of mind was Leninist. Whether he was discussing a new book (*Elmer Gantry* was one that aroused his interest just then) or an old political theory, reminiscing or analyzing, telling a story or advancing a hypothesis, he took 'the long view.' I had never before ex-

amined such a mind at close quarters, and there is no doubt that I was profoundly impressed by its clarity and consistency.

But I do not believe that the influence of Borodin shaped any of my opinions; I was too old and too independent to accept other people's ideas about phenomena that I could easily observe for myself. What did happen was something a little more complicated. In Borodin I found an older, better disciplined, better trained, and more experienced intelligence than my own: it had already traversed regions that still lay before me. Sometimes Borodin was able to disentangle a principle from the confusion of external events and show it to me; sometimes he was able to point out a historical direction or a prevailing tendency. He never made the slightest attempt to impose his opinions — often, indeed, he talked as if I were not in the room. He was concerned with the truth, and his object in conversation was to extract and demonstrate it. If, therefore, I found every conversation with him illuminating, and approached, in the end, more nearly to his view of the Chinese Revolution than to any other, it was not because of any personal influence he exercised, but because the truth, for me, lay on his side.

The Chinese revolutionists impressed me often by their self-abnegation, their willingness to endure and to persevere, their loyalty to ideas that meant life to China even though they might mean death to the individual. But no single Chinese revolutionist ever set my mind on new paths, as I believe Borodin did. One reason was that I never met the intellectual leaders of the Chinese Revolution. Sun Yat-sen died three years before I went to China, and his written works seemed to me to lack logic — to lack, above all, a genuinely long view. He was

perhaps too deep in the battle to be able to see it as a whole, and until the end of his life he appeared to believe in a number of uneconomic and illogical propositions (industrialization without class warfare, for instance). The other great revolutionist of modern China, Li Ta-chao, founder and head of the Chinese Communist Party, was strangled to death by the reactionaries in Peking before I had been in China a month. The leaders I did know all professed to follow the teachings either of Sun Yat-sen or of Li Ta-chao, with, occasionally, a Confucian or a Christian coloration. Some of them were admirable in character, like Madame Sun Yat-sen; others were striking or picturesque, like Wang Ching-wei, the type of the fiery, romantic revolutionary; still others engaged my personal liking and respect, like T. V. Soong; but it happened that I never met a Chinese intellectual who could put his view of history into terms of absolute truth as Borodin did.

Even so, it was not Borodin alone, but the Chinese Revolution with Borodin as its interpreter, that gave me my first perception of the spirit of revolution in general. Borodin alone, talking in a vacuum, would have been merely a Communist intellectual. It was in his relation to the whole mass movement in China, the immense and complicated disturbance of which he was temporarily both the directing genius and the interpreter, that he acquired grandeur. His calm may have been a native characteristic, but it seemed singularly noble in the midst of confusion and danger; his political theory may have been as simple as geometry (they taught it, after all, at the Lenin Institute in Moscow), but it seemed profound and irrefragable when it was seen to support the weight of otherwise meaningless events. He exemplified in his own person, and pointed out in the phenomena around

him, the peculiar qualities of intellectual consistency, social philosophy, selflessness, and determination that combine to form something I have called (for lack of a more exact term) the revolutionary spirit.

That spirit was abroad in Hankow from the time the Cantonese armies entered the city until the collapse of the revolutionary government on July 5. It was to be seen in Chinese and Russians, Left Kuomintang organizers and Communists, workmen, students, and agitators — not in all of them, of course, but in a large enough number to confirm the existence of something new in the confusion of China. There were Communist students, sometimes of rich or at least prosperous families, who became coolies so as to be able to organize the coolies for revolution. There were educated Chinese girls who risked death in the effort to tell the workers and peasants who their real enemies were. One of these girls — we all knew her in Hankow — was disemboweled by Chiang Kai-shek's soldiers on June 21 in Hangchow for saying that the Nanking war lord did not represent the party or principles of Sun Yat-sen. Her intestines were taken out and wrapped around her body while she was still alive. Girls and boys were beheaded for saying what they believed; men were hung up in wooden cages to die of hunger and thirst, or were broken on the rack. Little Phyllis Li, the seventeen-year-old daughter of the hero Li Ta-chao, was tortured by Chang Tso-lin's men for three days and three nights before they mercifully strangled her, and in the whole time she told them nothing.

The horrors of the counter-revolution were not unexpected: these young Chinese knew what awaited them, and went ahead just the same. Their faith in revolution as the only possible hope for China was so complete that they were willing to die a hundred deaths

in its service. At a time when Chiang Kai-shek was butchering the Left Kuomintang and Communist organizers throughout his domain, the volunteers at Hankow who wanted to go and agitate among the war lord's subjects were more than the labor committees could use. The impulse that made such revolutionists offer their lives for the cause was not a suicidal, neurotic yearning for Nirvana, as it might have been in similar crises in India or Japan. Such varieties of mystic ardor were, so far as I ever saw or heard, unknown to China. The Chinese operated on a colder and purer conviction, the belief that courageous sacrifice in the service of an idea was the best means of propagating that idea among those who still refused to believe. The individual was, as so often in China, sacrificed to the race, and the young men and girls died for generations unborn.

VI

The ardent but impersonal devotion to which I have applied the name 'revolutionary spirit' was apparent in many characters and incidents in Hankow, and I have named only a few of them. There was one other, more important to me, as it turned out, than all the rest, a more significant and memorable example of that spirit than any in my experience. I mean Rayna Prohme.

The flippancy in which our acquaintance had begun continued for weeks, but before long I began to have an uneasy feeling that my judgment of her character had been ludicrously inaccurate. I made a number of small discoveries that shook my first ideas. She had no enthusiasm for causes in general, had never been the kind of romantical busybody I had at first assumed her to be. She had had a sound education in economics and

sociology; her interest in social revolution had been aroused at an age when I was still learning new steps in the fox trot. She had already acquired a rather remarkable revolutionary past in the service of the Kuomintang, and she enjoyed, in the spring of 1927, the confidence of a large number of Chinese Left leaders. She not only edited the official newspaper, but had a general consultative usefulness to the Hankow régime in matters of propaganda designed to appeal to foreigners. Borodin, Madame Sun Yat-sen, Eugene Chen, and Sun Fo treated her opinions with respect. I still could not quite take her seriously as a revolutionist, — it was like expecting me to believe my cousin Cecilia, with whom I grew up, had suddenly turned into a Red, — but I had to concede that this revolutionary phase, however temporary it might be, was an interesting and unexpected development in the character of a charming American girl.

I fell into the habit of going to see her every day, and as I knew her better I came to depend heavily on that daily visit for many things — not only, that is, for the pleasure of conversation with somebody who so thoroughly spoke my own language, and not only for the delight of her high spirits, the refreshment of her laughter, but also for the daily necessities of my job as a journalist, to learn the news and to learn, as far as possible, what the news meant. For a peculiarity of Rayna Prohme's, as I found out, was her ingrained dislike of lying. She was a very bad liar indeed, and although it was often a part of her duty to make things appear in a somewhat artificial light, her natural candor was such that she did not succeed in doing so — at least with me. I could always tell when she was saying something she did not herself believe; her looks gave her away. She took her

instructions from Borodin and Chen, of course, and although Borodin had a high respect for the truth, and avoided deviations from it as scrupulously as anybody I have ever known in public life, the same could never have been said of Mr. Chen. Consequently, for purposes of propaganda, Rayna Prohme was often obliged to write and say things her own candor resented. The official newspaper contained these statements, but she could never make them convincingly enough in conversation. After a bit she gave up attempting to give me official versions of anything, and either told the plain truth or else confessed, with a wry smile, that she could say nothing. It was no small thing, in a place like Hankow and a profession like mine, to know somebody in whom I could believe without reserve.

Bill Prohme, her husband, returned to Hankow after I had been there a week or so, but we did not hit it off as well as might have been expected. His violent revolutionary enthusiasm resented my bourgeois lethargy, my innumerable changes of white silk clothes, my Scotch whiskey and Egyptian cigarettes. In turn I disliked his excitability, his incapacity to argue any subject through in a calm and logical manner; I suspected that his revolutionary convictions were not sufficiently grounded in economic and social science — that he was an emotional Red, if a Red at all; and that his presence in China in his present rôle was due to the accident of his marriage to Rayna Prohme. Partly for these reasons, and partly because his absences and illnesses made our meetings rather infrequent, I never knew him well in Hankow. It was only long after I had left China and Russia that I learned to respect his intelligence and value his friendship. During the period with which this chapter deals, he was a rather shadowy figure to me,

and his name does not appear anywhere in the notes I put into my useful daybook.

Bill's resentment of the visiting bourgeois was eclipsed by that of Rayna's assistant, Mrs. Mitchell, an American woman journalist who regarded every moment I spent in the office of the *People's Tribune* as a calamity. Under these circumstances a more sensitive subject might have stayed away, but I did n't. The daily conversations with Rayna Prohme had become such a necessity that when a day passed without my seeing her at all (as happened twice when she was ill), it left an extraordinary feeling of blankness and *malaise*. This being so, it is strange to remember, and stranger still to record, that I never understood her importance to me until months later. I was as stupid as Monsieur Jourdain with his prose; I had already passed under the most powerful and significant personal influence to which I have ever been subjected, but I did not know it.

VII

Hankow, then, — to sum up, — was a marvelous revolutionary spectacle, in which the courage and the devotion of the Chinese agitators, the skill of the Russians, the high hope and frenzied determination of the workers, and the individual splendor of characters like those of Madame Sun Yatsen, Borodin, and Rayna Prohme, combined to give me a glimpse into a new world. In its spirit, at least, if not in its accomplishment, it was the world of Lenin. That the dead bones of economics and sociology could be animated with such thrilling and irresistible life was something I would never have believed six months before in Paris, when the principal event of the century had seemed to be the anniversary performances of *Pelléas et Mélisande* at the Opéra-Comique.

But although this glimpse into the world of Lenin did supply an almost electrical thrill, and the characters of the spectacle aroused my sincerest admiration, I still did not surrender to the logic of their being. It seemed to me that the whole revolutionary system of thought reposed upon a number of assumptions that defied proof. This became very apparent when the fundamental question of revolution was put into the form of a simple syllogism, like this: —

A controlled egalitarian economy is desirable;

Revolution is the only way to obtain a controlled egalitarian economy;

Therefore Revolution is desirable.

The only part of such a syllogism that needed no defense was the major term, 'desirable.' The major premise, although probable enough, could not possibly be proved because models for a controlled egalitarian economy did not exist, even in Russia. The minor premise was equally shaky; it might be true or not, but it was not susceptible of proof. The conclusion, there-

fore, had to be taken on faith, or (at best) as the result of two probabilities.

The logic of revolution can be put into other and more persuasive syllogisms than this; indeed, at a later time, Rayna Prohme and I used to spend hours trying to get the fundamental question into its barest and simplest terms; but during the Hankow period the syllogism I have given seemed to me the correct one, and no matter how much my sympathy and admiration were engaged on the side of the revolutionaries, I could not share their conviction. As I have said, the one indisputable thing was the major term 'desirable' — something was desirable, something was certainly desirable in a world of misrule; something that could bring order out of chaos had to be found if the human race was to justify its pretense of intelligence. But whether or no the desirable something was revolution did not seem to me susceptible of proof, and the revolutionary spectacles that moved me most deeply were still only that and nothing more.

(To be concluded)

THE GEOGRAPHY OF AMERICAN ACHIEVEMENT

BY DUMAS MALONE

I

MORE than forty years ago, Henry Cabot Lodge, then a Congressman from Massachusetts, published in the *Century Magazine* a statistical essay entitled 'The Distribution of Ability in the United States.' Most demonstrated 'ability' he found in groups that he himself represented: in the pre-Revolutionary stock as compared with the relative newcomers since 1789, whom he termed 'immigrants'; in persons of English descent; among Northerners as compared with Southerners; in Easterners as compared with Westerners; and among New Englanders as compared with anybody else at all. In many quarters, until our own day, this article has been regarded as authoritative. On the other hand, numerous readers, including myself, have been provoked by its complacency.

Most of the heated protests upon which my eye has chanced to fall came from my own native section, where the Massachusetts Congressman was already suspect because of his advocacy of the Force Bill and his outspoken desire to send back the Federal soldiers to the conquered provinces, on national election days at least. Southern patriots, characteristically on the defensive, noting that his study was based on the recently published *Appletons' Cyclopædia of American Biography*, hastened to assert that this work could

hardly be expected to do justice to natives of the former Confederacy. Edited by James Grant Wilson, a former Union soldier, and John Fiske, a son of New England, it was, according to Southerners, designed for Northern and Eastern consumption. Whether or not the German-Americans protested, I do not know, but they may well have been annoyed by the statement that they had shown less ability, proportionately, than any other group in the country. From the Irish, who were ranked eighth, one might have anticipated vigorous objection. Representatives of both these groups might have pointed out that the author's uncritical method of determining racial origins by names was distinctly advantageous to the English.

The grandson of a Confederate soldier and a one-time Wilsonian Democrat should not be expected to defend Henry Cabot Lodge against the charge of partisanship. Yet I have no disposition to attack his memory in behalf of any disgruntled group, nor to attempt to placate those insatiable local and racial patriots who raise the cry of prejudice against all conclusions that are unpalatable to them. They will attack me just as quickly if they don't like what I have to say. Those of us who have been responsible for the management of the *Dictionary of American*

Biography, and who have tried to make this a truly national work, comprehending all sections, sects, and races, at times have dared believe that the charge of prejudice could never, with justice, be raised against us. All we can be sure of, however, is that, with the coöperation of all important groups, we have made the latest comprehensive collection of American biographical material, covering the whole of our history, and that on it generalizations of many sorts will be based. Naturally, the editor has turned to Lodge's essay, based on old *Appletons'*, and has compared the conclusions there expressed with those he has been formulating in his own mind. In some respects, the agreement has been startling; in others, the disagreement has been profound.

Like him, I have addressed myself to the task of ascertaining the distribution of notable Americans, as shown by the places of their birth; but with his title, 'The Distribution of Ability,' I will have nothing to do. It cannot be claimed that any dictionary or encyclopædia of biography measures 'ability.' The selection of names must be made on the basis of something more tangible and more measurable, chiefly upon recognized achievement and prominence, with which outstanding ability may be generally, but certainly is not always, conjoined. It may be questioned whether Mary Todd Lincoln was a woman of great ability, or accomplished anything significant except in a purely negative way, but she was much in the public eye and has had books written about her. That a large number of people will want to look her up seems a sufficient warrant for her inclusion. The first white child known to have been born within the present limits of the United States, Virginia Dare, has found a place in the *Dictionary of American Biography*, as she did also in *Appletons'*, yet the days of her life of which there is authentic record

are only nine. This is an extreme case, to be sure, but the fact remains that we can speak with accuracy, not of the distribution of 'ability' in the colonies and states, but only of the geographical distribution of those persons who for one reason or another have been deemed notable, due allowance being made for the fallibility of human judgment.

It may also be argued that there is much that is fortuitous in being born in a particular place; persons are not necessarily identified with the town, or state, or section, in which they first saw the light of day. Edgar Allan Poe passed significant portions of his life in Richmond, Baltimore, Philadelphia, and New York; he disliked and had little association with Boston, where he happened to be born. His life can hardly be described as an expression of the New England intellect and character, but in any set of geographical statistics he will be credited to Massachusetts. On the other hand, Woodrow Wilson was born in Virginia, of what Lodge would have termed 'immigrant' stock, since his American ancestors were post-Revolutionary. Soon his clergyman father moved southward. His early influences were unquestionably Southern, but this last of the Virginia Presidents might be credited with equal justice to either of the Carolinas or to Georgia. It is rather futile to attempt to place him geographically, and it is eminently fitting that his dust should lie in Washington. Even in this there is an inconsistency; he was buried in the National Cathedral, though in nurture and temperament he was Presbyterian.

II

With due allowance for fortuitous circumstance, which probably does not greatly affect the average, it is relatively easy to draw up, from a biographical compendium, statistics on

the birthplaces of notable Americans. Their value is entirely dependent upon the value of the source. Lodge used *Appletons'*, which was unquestionably the best source available to him. Realizing the trials and tribulations of the calling, I am unwilling to question the honesty or the fair-mindedness of the editors. Yet it may be that any compilation made a half century ago would necessarily have a somewhat sectional flavor. The passions of the Civil War and the Reconstruction were not yet calmed; historical scholarship in America was still in its infancy; and coöperation on a national scale was doubtless impossible. In reply to his critics, Lodge claimed that few persons of any importance were omitted from *Appletons'*. The editors themselves modestly printed on the title-page a quotation from Plato: 'As it is the commendation of a good huntsman to find game in a wide wood, so it is no imputation if he hath not caught all.' To investigators of the present time, it would appear that many beasts and birds were snared that ought to have been left undisturbed in their native haunts. Indeed, there were some mythical creatures. At least one group of alleged scientists were included that did not exist at all, though these, I believe, were all supposed early figures of foreign birth. The editors were excessively kind to participants in the Civil War and to minor members of important families, and they did not examine with sufficient care the claims of legendary heroes.

Basing his statistics on this list, the best available at the time, though to us it seems inflated, Lodge found that in the numerical hierarchy the first five states were Massachusetts, New York, Pennsylvania, Connecticut, and Virginia. He estimated that in proportion to population Connecticut came first, and that in proportion to white population Virginia was ahead of New York

and Pennsylvania. He does not state at what date or dates he figured the relative populations — a very important omission. Of the sections, he placed New England first, the Middle States second, the South (including Maryland and Kentucky) third, and the West a very bad fourth. His conclusion was that there had been an immense concentration of 'ability' in the United States, Massachusetts and New York having furnished more than a third of it, and, with Pennsylvania, Connecticut, and Virginia, two thirds. This conclusion was quoted approvingly by the editor of the *Atlantic Monthly* in a stimulating article published in that magazine in January 1933; even more than Lodge, he deplored the relative sterility of the great open spaces.

Though I by no means subscribe to this Bostonian pessimism about the hopeless backwardness of the provinces, I must confess that the first analysis of the *Dictionary of American Biography* seemed to substantiate the claims of Eastern preëminence. As the compilation of statistics of birthplaces has followed the publication of successive volumes, it has appeared that the five leading states are exactly the same as those announced by Lodge in 1891. Massachusetts still ranks first and will probably not be overtaken by New York in the lower reaches of the alphabet. Pennsylvania seems safe in third place. Latest reports, however, reveal that there has been a minor Confederate victory; at the moment, Virginia leads Connecticut for the fourth position, though the margin is extremely small.

There is also an indication of a shift in the centre of gravity from the Atlantic seaboard in the fact that, while Maryland stands sixth on Lodge's list, that state is supplanted on the later one by Ohio. What is more important, the percentage of the whole number of

notable persons contributed by the first five states will be perceptibly smaller. Instead of more than one third, I find (in exactly half the volumes of the *D. A. B.*) that Massachusetts and New York contributed less than 29 per cent; and that these two states, with Pennsylvania, Virginia, and Connecticut, instead of more than two thirds, contributed less than half. Even if the whole of our history be considered, the case for the Northeast has been overstated.

The case for the lower South and the trans-Mississippi West, in my opinion, has been distinctly understated by the editor of the *Atlantic*, whose despondency increases as his eye moves southward and westward. 'But look beyond: Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Texas, Mississippi, Louisiana, Arkansas, Oklahoma, California, Washington, Oregon, Nebraska, the Dakotas — call the roll and who shall answer present? Go west from the farthest boundary of Illinois. For two thousand miles you shall hardly pass a village where a leader has been born.' He admits that Hoover was born in Iowa, Thomas J. Walsh in Wisconsin, and Roscoe Pound in Nebraska, but claims that the Western heroes are almost always in the realm of politics. He goes on to say: 'Scientists, painters, musicians, poets, writers — the temper and the quality of our best are Eastern-born.' He approves of Illinois, Indiana, and Tennessee, but places Georgia among the barren states. In the *D. A. B.* there are considerably more names from Georgia than from any of the three other states. These include John C. Frémont, who ought to be familiar to all good Republicans, since he was the first nominee of the party for the Presidency, and, among literary lights, Joel Chandler Harris, creator of the immortal 'Uncle Remus,' and Sidney Lanier.

The editor of the *Atlantic* admits

that Massachusetts and Virginia have had a longer time in which to give birth to eminent sons and daughters than have, let us say, Oklahoma and New Mexico, but to this consideration he gives insufficient emphasis. Massachusetts and Virginia had had upward of two centuries of glorious history when most of the Western country was still a trackless wilderness. Fair comparisons between commonwealths and sections can be made only for specific chronological periods; and differences in population must be taken into account. It is equally important that the records of the past should not be made the basis for generalizations about the present. Recently, I made some investigations in regard to the persons included in all of the published volumes of the *D. A. B.* who were born within the last sixty years. Of those born since 1870, much the largest number were natives of New York, Massachusetts being a bad second. This result could be explained as due to the larger population of the Empire State, for in the census of both 1870 and 1880 New York was first and Massachusetts seventh. But how can one explain that despised California came third? In 1870, when exactly twenty years old as a state, in population California ranked twenty-fourth in the Union, as it did also in 1880.

Of these persons born since 1870, foreign countries contributed more than one sixth. Only seven states of the Union gave as many of their sons as did England, and if Russia and Russian Poland be counted as one, the former empire of the late Tsar contributed more than England. It would be shocking indeed if it should appear that out of a million Russian immigrants there were more notable Americans than out of a million natives of South Carolina, where almost the entire stock is pre-Revolutionary, though not all of it derives from Europe. Another surprising discovery was that these recent West-

ern notables were not mainly political figures. Indeed, of the Californians, not a single one was. The roll of that state includes Jack London, several actors, a well-known dancer (Isadora Duncan), a cartoonist, journalists, a rabbi, a philosopher, and a legal scholar (Wesley N. Hohfeld) who came out of the barbarous West to serve on the faculty of Yale University in enlightened Connecticut. As a matter of fact there are, for this latest period, few political figures from any state, and I am driven to the conclusion either that politicians live longer than devotees of art, science, and letters, or that in recent times in America they have been relatively less distinguished.

This generalization, however, or any other that may be made on the basis of deceased notables born since 1870, has little significance, for the simple reason that the number is too small to be of any statistical value. In thirteen volumes of the *D. A. B.* there are only 152 of them. The only possible interpretation of our statistics, when they have been finally compiled, will be that up to 1870 the states and sections were productive in a given order. One cannot prove from this source how fertile or sterile Massachusetts or Utah has been in the last sixty years. The fragmentary figures that have been cited are meaningless, except as straws to show the way the wind is blowing.

III

In considering the productiveness of states and sections, as shown by birthplaces, it seems obvious that the *time* of birth is the vital factor. The latest decade about which it is possible to generalize with any confidence on the basis of the *D. A. B.*, or of any other work that includes only the dead, is 1860-69. Many prominent persons born in that decade are still living and are therefore ineligible, but the statis-

tics are sufficiently full to have some scientific value.

This period is hardly a fair one for comparisons between Northern and Southern states, for the era of the Civil War and its aftermath was probably the most unpropitious of all periods in which Southerners could be born. Lodge attributed the 'backwardness' of the region to slavery; it might be shocking to him to discover how great a decline in the production of distinguished Southerners came in the very decade when slavery disappeared. None the less, despite the ravages of war, there was still a large population in the former Confederacy; and, amid the humiliations of poverty and the turmoil of social revolution, children continued to appear.

Less can be said about many of the present states west of the Mississippi, for at the end of the decade no fewer than eleven of them were yet unborn. Two of them, Minnesota and Oregon, had just been ushered into the Union when the period began; three others — Kansas, Nebraska, and Nevada — joined the family circle during the decade. Indeed, only four trans-Mississippi states outside the Confederacy had passed beyond the stage of infancy: Missouri, Iowa, Wisconsin, and California. They alone can be fairly compared with the older commonwealths to the eastward. Subject to these very marked limitations, comparisons can be made for the decade in question, which is certainly the latest that can be used at all.

An analysis of the birthplaces of persons included in thirteen volumes of the *D. A. B.*, born in the decade 1860-69, reveals the rank of the states as follows: first, New York; second, Pennsylvania; third, Ohio; fourth, Massachusetts; fifth, Illinois and Missouri (tied). That the size of the population was an important factor is shown clearly by the census returns of 1860. The order of the first

three states is identical. Massachusetts and Missouri rank higher than on the census list, and Illinois ranks lower. On a per capita basis, Massachusetts retains first honors in this group, if not in the entire country, being followed by New York. Proportionately, Ohio does as well as Connecticut and better than Pennsylvania, while Missouri surpasses Illinois and Indiana. Virginia reaches the lowest point in her fecundity. The other four states that were lauded by Lodge contributed about 35 per cent of the total number of names. Since they contained only about 27 per cent of the population, they were considerably above the average for the country as a whole, but, from the statistics that are available, it does not appear that they represented at that time an 'immense concentration of ability.'

Depression about the backwardness of states that had not got started is obviously premature. Though the figures are too small to prove much, those parts of the trans-Mississippi region that were peopled make a creditable showing on the basis of population. In the production of notable sons and daughters, the four states that had attained fair maturity — Missouri, Iowa, Wisconsin, and California — all approximate the average for the country as a whole, and equal or surpass the record of those parts of the Middle West (except Ohio) that are nearer the seats of Eastern culture. The Southern states in general slump badly, but North Carolina, twelfth in population, is tied for the seventh place and has a creditable per capita average. Finally, before the statistics become intolerable, let me say that during this decade distinguished Americans of foreign birth exceeded in number those born in any single American state, even New York, and constituted almost one sixth of the whole. These 'immigrants' made their chief contributions to American life in science, scholarship, theology, and the

arts, and represented a concentration of 'culture' that is undeniable.

The Western list will unquestionably grow longer with the compilation of later statistics. The facts that are now available definitely disprove the claim that the Western-born have been notable chiefly in the realms of business and politics. Missouri should probably be credited with one desperado (Robert Dalton), who gained his dubious title to fame in what is now Oklahoma. In uncongenial association with him on Missouri's roll for this period are, among others, a painter, a couple of actors and playwrights, and several eminently respectable educators.

On Iowa's list appear the names of no politicians and of only one man of affairs, but, besides tall corn, the state contributed an ancient historian (George Willis Botsford), a minor author, a philologist (Oliver Farrar Emerson), a theologian, a statistician, an anatomist and embryologist (Franklin P. Mall). In the previous decade she gave birth to a noted classicist, Paul Shorey, lately deceased; and in the following ten years to a distinguished university president, Marion LeRoy Burton, and to the founder of the Provincetown Players, George Cram Cook.

In this period, the sons of Wisconsin were rather more political, but she has on her list a physician, a minor playwright, and a college president. California contributed, among others, an actor-playwright (Frank Bacon of *Lightnin'*), a journalist (Henry George, Jr.), the organizer of the National Park Service (Stephen T. Mather), and a distinguished university president (Sidney E. Mezes). Immature though Kansas was, she gave birth to a well-known physicist and college president (Ernest Fox Nichols); while Utah, not yet a state, besides the labor agitator, William D. Haywood, produced Solon H. Borglum, sculptor.

IV

Interesting studies of the distribution of notable living Americans have been made by others. So far as I have observed, these agree in condemning on all counts my own native section, the South Central region. To the rising West, however, they pay tribute. It is worthy of comment that on one carefully compiled list (by S. S. Visser) Nebraska is ranked third among the states, in proportion to population, in the production of scientists and *Who's Who* notables, and Kansas fifth.

Writers, it would appear, spring up almost everywhere, though ultimately they drift to Eastern centres to be near the publishers. In order to gain some inkling of the contributions of natives of the 'provinces' to creative literature, one may turn to the list of Pulitzer prize winners from 1918 to the present time. This may be objected to, but it is convenient. Most of the birthplaces I succeeded in discovering. Of novelists, who are least dependent on formal training, cultured New England, so far as I can learn, has contributed not one; and sophisticated New York has produced only two — equaling Illinois. Proud old Virginia is represented by a daughter who attended the University of Nebraska; a daughter of South Carolina has given new and vigorous literary life to the plantation Negro; a Tennessean has portrayed the mountain stock, and a Georgian the hitherto unchronicled dwellers in the wire grass. Indiana is twice represented by a native son who has written of her primarily; natives of Iowa, Michigan, and Wisconsin are present; while the Nobel prize winner, who declined the Pulitzer award, hails from Minnesota.

Poets have come notably from that part of New England that is nearest the wilderness, Maine, though Massachusetts is also represented. Pennsylvania and Illinois find recognition on this list,

along with Georgia; while the name that appears three times is that of a native of California. In the more technical dramatic field, Pennsylvania comes first with four names, though of New York's two representatives one was thrice a winner. North Carolina has two names; Wisconsin and Iowa one each; and all of New England only one (again from Maine). In biography and history, where, ideally, scholarship and literature join hands, New England takes the lead, but on both lists the South, the Middle West, and even the trans-Mississippi region are represented.

On these suggestive but fragmentary items of information I base no generalization; but I do believe that in practically all fields American achievement has been far more widely and evenly distributed than has been commonly supposed. It seems probable that, with few exceptions, newborn babes of superior natural ability are distributed through this country approximately as other people are, though opportunities still vary and later stimuli are incalculable. If the general level of education means anything, the trans-Mississippi region ought to have an advantage. On the literacy map prepared by the Bureau of Education, districts of highest literacy are shown in white, and those of highest illiteracy in black. The white portions are chiefly beyond the Mississippi, while there are some black districts in New England and a vast number of them in the historic South.

By the time adequate statistics in regard to present productivity are available, however, we shall all be gone, and it may be that state lines will have been obliterated by the traffic that flows over them. It cannot be claimed, even now, that our forty-eight commonwealths are the seats of that many distinctive varieties of culture. In so fluid a society as ours, with a popula-

tion that shifts on a thousand wings and a myriad of wheels, and with babies that are born in the most convenient hospitals, the place of birth may perhaps be regarded as a geographical incident that is without significance.

V

In the period before 1870, however, or better still before 1860, state or sectional lines did coincide to greater or less degree with the boundaries of economic, social, and cultural regions, so the records that will soon be available will offer rare opportunities to statisticians and to others who may be prone to generalize. It will be possible to arrange in chronological periods the distinguished sons and daughters of particular states and sections, and to determine with considerable accuracy at just what times each region was most productive. With the field thus narrowed, one can take into account the quality as well as the quantity of the product.

Lodge attempted to measure degrees of eminence by counting the pictures in *Appletons'*. To the small pictures in the text, among them one of himself, he gave one star; to the full-page engravings two stars. In the former he found that Massachusetts again excelled, but of the stars of the first magnitude he assigned the largest number to Virginia. One suspects that the availability of portraits was a not unimportant factor in the creation of this picture gallery; I have an idea that it was easy to get photographs of those Civil War generals. It would have been better to compare the lengths of the various biographies, though this method of determining relative eminence is itself open to considerable objection. Without going into detail, suffice it to say here that of the dozen or more longest articles that have appeared or will appear in the *Diction-*

ary of American Biography, the largest number are of Virginians, with natives of Massachusetts in second place.

The supremacy of the Old Dominion in the forum and on the battlefield has been more than once admitted by her sons. Several years before the essay on the distribution of ability emanated from Boston, a noted Virginia jurist wrote privately to a friend: 'What an extraordinary fact it is that a tract of country not more than 200 miles in diameter should have given birth to so many characters of exalted worth, who . . . were greater in simple and unostentatious virtue! What a galaxy of nobleness — Washington, Lee, Jackson, Jefferson, Madison, Marshall, Monroe! Can the world, in present or in past generations, parallel it? And where in the rest of this broad continent, in comparison — fussy, pedantic, narrow, self-adoring *Yankeedom*; heavy, purse-proud *Middledom*; passionate, arrogant, self-seeking *Cotton-dom*; and shallow, innovating, reckless *Westerndom*?' One suspects that the local patriotism of Professor John B. Minor is comparable with that of Henry Cabot Lodge. To outsiders it is equally annoying. Yet one cannot seriously question the historic eminence of the extraordinary statesmen and soldiers of Virginia, or the rather less brilliant, but more diverse and more even, genius of New England. It seems appropriate to add a few concluding observations about the contributions of this great state and this great section.

VI

If a chronological chart of eminent sons of Virginia were drawn up, it would probably reveal that, in proportion to population and in quality, her most productive period was between 1725, when George Mason was born, and 1758, the birth year of James Monroe. From this one generation came

Washington, Jefferson, and Patrick Henry, Madison, Marshall, and George Rogers Clark, George Wythe and John Sevier, a half-dozen famous Lees, several noted Randolphs, and many others whom I shall not take time to name. It is obvious that these constitute the group of Revolutionary heroes and founders of the Republic. They were probably the most brilliant galaxy produced by an American commonwealth in a single generation.

At the time of their birth, Virginia was the foremost colony, with a supply of virgin land that made economic well-being possible under any system of labor. The system that was actually in operation, founded on slavery, required of the great planters the management of large affairs, while permitting, as perhaps no commercial or industrial system would have done, relative leisure for reading and study. Public affairs, both past and present, were the dominating interest and avocation of the relatively large group of gentry. Already experienced as governors of men, highly educated in public affairs through participation in them and through association with one another, the Virginians were given by the American Revolution a supreme opportunity to exercise their talents. This was the greater because sentiment in all the other large colonies was more sharply divided, and many of the ablest men elsewhere chose the losing side. Altogether, the combination of circumstances was unique, and it is highly unlikely that American political eminence will ever again be so concentrated in place or time as it was in Revolutionary and post-Revolutionary Virginia.

During the rest of the eighteenth century and the first three decades of the nineteenth, outstanding leaders continued to be born in the state, though apparently not in the same proportion. The year 1830 seems to mark the beginning of an actual de-

crease. Looking backward, we may now attribute this in considerable part to the loss of so much of Virginia's budding youth in war before it had had time to flower. Contemporary conditions, however, should not be overlooked. In 1820, Virginia, hitherto first among the states in population, had yielded to New York; the virgin agricultural lands were used up; economic distress had become prevalent. It is not surprising that so many noted sons of the Old Dominion won their laurels in the upbuilding of new commonwealths: colorful John Sevier in Tennessee, magnetic Henry Clay in Kentucky, heroic Sam Houston in Texas. The two greatest figures in the Mexican War were Virginians, Winfield Scott and Zachary Taylor, and during this conflict Robert E. Lee emerged. The Civil War heroes, born in the early decades of the century, were the last large group of Virginians to be offered a great opportunity and to take advantage of it — almost exclusively, however, upon the battlefield.

That the political genius of the commonwealth shone with rather diminished lustre in the generation before the Civil War cannot be questioned. Whatever other causes may be assigned, it seems safe to say that the statesmanship of Virginia declined when her political philosophy, ceasing to be flexible and dynamic, crystallized into dogma, and became essentially local and defensive. The doctrine of State rights, used by Jefferson himself essentially as a defensive weapon and discarded by him when there was need for constructive action, can never be wielded as a sceptre of national power.

The decade 1860-69 represents probably the lowest point in the productivity of Virginia; the number of even moderately notable persons born within the state during that period is pathetically small. Limited in economic and educational opportunities at

a time when most of the country was advancing by leaps and bounds, condemned to localism in politics, the Virginians played during the rest of the century a rôle that was in many ways heroic, but was unquestionably a minor one. Whether or not the surrender of her noble son at Appomattox marked the sunset of Virginia's greatness, I am not prepared to say. Woodrow Wilson, who, wherever he may have been nurtured, carried on the tradition of the great school, might be regarded as a brilliant afterglow. It is by no means sure, however, that the sun has set. From statistics in *Who's Who*, it appears that in proportion to population this historic state has by our day nearly reached the average productiveness of the country as a whole, and that in proportion to white population she has distinctly surpassed that average. It seems a fair assumption that by 1880 Virginia regained something of her old productiveness, even though she lacked her old opportunities. It will doubtless also appear that she no longer confines herself to a few staple crops, such as soldiers and statesmen, but that concentrated luxuriance has given place to diversity. Few Americans, I think, would do other than rejoice if something of that old glory should be regained, for they can never forget that it was won primarily in the public service.

VII

The New England picture contains rather fewer high lights and far fewer shadows. Her distinguished sons appear to have been distributed much more evenly both in chronological periods and in occupational groups, although there was certainly a literary outburst in the middle of the last century. Figures that are already available show that there was a decline in productiveness after 1860, but in proportion to population the percentage

remained very high, as it does, indeed, in the latest figures available from *Who's Who in America*. Whatever the productiveness of the section may or may not now be, so far as the prominent men and women of the present are concerned it has been largely maintained.

In the historic past, New England has had her share, and more, of the eminent figures in practically every field, except possibly military men and statesmen. She has been weakest just where Virginia has been, until recent times, supreme. I can think of no statesman of the first rank who ever came out of little Connecticut, so prolific in other lines, and, as compared with Virginia and New York, the record of Massachusetts is poor. This relative backwardness in eminent statesmanship may be attributed in part to the diversity of New England interests, in part perhaps to the weakness of the Puritan temperament in matters involving large coöperation. A further explanation is that after the terrifying French Revolution the political philosophy of the section crystallized, became barren in its extreme conservatism, and essentially defensive. This moribund condition might have been perceived almost a generation before it became apparent in Virginia.

The land that produced Jonathan Edwards, Horace Bushnell, Henry Ward Beecher, and Phillips Brooks has been preëminent in clergymen. Her roll of educators, headed by Charles W. Eliot, is certainly the longest and probably contains more eminent names than that from any other section. Even if Poe be omitted, New England, with Emerson, Hawthorne, Thoreau, Lowell, Longfellow, Holmes, and Whittier, stands among the first in the production of men of letters. She has been almost unrivaled in invention, and has had her full share of men of affairs, artists, and architects. In almost every

respect, the historic record of New England challenges admiration.

As a rather incredulous outsider, I have long been groping for some adequate explanation of the extraordinary achievements of the sons and daughters of that physically infertile land. The time-honored explanation that they have been chiefly due to religious and political institutions has been on the defensive in recent years, as the harshness of Puritanism and the illiberality of the prevailing politico-economic philosophy of the section have received extensive literary exploitation. In view of the relative poverty of New England in political leadership of national calibre, it may well be that too much has been said about the town meeting, except perhaps as a fierce school of localism. Major credit must also be given to the various agencies of education and to the essential democracy of labor that so long obtained.

The literary development of the nineteenth century, it may well be, could not have come if the theological shell had not been broken. Yet, whatever one may think of Puritanism, it was the granite foundation upon which the whole superstructure was erected. In it there was more of the Old Testament lawgivers than of the Christ, but it was a faith that made men of iron. Furthermore, it may be claimed that the principles of Puritanism were to an extraordinary degree compatible with success in the practical affairs of life. Puritanism emphasized, not the social virtues, such as charity and self-sacri-

fice, but the economic, such as thrift and industry, attributing to them an ethical value which to the religious philosophers of the Middle Ages would have seemed excessive. As R. H. Tawney, writing from the English point of view, has said, 'the Puritan flings himself into practical activities with the dæmonic energy of one who, all doubts allayed, is conscious that he is a sealed and chosen vessel. . . . Tempered by self-examination, self-discipline, self-control, he is the practical ascetic, whose victories are won not in the cloister, but on the battlefield, in the counting house, and in the market.'

A further comment, upon the American group, may be quoted from Professor Morison, whose general admiration for his forbears is tempered by keen historical insight. The New Englanders, as they had developed by the middle of the eighteenth century, he describes as 'a tough but nervous, tenacious but restless race; materially ambitious, yet prone to introspection, and subject to waves of religious emotion. . . . A race whose typical member is eternally torn between a passion for righteousness and a desire to get on in the world.' From this dualism of nature has come, on the one hand, leadership in religion, in education, in reform; on the other, a success in practical affairs such as perhaps no comparable group of Americans have attained. If the formula should seem not to allow for letters and the arts, it may be added that flowers grew after the rock began to crumble.

HAZEL

BY DOROTHY THOMAS

I

HAZEL was awakened by the sharp going down of the window. 'My goodness,' her mother said loudly and cheerfully, 'you girls'd lie here and let the place get soaked, would n't you?'

'It's raining?' Hazel asked sleepily, and raised herself on her elbow to see the sight. 'Kitty, wake up! It's raining!'

'Mm,' Kitty said in sleepy happiness, and put an arm about Hazel and nestled deeper into the bed. 'Rain.'

'Mama, put it up again,' Hazel said. 'It's from the other way; it won't rain in. I want to smell it.'

Mrs. Hubbard put the window up again and propped it with the old piece of broomstick that served the purpose. She came and sat on the bed beside Hazel and gave her arm a pat. 'Well, what for a time did you have? How's Aunt Marge?'

Hazel raised her arms, well suntanned from the elbows down and very white above, and stretched them, her fingers spread, and then clasped her hands behind her head. 'All right,' she said. 'I ironed and helped her make two school dresses for Alice and Beulah.'

'What kind?'

'A blue percale, and a pink gingham, something like Kitty's.' Here Kitty opened a sleepy eye.

'What'd Marge say?'

'About my sewing?'

'Yes.'

'Oh, she said it was all right.'

Kitty laughed. 'Go on, what'd she say?'

Hazel dropped her head to the side and smoothed her cheek against her mother's knee, and smiled. 'All right,' she said. 'She said I could sew better than you can, Mama.'

Mrs. Hubbard laughed outright and tossed her head in pleasure. She gave Hazel a spank and then leaned over to reach Kitty's round hips. 'There, Kitty! When do you think your aunty'll be saying that about you?'

'Not very soon, I guess,' Kitty mouthed through a yawn. 'Not unless I get to go visit her, anyway. Me stay home and do all the work, while Hazel goes gallivanting!'

'Mama, do the boys know it's raining like this?' Hazel asked. 'Did you wake them?'

'No, but I will,' Mrs. Hubbard said. 'Your dad's up and out in it, I guess. My, I bet he'll swell like a navy bean! You girls get up now.'

As soon as her mother had closed the door Kitty tucked the cotton blanket more securely about her and said to Hazel, 'Now, out with it. What happened?'

Hazel looked at her through long brown lashes, her lips tight together.

'Where?' she said. 'Over to Aunt Marge's?'

'You been anywhere else?'

'No.'

'Well?'

'Nothing. I just helped her sew up those two dresses, and we made ice cream both nights, and I read that book we gave Aunt Marge for Christmas.'

'That's all?'

'What did you expect?'

Kitty raised herself on her elbows and slid close to Hazel. 'Hazel Hubbard,' she said, 'something *happened*, and you know it! I knew it when you came in last night, and Mama said not to talk and wake me, but to get right to sleep. I saw you over there by the window.'

'Well, what was I doing over by the window?'

'You know. Standing there, braiding your hair and lookin' out, and going like this.' Here Kitty made a great sigh.

'I never,' Hazel said, and the color flooded her face.

'Hazie, tell me!' Kitty said, and slid a coaxing toe along Hazel's shin. 'What happened?'

'Oh, nothing,' Hazel said, 'only —'

Just then the door flew open and the big boys stormed in. They were still tousled and unwashed. 'You get Kitty and I'll get Hazel!' the bigger one said. 'Come on, out you come!'

Kitty dived under the blanket and rolled herself up in a ball, but Hazel sat up and was ready to scrap.

'Mama!' Kitty screamed from under the blanket.

Bob advanced, his arms held out from his sides, walking gorilla fashion and making gorilla noises and faces.

'Yellin' for Mama won't do you no good,' Cleve said. 'She said we could get you up.' Kitty rolled quickly behind the bed and under it, leaving Hazel stranded in her nightie near the top of the bed. Hazel put up her hands and grasped the bedpost, ready to hang on as long as she could.

Bob stopped grimacing and pointed.

'Look!' he said to his brother. 'Don't she look like the Rock of Ages?' Kitty came up from under the bed, trailing the blanket.

'Why, she does!' she cried. 'Hazel, you do — just like.'

'I do not,' said Hazel, and let go the post and wound her arms about her knees.

'Boys!' their father called from below stairs. 'Get down here!' The boys went, Cleve turning in the door to say, 'Bawl-babies!'

Kitty spread the blanket over them again. 'What do you think of that?' she said, awed. 'They did n't pull us out. Hazel, they think we've got too big! Anyway, they think *you* are too big. Are n't you *glad*? We're too big to be pulled out of bed!' Kitty got up and went to the dresser, tipped the glass so that she could see her whole figure, and drew her gown close about her slim body. 'Well, I hardly hoped to see the day!' she said. 'First we wake up and it's raining, and then we're too big to be pulled out of bed!'

'Girls! Hazel!' their father called. 'Get down here and help your mother!'

There was the sound of racing feet along the hall and the door banged open and in rushed the little boys, helter-skelter, and dived on to the bed and piled over Hazel. 'When'd you get home, Hazie?' Lewie shouted. 'I did n't know you were home!'

Hazel hugged them both. 'Tell a story!' Baby was yelling.

Hazel got up from between them and tucked the blanket around them. 'Look at it rain!' she said. 'You lie still, Baby, till Hazel gets dressed; then she'll help you dress. No, Kitty, you dress them, and I'll go down and help Mama.'

'I want Hazel to dress me!' Baby yelled.

In one of her blue percales, bare-legged, Hazel ran downstairs. Her father was standing by the kitchen

range, testing the warmth of some calf gruel with a brown forefinger.

'Well, hello, Sister,' he said, and put an arm about her. 'Have a good time? Mama, this girl's getting to be quite an armful. You don't suppose she's going to take after your folks and get fat, do you?'

'She's not a bit fat!' her mother said. 'Hazel, set the table, will you?'

'Not fat?' Cleve said. 'Why, she's goin' to be bigger'n Aunt Marge. She eats more'n Bob and I do now.'

'My goodness,' Mrs. Hubbard was saying, 'looks like Kitty could learn to dress Baby without such a jamboree! He don't do like that for you, Hazel. Papa, tell them to quiet down. The plaster's just hangin' by the paper in the front room now!'

II

At breakfast, during the blessing, Hazel felt Kitty's bare foot pressing her ankle and knew she was being reminded that she had a secret to tell, that something had 'happened' over at Aunt Marge's. Hazel did n't want to tell. Not that Kitty would n't keep a secret, once she had promised not to tell, but a secret shone on Kitty, like silver-leaf in the rain. Anyway, there was so little to tell. To put it into words at all would be to give it a reality it did n't yet have, a reality it would probably never deserve. Yet —

'Hazel,' Bob said loudly, 'how many times I got to ask you for the syrup! You asleep yet?'

'She's too proud to pass you the syrup,' Kitty said. 'She's stuck up because Aunt Marge said she could sew better'n Mama.' Kitty smiled across when she said this, and Hazel knew well she was just *saying* that so the boys would n't know that Hazel did have something to think about, that something had happened over at Aunt Marge's.

The littlest Hubbard leaned against Hazel and said, 'I thought you were n't coming back, Hazie. Bob said you were going to *stay* over to Aunt Marge's.'

'Bob, you ought to be ashamed of yourself,' his mother said. 'I don't care if you tease them some, — that's good for them, — but you must n't tell them anything that's not so.'

'And let's quit calling John *Baby*,' their father said. 'He's nearly four.'

'Spoiled as the dickens, too,' Bob said, frowning fiercely at Baby.

'I ain't,' Baby protested, half sliding from his chair to kick, under the table, at Bob. 'Am I, Hazel?'

'Course not,' Hazel said, pulling him back and taking his bib end out of his plate.

'Trouble is,' Mr. Hubbard said, 'we should n't have had that gap, Mama. If you're goin' to have a big family you ought to keep right on, till you have it, not leave any eight-nine year gaps in between, like between Kitty and Lewie. The little ones are bound to be spoiled — different, anyway. You kinda git outa practice lookin' after little ones.'

'Ya,' six-year-old Lewie said. 'Why did n't you have me right after Kitty — no, why did n't you have me between Bob and Cleve so's I could take Cleve down?'

'Cause there was n't room between Bob and Cleve for you or anybody else,' his mother said. 'My goodness, seems to me they were learnin' to walk at the same time. Hazel, you *are* wool-gatherin' this morning. What do you think your papa's holding his cup out for? Bring the coffee.'

'Well, what are *you* grinnin' about?' Bob asked Kitty.

'I don't grin,' Kitty said with dignity, and looked at Hazel over the edge of her milk mug.

'I'll not tell her,' Hazel said to herself. 'It's mean, but I can't — I won't.'

Mr. Hubbard got up and went to the window, toothpick in mouth. 'Well, it's clearing,' he said, 'but it was good while it lasted. You are n't goin' to wash, are you, Mama?'

'No,' Mrs. Hubbard said, 'not starting this late. Anyway, I want Bob to fix the engine. I don't want it going dead on me, middle of the wash, like it did last time.'

'That's what I was thinking,' Mr. Hubbard said. 'Hey, Son!' to Lewie, who had climbed up on the flower box beside him and was leaning against his shoulder. 'Mama, I think I'll go to town. All right if I take the youngsters?'

'Me too!' Baby yelled.

'Yes,' Bob said, 'and when you get there take Baby to the barber shop and get his hair cut. Two girls around here's enough.'

'Oh!' Mama protested, and put her hands to her cheeks and shook her head.

'Can I?' Baby yelled. 'Can I, Mama? Can I, Papa?'

'Oh, if Papa wants it, I guess,' Mrs. Hubbard said. 'I said, when he had Cleve's cut, next time to *tell* me — that I could stand it, if I knew, but I just did n't want him bringing him home and walkin' in the door like a peeled onion.'

'What'd you say when he had mine cut?' Lewie asked, jealously. His father laughed and tousled his head. 'Boy, you never had yours cut; 'r rather, it never grew. You were always straight as a boar's. You oughta be proud. That's the Hubbard in you. Get those curls from Mama's side the house. Would n't you rather be straight-haired and six foot than curly and tubby like your Uncle Dave? Hazel, get these boys in their clean overalls, will you, and we'll take 'em to town. Bob, you fix the engine for your mother.'

While Hazel was washing the little

boys and her mother was upstairs hunting old overalls to patch the knee of Lewie's clean pair, Kitty came out of the dining room with a stack of dirty plates, set them down on the kitchen table, turned to Hazel, and said, 'Well? Can you tell me now?'

'Tell what?' Lewie shouted from under the wash cloth. 'Is it a surprise?'

'It's nothing,' Hazel said. 'Stand still, or you'll get soap in your eyes!'

'Is it over at Aunt Marge's?' Lewie insisted. 'Has their old Fanny's colt come?'

'No,' Hazel said, 'but they have kittens. Three gray and one white.'

'All over?'

'All but for a little gray spot under her chin.'

Mrs. Hubbard came in with the patched overalls. 'Sewed it up on the machine,' she said. 'Tell Papa to get them new. Lewie'll need two pair for when school begins. Kitty, have you got the eggs crated for Papa?'

III

When their father and the little boys had driven away and the big boys were busy at the engine, Mrs. Hubbard went upstairs to make the beds and left the girls in the kitchen to do the dishes and 'not fool.'

'I'll wash,' Kitty said generously, to give Hazel the freer part of the work, since she had something to tell. She poured water from the reservoir into the big gray dishpan, filled the pan with coffee cups and milk mugs, washed three mugs, then turned to her sister and said, 'Well, tell!'

Hazel stood where the bright sun shone on her amber hair and her smooth round throat. 'Oh, Kitty,' she said, 'it — it is n't anything. I — just had a good time, that's all.'

'What happened?'

Hazel put the milk mugs up in the

cupboard and came back and picked up a coffee cup.

'I've not washed that yet,' Kitty said, and took it from her. 'Hazel, what is it? Don't you want to tell me?'

'No,' Hazel said. 'I would, Kitty, if there was anything to tell — anything real. It's one of those things.'

'Oh,' Kitty said, wanting to be understanding, but not at all sure what one of those things might be — a thing that Hazel could not, would not tell her. 'Is it something Mama knows?' she asked.

'Oh no,' Hazel said. 'It's — it's just — somebody was *there*.'

It was out! Now she would have to go on and tell Kitty; there would be no holding back now. She bit her lip and looked away toward the pastures.

'My!' Kitty whispered, and took her hands from the dish water and wiped them on Hazel's dish towel. 'I knew it,' she said. 'I knew it. It was a man.'

'Well, no,' Hazel said fearfully. 'It was n't a bit like that, Kitty — not like meeting a *man*.'

'Come on,' Kitty said, 'we can't talk in here. Let's go out.'

'No, let's finish the dishes,' Hazel said. 'Mama'll be down.'

'Are you going to tell Mama?'

'No, not unless — Kitty, you see, you think something real happened, and it did n't. You'll be disappointed. I told you nothing happened — There's Mama.'

Mrs. Hubbard came into the kitchen with a pile of soiled blue shirts over her arm. She stopped still and looked at the girls. 'What are you two up to?' she asked. 'Kitty, why did n't you have Hazel wash? You'll never be done! I wish you'd hurry. I wanted you girls to pick the rest of the raspberries this morning. They're dryin' up on the bushes.'

'All right,' Kitty said. 'We will,

won't we, Hazel?' Kitty's voice shone with the excitement of the secret between her and Hazel. Mrs. Hubbard looked sharply at her older daughter. 'Hazel, have you been crying?' she asked. 'What's the matter? Don't you feel good?'

'I feel fine,' Hazel said.

'I bet Marge worked you too hard. Ask one of you girls over there, and then make you do an ironing big as a horse! I'll tell Marge — I will.'

'No,' said Hazel, 'it was n't such a big ironing this time, Mama.'

'Well, she's no business. I'll send Kitty the next time.' Mrs. Hubbard laughed when she said, 'I'll send Kitty.' Everyone joked Kitty about being lazy. And Kitty did n't mind. 'Well, I'm just nice-lazy,' she would say. 'I won't kill myself for Aunt Marge or anybody.'

Mrs. Hubbard sat down by the kitchen window to sew on loosened buttons before she put the dirty shirts in the hamper. 'Well, if you're not sick, what ails you? And you, Kitty? What are you girls up to?'

'We're just talking,' Kitty said soothingly, 'like young ladies will.'

'Shucks,' her mother said. 'You'd better not put on airs like that with your father around, Kitty.'

IV

When Kitty had hung up the dishpan and shrugged her shoulders over her mother's 'Kitty, there's the griddle; if you ever washed every blessed piece I'd know you were n't going to live long!' the girls took their sun hats and Kitty took the lower part and Hazel the upper part of the oatmeal boiler to pick in, and they went out to the berry patch. Hazel led the way, putting back the runners and going along the rows to where they had picked last, and then dropped down on the ground, fanning herself with her hat. Now she

felt she could tell, that she must tell, that if she did n't tell someone, Kitty most of all, she'd simply stop breathing. Kitty dropped down in front of her, hugged her knees, and waited. A bee zigzagged between them. Hazel put out a hand and carefully chose and picked a big berry, picked two big berries, and gave one to Kitty and then said hurriedly: 'The Wesleys bought Uncle Seibert's Jersey cow and calf and they sent Clayborn over to get them.' She chewed on the berry, looking at her sister.

'And he's him?'

'Yes.'

Kitty sighed, and waited.

'His name is Clayborn Wesley.'

Kitty said it slowly after her. 'It's a little like Cleveland, is n't it? Is n't that funny for his name to be something like our brother's?'

'Did you think of that, too?'

'Well — tell me.'

'He came up to the house with Uncle Seibert, and the little girls were on his shoulders — Beulah on one and Alice on the other. He's big. They know him real well. They know all the Wesleys.'

Here, at the thought of her mother's sister's family knowing all the Wesleys, knowing them well, Hazel had to stop and have another berry.

'Go on,' Kitty prompted.

'Well, he came in and let the little girls down, and I was working butter, and there I stood and I thought Aunt Marge never would remember to introduce us, and Uncle Seibert reminded her and she did, and — he said, "How do you do?" and I — Kitty, I'd give anything if I did n't get red like I do!'

'I don't think it hurts anything,' Kitty said.

'Well, it was all right, because the bread was just done, and I opened the oven door and took the pan out and spread a towel and turned the bread out on the table, and pulled the loaves

apart. That might look like it would make you red, don't you think?'

'I think so,' Kitty agreed.

'And he said it looked good, smelled good, too, and Aunt Marge asked him if he would n't like a piece; and so I cut and spread him a heel with the new butter right out of the bowl, and Aunt Marge asked him if he wanted some jelly and he said no, it was just right like that.'

'What'd he look like?' Kitty asked.

'Oh, I don't know.'

'Dark?'

'Pretty dark — about as dark as Bob. He's got a cut on his chin. Left side. It looks like a barb-wire cut. But it does n't hurt his looks any.'

'Is he nice-looking?'

'Yes.' Hazel stripped a half-dozen berries into her palm and held them out to Kitty. 'He's better-looking than the Quentin boys — or anybody I ever saw, Kitty.'

'Well.'

'He just — ate that piece, and then I spread him another and pieces for Alice and Beulah, and then he said he'd have to go take that stock home. He'd come in a truck.'

'Did n't he say anything to you?'

'Yes, he said again it was good and thanked me when I gave him the piece.'

'But —'

'Well, I told you, Kitty, it was n't anything — not anything.'

'Well, but —'

'It was just the way he was, the way he looked, and — everything.'

'Did n't he say anything else?'

'He asked me how long I was going to stay, and I told him Uncle Seibert was taking me home that night.'

'Wha'd he say to that?'

'He did n't say anything.'

'Well —' Kitty said, 'spose we'd better get to picking.'

Hazel got up and began picking rapidly.

'He said good-bye, did n't he?'

'Yes, to everybody.'

'Not to you special?'

'I don't know.'

'You don't know?'

'No, I was moulding out the butter.'

'O' course he can ask Uncle Seibert where you live and all about us and everything.'

'Yes, but I don't think he would. You could n't ask Uncle Seibert something like that, could you?'

'I don't know. Maybe a man could. Hazel, don't you hate it?'

'What?'

'The way it is! Here — look at it, how it is. You met him over there, and you felt — you felt you *knew* he liked you a lot, but you can't know anything. You have to wait.'

'Oh, that!' Hazel said. 'I thought of that a long time ago. There's nothing we can do about that.'

'I know it,' Kitty said. 'Even in England. Even in *Pride and Prejudice*. They had to wait, too, and not know a thing.'

'But you *do* see — you see how it was, Kitty? You see how it's not very real when you tell it?'

'It's real to me,' Kitty said. She stopped picking, spread out her brown slender arms, and opened her dark eyes wide. 'Think, Hazie, you're sixteen, and big enough for someone to want to go with you. I'll soon be —' she narrowed her eyes and looked away across the fields. 'Goodness, I can hardly think of it.'

For a while they picked in silence. Faintly the intermittent sounds of the engine and their brothers' voices came to them. The wind tinkled the cottonwood leaves. A few hens foraged in the raspberry patch.

'Listen!' Hazel said at last. 'That's Mama calling.'

'Calling me,' Hazel said. She emptied all the berries from her pan into Kitty's and started from the patch.

She turned and came back to say, 'Kitty, don't *look* like you knew anything, will you?'

'Course not,' Kitty said. 'Sure would n't want *them* to know!' By *them* she meant their older brothers.

Hazel's mother held the door open for her, shooing flies with her free hand. 'You're wanted on the phone, Hazel,' she said. 'I thought I'd never make you hear.'

'Me?' Hazel asked.

'Yes, and I don't know who it is. Somebody on the Garys' line — Mrs. Gary tryin' to get the phone, anyway.'

'Oh my,' Hazel said, put her hair behind her ears, and went to the phone in the dining room. Her mother followed and stood in the door between the dining room and the kitchen. The phone had been put in at Papa's direction and it had always been much too high for Mrs. Hubbard and the girls. Hazel stood on tiptoe to reach it at all. 'Hello,' she said. Her mother came close and stood at her elbow.

The receiver was slippery in Hazel's sweaty hand. She heard the back screen door open and close softly and knew that Kitty had come in.

'Yes,' she said. 'Yes, that would be nice. . . . Thank you. . . . Good-bye.'

Kitty was on her other side now, her hands clasped against her throat, her eyes wide, her lips parted. Hazel hung up the receiver and turned to face her mother. 'Well?' Mrs. Hubbard asked.

Hazel felt she simply could n't talk — not just yet. She went into the kitchen, dipped a dipperful of water and drank, gasping happily between drinks while her mother and sister waited.

'It was Clayborn Wesley,' she said at last. 'He said he wanted to come over and take me to town to-night, and I said all right.'

'Who's Clayborn Wesley?' Mrs. Hubbard asked. 'I don't know any

Wesleys. Where'd you get to know him?'

Hazel shook her head. She did n't feel like talking. She looked at Kitty and Kitty was ready, eager, to help. 'He's one of the Wesley boys,' she said importantly, soothingly. 'He wants to go with Hazel. She met him over at Aunt Marge's.'

'Well,' said Mrs. Hubbard, 'I don't know about this. Marge can't do a thing like this behind my back. I'll talk to her!' She started into the dining room toward the phone, but Kitty flung her arms about her and stopped her. 'Mama Hubbard!' she cried. 'Don't you do any such a thing! He's all right! You don't want everybody laughing at Hazel and you talking a thing like that on the phone.' Mrs. Hubbard turned about, got potatoes from the sack in the pantry, and began to peel them, taking much thicker peelings than she usually did. 'They're neighbors of Aunt Marge's — awfully nice folks,' Kitty went on. 'They bought Uncle Seibert's Jersey and her calf. Aunt Marge does n't know a thing about it! Hazel did n't know a thing about it until right now.'

'Then, missy, how do you happen to know so much about it? What about it, Hazel?'

Hazel sat on the corner of the kitchen table, took a knife, and began to help her mother peel potatoes. 'It's all right, Mama,' she said calmly. 'Uncle Seibert brought him into the kitchen when he came for the stock, and we all talked a little. I thought maybe he'd call me up, and he did.'

'Well, why did n't you say so! Kitty, is that all the berries you girls got picked?' She splashed a potato into the kettle and looked up fondly at her elder daughter. 'My goodness, child, what'll you wear?' she asked.

'I don't know,' Hazel said, but she did know. She had just decided. She would wear the new blue dimity that

was still all-of-a-piece and folded away in her dresser waiting for the afternoon her mother should decide they had time to make it. Hazel had an idea her mother intended to save it, now they'd put off making it so long, until the next spring.

While she set the table Hazel planned the dress. She'd make it of a very simple pattern, with real full puffed sleeves. She'd bind it around the neck with the blue silk binding tape left over from Kitty's white dress, and she'd cut it out right after dinner and have it done and wear it that night.

V

When the boys came in for dinner, Mrs. Hubbard told them. 'Well, your father phoned he's stayin' in to town for dinner. Won't Baby get a kick outa eating at a café, though? I guess he never has.'

Bob rubbed a stubbly cheek against Hazel's and said, 'What're you day-dreaming about, Sis? And Kitty, what's the matter with you? Got something up your sleeve, have n't you?'

Mrs. Hubbard got them all at the table, complaining that it certainly was queer to eat without the little boys. The meal was scarcely under way before she ventured, 'Bob, do you know any Wesleys?'

'Wesleys?'

'Yes; live over beyond Aunt Marge's a ways.'

'Sure,' Bob said. 'Know one. Goes with the Eastridge girl.'

Kitty gasped.

'Guess that's not the same one,' Mrs. Hubbard said. 'This one wants to go with Hazel.'

'What! Who said so?'

'He did. Why? What's the matter with 'im? Is n't he all right?'

'Ya, I guess so. If he's the same one. I don't know but the one. But you goin' to let Hazel start that?'

'Why not?' Kitty bridled. 'She's sixteen. You were going over to see Rose before you were that old.'

'That's different.'

'Well, we'll see what her father says,' Mrs. Hubbard told them. 'I did n't have a thing to do with it. Your Aunt Marge started this.'

'Oh no,' Hazel said.

'What's gonna happen next?' Cleve asked. 'I suppose Kitty'll be draggin' one in about next week.'

Kitty laughed, picked up the glass of jelly, and squinted at the light through it. 'Well,' she tossed, 'don't you want us girls to have any fun? You boys go all the time!'

'Hear that, Mama?' Bob said. 'See what Hazel's started. You get all those notions outa your head, Kitty.'

Hazel got up from her chair and went to the stair door. Kitty rose to follow her, but her mother put out a hand and laid it on her arm. 'No,' she said. 'Hazel wants to get her things ready, press her dress. You can wash the dishes.'

Upstairs, Hazel spread the goods, the five yards of dimity, on the faded rose rug, folded it, laid her pattern on it, and cut the dress out. She was basting the waist when Kitty came up.

'Hazel!' Kitty cried. 'Are you going to wear that?'

'Sh-h,' Hazel said. 'If I get it basted up, Mama'll help me finish it.'

Kitty knew that this was so. Asked if she'd make a dress in a hurry, Mrs. Hubbard always protested that there was n't time, that to make it up so fast would surely spoil it; but, the dress once basted, she would not fail to take a hand, to do most of the work, sewing like 'a house afire.'

'The boys are just like her,' Kitty said. 'If the table's set, they think supper's nearly ready, and they'll set down and read an hour and never say a word. If the table is n't set, they row around and think they're starved.'

Kitty waited patiently for Hazel to get ready to tell her all about the telephone call. Hazel told her, stitching away carefully as she talked. 'There's just one thing,' Hazel said, 'that worries me a little. I think I said everything just all right but for one thing.'

'What was that?'

'Well, when he asked if he could come over and take me some place to-night, to a show or some place, I said, "Thank you," and I don't think that was right. I think it's the boy that's to say "Thank you," and not the girl.'

'Did he say "Thank you?"' Kitty asked.

'No — no, he did n't.'

'Well, then, I guess he's wrong, not you.'

'I don't much care,' Hazel said. 'I think if a boy likes you, and you know he does, it does n't matter so much what you say, if you say it nice.' She rested her needle a little to look at Kitty and see if her sister agreed with her. 'I guess so,' Kitty said. 'My, just think, Hazel! By the time I'm big enough they want to go with me, you'll know everything! You'll've been going with Clay two whole years, maybe. I bet anything Papa won't let me go with anybody until I'm over sixteen. He'll say, "Hazel did n't, so you can't." Are those the sleeves?'

When Hazel had everything basted that could be basted, she folded the dress over her arm and went downstairs to her mother.

Her father had come in and was standing in the kitchen eating a piece of pie. The little boys were telling in concert about their dinner at the café. Baby, forgetful of his shorn pate, was waving his arms and shouting. 'Papa got a plate full of beefsteak for him and one for me and Lewie did n't have anything but a bare plate, and Papa cut my piece in two and gave Lewie half and half my potatoes.'

'Look at him, Hazel,' Mrs. Hubbard

was mourning. 'He looks the *picture* of Cleve the day Papa brought him home with his hair cut.'

Kitty followed at Hazel's heels. 'My,' she said, 'this has been a day and a half! First it rains, and then Baby gets his hair cut, and then Hazel starts going with the boys.'

'What's this?' Mr. Hubbard asked. 'What's this, Hazel?'

Mrs. Hubbard explained, with Kitty's help. Hazel, thinking it best not to wait for her father's response, held the dress up to her and said, 'Look, Mama.'

'Well, for goodness' sake, Hazel,' her mother cried, 'did you do that all since dinner? Are you going to wear that to-night? Well, get the machine threaded. We'll sure have to sew.'

Mr. Hubbard put the little that was left of the piece of pie back on the plate and said, 'Here! Don't get in such a rush here. Mama, do you know this boy?'

'No,' Mrs. Hubbard said, the waist in her hands. 'No, Papa, but Uncle Seibert does. They're neighbors. He's all right. The boys know him.'

'Not him,' Kitty amended, 'but his brother — the one that goes with the Eastridge girl.'

'That don't settle anything,' Mr. Hubbard said. 'Hazel's too young.'

'Well, she said she'd go,' his wife told him.

'Well, if she said he could come he can come, I guess; but Hazel's not going outa this house with somebody we don't any of us know. Mama, what you thinkin' of!'

'Now, Papa,' Mrs. Hubbard said. 'You don't want the girls to sit around here and never have any pleasures, do you?'

'I said my say, and I mean it,' Mr. Hubbard said, making for the living room and the paper.

'Is Hазie goin' away again?' Baby asked. 'Is Kitty goin' too?'

'No,' Mrs. Hubbard said decisively. 'They are n't going away.' And to Hazel: 'It's all right, honey. Never you mind.'

VI

At supper the boys started in to tease Hazel about her date, and their father said, 'That's enough of that. A man can't go outa the house!'

Kitty said, 'Papa, don't you want us to have any pleasures?'

Her father laid down his knife. 'Mama,' he said, 'is that girl going too?'

'I should say not,' Mrs. Hubbard said. 'Now, why put me in the wrong in this, Papa? Hazel's old enough to look after herself. It's not nice of you to act like this. Why, she's as old as I was when I started goin' with George.'

'Ya, and your folks had no business to let you.'

'That's all right. How old were you when you came along and talked me outa it?' Mama said. 'What do you want to do, spoil the girl's evening?'

Mr. Hubbard looked over at his daughter. Hazel smiled back at him, not too much of a smile. 'That's all right, Mama,' he said; 'but you don't know how young people are now'days — you don't know a thing about it.'

'I've got four in my house,' Mrs. Hubbard said. 'They act pretty normal, seems to me.'

Supper over, Hazel helped Kitty carry out the dishes. 'Pretty nice of me,' Kitty said, 'to wash dishes all day to help you out. What I'm thinking is, who'll there be to wash them for me when —'

'You're thinkin' a lot too much about "when,"' Mrs. Hubbard said. 'I'll wipe the dishes, Hazel. You run on up and dress. You call me when you're ready for the dress. I'll get the snaps on and press it for you.'

Upstairs in the hot little room, Hazel had what the Hubbards called a bird

bath, then put on her clean underclothes and combed her hair. She combed it back and coiled it at her neck. Her mother and Kitty came in with the dress, still warm from the iron, and got her into it. 'Oh, Hazie, you look lovely,' Kitty said. 'You look twenty, anyway.'

'I wish you'd leave your hair down,' her mother said.

'Did you have it up or down when you were over at Aunt Marge's?' Kitty asked.

'Down,' Hazel said.

'Then why don't you leave it down?' her mother urged. 'Here, want me to fix it?'

'No, I'll fix it,' Hazel said, and, with Kitty holding the hand mirror to the back, she let her hair down and fastened it with pins.

'My, I hope your hair don't darken, Hazel, like mine did,' Mrs. Hubbard said. 'When I was your age my hair was just the color of amber hairpins — just exactly.'

'Hazel's is now,' Kitty said.

When Hazel was all ready her mother said, 'Now I'm going down and change my dress and put on a clean apron. You'd better come down and sit on the porch, dear, where it's cool. And Kitty, you come down and see everything's all right in the front room. Papa's in there, scattering the paper, and the little boys.'

Kitty lingered until after her mother had gone down. 'Oh, Hazel,' she said, 'you look — just — just right. But are n't you kinda scared?'

'A little,' Hazel said, 'but not awfully.'

'I would be,' Kitty said. 'Hazel, I think I'd die. What you going to talk about?'

Hazel shook her head.

'Well, guess I'd better get down there and fix that room,' Kitty said, and backed to the door. 'You'll tell me everything — won't you, Hazie?'

VII

It was hot in the little room. Hazel did n't want to go down and sit on the porch. She did n't want to have her brothers kidding her and her father looking on her with his concerned look. The little window was open. She threw a quilt out on to the kitchen roof and, being very careful of the blue dimity, climbed out.

She spread the quilt and sat down, smoothing her skirts under her. She folded her hands in her lap, and there, hidden from the barn where the boys were milking by the branches of the apple tree, she rested. It was almost cool. The sky had turned from deep blue to pale green. A white star came out, and another and another. One of the cats, a white one, climbed up the apple tree, looked at her curiously from the crotch of the tree, and, when she called to him, came on silent feet across the shingles and sat down beside her and licked his haunches.

Hazel was scared, with a kind of happy scaredness that she felt was to be done away with and made right. Her dress was all that she had wanted it to be, and the night calm and swelling with locust song.

She sat there a long time, and when at last the stair door opened and her father called her name, she knew by his voice that the boy had come and her father was not against him.

'I'm coming,' she called back clearly, and got up and folded the quilt.

NURSERY CRIMES

BY BERGEN EVANS

I

THAT the older generation is what it is surprises no one with any knowledge of psychology who has examined the pabulum upon which its members were nourished in their most impressionable years. In fact, it redounds to our credit that we are not more abandoned than we are when we consider that at a formative age we were taught to admire such things as Jack's murderous requital of the giant's hospitality, little Goldilocks' atrocious greediness, and the unscrupulous mendacity of little Hans! Who could estimate, for instance, the effect upon our infantile morality of such tales as that of Grimm's of the soldier who, by merely striking upon his tinder box, could have his dog, with eyes as big as saucers, convey to his bedroom whatsoever young lady pleased him and who, when finally detected by a sagacious counselor, thwarted justice by forcibly subverting the machinery of civic order?

It is to be wished for the honor of our parents that the prevalence of these vicious ideas in the tales and jingles taught us could be attributed solely to ignorance and thoughtlessness, but such a conclusion can hardly be reached by anyone who has examined the evidence with care and impartiality. There can be little doubt that for generations infants have been subtly poisoned with antisocial propaganda insidiously conveyed to them through

the harmless-seeming media of nursery stories and rhymes. So much so that the more intrepid explorers of the psycho-sociological stratosphere do not hesitate to ascribe most of our current ills to this early indoctrination.

And if the evil is to be counteracted it must first be exposed and public attention called to its extent and danger. Much good work has already been done in this direction. Walt Disney, for example, has shown us how subtly bourgeois morality was conveyed into every nursery through the tale of the three little pigs, and although his commendable turning of 'The Ant and the Grasshopper' into socialistic and NRA-ish channels was a happy thought, it but served to emphasize the ruthless propaganda for rugged individualism contained in the older version.

These tales, however, are less harmful in that they do not generally reach us before the age of three or four. It is to the nursery rhymes, the very bases of our mental fabric and social attitudes, which are taught us much earlier, that we must look for the more dangerous influences. 'Let me write a nation's songs,' a sage observed, 'and I care not who writes its laws.' And certainly the forces which dictated the baneful ballads of our bassinets were sinister!

What objectionable practices, for instance, are condoned in 'Higgledy-piggledy, my son John' and 'Little

Polly Flinders'! Surely the amused toleration of sleeping in one's trousers and sitting among the cinders could not be without a deleterious effect upon the child's later attitudes toward public sanitation and social hygiene! And in the latter there is a noticeable trace of that sadism which is all too common in these little poems. It is found again, for example, combined with hysteria, in 'Three Blind Mice,' where a foolish farmer's wife, after yielding to an absurd phobia, seeks satisfaction in mutilating the former objects of her terror. This inculcation of harmful fears is also observable in 'Little Miss Muffet.'

In so far, of course, as the attitudes and complexes engendered affect only the individual, they are the concern of the psychologist and the psychoanalyst, but there can be little doubt that in the subliminal depths of our nurseries forces are deliberately at work to condition the child's social attitudes. And these forces are directed and controlled by those to whose advantage it is to maintain the status quo and to continue the old system of capitalistic and bourgeois oppression of the masses. The evidence lies plainly before us in the nursery rhymes.

Is it merely the exigency of rhyme, think you, that compels Higgedy-piggedy, my black hen, to lay eggs but for *gentlemen*? Or is there not a direct implication that the proletariat is not entitled to a substantial breakfast?

And does not Simple Simon (simple indeed!) symbolically set forth the luckless unemployed? That the pie-man, the capitalist, should be pictured as en route to a merrymaking at the very moment of his callous refusal is indicative of the coarse frankness with which the possessing classes avow their selfishness.

And what shall we say to the underhand manner in which the incompetence of the worker, and hence

his lack of right to a share of this world's goods, are suggested in such verses as 'Jack and Jill,' 'Little Boy-Blue,' and 'Little Bo-Peep'?

II

Perhaps it is as well to treat the subject in a purely scientific manner by quoting some of these rhymes, once in every child's mouth, and appending a brief note in which the underlying force and the psychological effect are considered. Not that there is a great need of protecting modern children from them, — fortunately they are falling into disuse, — or any possibility of informing their educators; but merely as a means of understanding the source of many of the debased proclivities of our contemporaries and their social consequences.

The following dozen are typical and will serve as well as any: —

Goosie, goosie, gander, whither shall I wander?
Upstairs and downstairs and in my lady's
chamber.

There I met an old man who would n't say his
prayers —

I took him by the left leg and threw him down-
stairs.

Here we see, held up for the delectation of the young, a representation of someone, apparently a member of the leisured classes, wandering about a house in a state of dangerous aimlessness and indolence, boldly disregarding all privacy. In the course of this peregrination he chances upon an elderly man upon whom he attempts to force his own religious practices and, not meeting with immediate and slavish acquiescence, proceeds to employ brutal violence.

Surely this is the nurture of fanaticism!

Little Jack Horner sat in a corner
Eating his Christmas pie.
He put in his thumb and pulled out a plum,
And said, 'What a good boy am I!'

Obviously a picture of a sullen and inhibited child, who, conscious of his own greediness and execrable table manners, soothes himself with dangerous self-laudation. Students of the subject are undecided, but it is not unlikely that there is a sinister political suggestion in the approval expressed at the obtaining of the plum in a manner which openly defies convention.

That corruption in office is regarded with complacency by the majority of our citizens need no longer astonish us.

Dance a baby diddit!
What shall its mother do with it?
Sit on her lap
And give it some pap.
Dance a baby diddit!

A disgustingly jocular acknowledgment of the most vicious practices in child rearing, calculated to produce an entire nation of neurotics. It would take seven psychoanalysts seven years to undo the harm done by this ignorant mother!

Sing a song of sixpence, a pocket full of rye,
Four and twenty blackbirds baked in a pie.
When the pie was opened the birds began to sing,
And was n't that a dainty dish to set before a king?

The king was in his counting-house, counting
out his money.
The queen was in the parlor, eating bread and
honey.
The maid was in the garden, hanging out the
clothes,
When by came a blackbird and pecked off her
nose!

Passing over the vulgar ostentation of the first few lines and the intimation of the atrocious cuisine which would leave the birds so underdone, we find put forth for the amusement of the young an account of avarice and gluttony in high places. In neither king nor queen is there any suggestion of social responsibility, and the phrase 'his money' is deliberately misleading. While the monarch gloats over extorted pelf, no doubt wrung from

horny-handed peasants, and his degenerate consort pampers herself in greedy sloth, the worker, upon whose efforts their cleanliness and health depend, is foully mutilated by what was most probably an escaped victim of their bizarre appetites and barbaric cookery. And yet they manifest no concern!

Such literature is the food of young Harrimans and Romanoffs!

Hey diddle diddle, the cat and the fiddle,
The cow jumped over the moon.
The little dog laughed to see such fun,
And the dish ran away with the spoon.

This famous old rhyme belongs to a group which, though apparently innocuous, is really the most dangerous of all. Verses in this group, such as 'The Man in the Moon came down too soon' and 'Pease porridge hot,' are composed of colossal masses of absurdity and are intended to destroy the last vestiges of the child's truth sense so that he may easily be led to regard the stock exchange as a safe road to wealth and the present state of society as in every way desirable.

Closely allied are other poems which encourage the young to indulge in those irrational hopes upon which the predatory members of society subsist. Here we would place 'If wishes were horses' and 'Bobbie Shaftoe.' The latter is particularly illustrative in the confident manner in which it predicts that Shaftoe, despite the fact that common experience ascribes to seafaring men a course of conduct diametrically opposite, will fulfill his matrimonial obligations.

There was an old woman who lived in a shoe;
She had so many children she did n't know what
to do.
She gave them some gruel without any bread
And whipped them all soundly and sent them
to bed.

Here we see the crowded and unsanitary living conditions of the pro-

letariat, their prolificacy and their meagre diet, treated with a hard-hearted levity. That the old woman did not know what to do about her excessive fecundity would only earn her the scorn of the inmates of any modern nursery. The suggestion of sadism, so often an accompaniment of the overstrained nerves and enfeebled constitutions of the poor, gives a macabre touch to the grim picture.

When this is the stuff of risibility for bourgeois juveniles we need not wonder at revolutions!

Georgie Porgie, pudding and pie,
Kissed the girls and made them cry.
When the boys came out to play,
Georgie Porgie ran away.

An interesting illustration of the state of affairs all too prevalent under the bourgeois sex morality. Here, instead of innocent and natural love play, we see the attitude engendered by the parental teaching of shame. Georgie, though from his cognomen we may assume him to be somewhat heavy and phlegmatic, is possessed of normal instincts and emotions. When, however, he proceeds to allow these their natural expression, the girls, warped by a perverse morality, pretend pain instead of pleasure. This, of course, has its effect upon Georgie, who, finding his natural feelings inhibited, becomes introverted and shuns the society of his playmates.

There is little doubt that we have here the root of much of the need for the expensive system of asylums and mental hospitals which our decadent society must support.

'To make your candles last for aye,
Ye wives and maids give ear-o,
The only way's to put 'em out,'
Says honest John Boldearo.

An unequivocal expression of that inability to realize the necessity for consumption which lies at the bot-

tom of the collapse of the capitalistic system.

Great A, little a,
Bouncing B!
The cat's in the cupboard
And she can't see me!

Surely it is not going too far to attach profound symbolic significance to this rhyme and to feel that it had much to do with forming the characters of our present leaders. It may be said to epitomize the whole Victorian attitude toward the shadows cast by coming events.

See-saw, Margery Daw,
Jenny shall have a new master.
She shall have but a penny a day,
Because she won't work any faster!

It is dreadful to think that this instance of the mistreatment of a worker is taught to babes as a merry song! Jenny's wages are to be cut below the level of subsistence because of her effort to maintain a rate of production that would ensure continued employment. There is much uncertainty regarding Margery Daw, but as 'see-saw' carries an unmistakable suggestion of the fluctuations of dividends it is generally assumed that she was an irate stockholder whose greed initiated the oppressive measures.

'Orange and lemons,' say the bells of St. Clements;

'I owe you five farthings,' say the bells of St. Martins;

'When will you pay me?' ask the bells of Old Bailey.

'I don't know,' says the big bell of Bow.

Or

'When I get rich,' say the bells of Shoreditch.

This attempt to suggest the sound of money in all things, even in the harmless ringing of the bells, may well account for the mercenary attitude so characteristic of the bourgeois. The inexorable demand for so trifling a sum is exceeded in baseness only by the flat refusal of the one version

and the despicable evasion of the other.

That national obligations were repudiated and the gold standard abandoned by adults whose infancy had been thus conditioned should surprise no one who has made a study of psychology.

Curlylocks, Curlylocks, wilt thou be mine?
Thou shalt not wash dishes, nor yet feed the
 swine,
But sit on a cushion and sew a fine seam,
And feed upon strawberries, sugar and cream.

What a complete illustration of the unenlightened attitude toward women! The wooer, after tickling the young lady's vanity by an allusion to her coiffure, attempts to induce her to become his chattel by assuring her that, denied any share in their common labor and reduced to enervating indolence, she shall waste her time and ruin her eyesight on worthless needlework while she is pampered with a dangerous diet of fruit, sugar, and fat which will serve only to obviate in time the need for the cushion.

III

A dark picture indeed! And one that would deny all hope of emancipation were it not that the indomitable spirit of man has injected a ray of truth even into the profoundest depths of tyranny. 'Old Mother Hubbard,' for instance, infuses a salutary touch of economic realism into the nursery which has done much to counteract some of the pernicious doctrines alluded to above, while the bold application of Communism by the Knave of Hearts has, as many mothers can testify, stirred the more vigorous of the young to emulation. Even Tom the Piper's son, though his lack of technical proficiency is to be deplored, shows a splendid disregard of vested interests, and Little Tommy Tittlemouse, who, we are told, caught fishes in other men's ditches, deserves to be ranked among the village Hampdens for his brave struggle against feudal privilege. In these and a few others we see the beginnings of that glorious counter-propaganda which in our neo-nurseries is sweeping all before it.

WITH THE B. E. F. IN FRANCE

From a Surgeon's Journal. III

BY HARVEY CUSHING

[BASE HOSPITAL No. 5 — the second military unit to be sent overseas after America's entry into the war — sailed on May 11, 1917, from New York. The unit was attached to the British Expeditionary Force and on May 30 was placed in charge of a one-thousand-bed hospital known as General Hospital No. 11, almost wholly under canvas, at Dannes-Camiers. — THE EDITORS]

Friday, June 15, 1917, CAMIERS

A CONVOY early this morning — as usual, about 1 A.M. Fitz handled them well. It's been very hot — a good thing we have no thermometer. Fortunately the nights are better. It's also very dry. Young Captain Ingram has just been here from his present quarters at No. 26 General, near Étaples. He's been in since Mons, where he got hit — now has a shortened arm and wears a D. S. O. ribbon. Wanted to see the flowers he'd planted in the border of the drainage ditch encircling his — now my — conical tent.

There is quite a showing of bright blossoms which he calls Virginia stock, among them some little blue nemophilas. Just behind these a few patches of scarlet Linum, if that's the way to spell it, and a few ditto of dwarf (very) nasturtiums. Then come (D. V.) a line of scarlet godetias, a few Shirley poppies, a thin line of mignonette, and at each corner some sweet peas now about

eight inches high, but which (he assures me) are to be very wonderful — Queen Alexandra, Duke of Westminster, Lord Nelson in flesh tints, and some other lord or lady I disremember. All this from a circular mound of clay a foot wide around the tent.

We Americans are too new at soldiering to see the importance of such things, and poor Ingram looked sadly at the little market garden beside the mess hut which has not been weeded since we took over, and where parsnips, radishes, and carrots about two inches high are concealed by weeds of six. This is the way races overgrow one another, — the more undesirable, the deeper they root, — and I wonder what will happen here at the end of this blooming war. Talk of our American melting pot! For here are Annamites and Egyptians, Zulus and Kaffir laborers (these last in a barbed-wire compound adjoining ours), Chinese coolies, Algerians and Indians — at least there once were. The labor battalions must far outnumber the male natives, — certainly the breeding natives, — and the women, it seems, are none too moral or fastidious. Well! I'd rather think of Ingram and his flowers. Scarlet pimpernels grow everywhere hereabouts. They, at least, breed true.

Sunday P.M., and stifling hot. The larks like it, however, and they are singing madly. Been tacking some oil-

cloth, which Harry Lyman has procured, on my packing-box washstand and dresser. Very fine. The Boston tins, too, are well adapted for compartments in one's dresser. Butler, my batman, seems to take an interest, though just why I do not know, except that these Britishers of the lower classes make extraordinarily good servants. He came out with the Second Army in 1915, was wounded at Loos, in hospital eight months with a badly shattered arm — fortunately left. Now he is P. B., which, opened out, means 'Permanent Base' — in other words, unfit for other duties than at the base. He might have been T. B. or even P. I. or dead. So Butler, after all, is lucky — so am I.

Our neighbors at No. 22 under Hugh Cabot are a festive lot, and, having unoccupied territory in their environ, play baseball vigorously once or twice a week — an open challenge. Yesterday some gunners from the training camp (infantry) at Hardelot, between here and Boulogne, accepted the challenge and were sadly beaten.

Monday, June 18

Disciplinary court session — wards — operating. Private Fordham and his brain abscess. Much about delayed tetanus, of which we have four cases. Some of the boys skeptical. Colonel Lister, the eye specialist, to tea. Says there are an immense number (2000?) totally blind among the Italian troops — shells dropping on hard rock send off myriads of fine particles. Sand bags, of course, have same effect everywhere. Sand blown right through lids — and the globes are burst.

Wednesday, the 20th

Difficulties with the electric current, which we can only use by courtesy of No. 18. It went off duty just as I had a nail in Fordham's abscess and was about to connect with the magnet.

Thursday, the 21st

Succeeded in getting the piece of shell three inches deep in Fordham's brain. Hope the principle of 'fixing' the abscess cavity a possible one. Rose Bradford here in P.M., which cheered the internists greatly. This old encampment is infested with rats. Accordingly the gunners — they seem to be the most resourceful people hereabouts — appear with three yellow ferrets, a sheep dog, and many clubs. One rat secured, I believe. The British soldier dotes on a sporting event.

Friday, the 22nd

One of the many things I have to learn is how to get out of a tightly buttoned-up bell tent when the ropes are soggy and shrunken after a night's rain. I can manage the underwear, but the outer layer from inside beats me after one's batman has buttoned and laced it up securely from outside during the storm. Ligation of vertebral artery for traumatic aneurysm.

Wednesday, June 27, 6 P.M.

Hot. S. I. T.¹ Major Goodwill here to-day in a large motor car talking copiously of 'reconstruction' — must organize our American medical forces on the basis of reconstruction — going home Saturday to see Gorgas about it before he gets organized on some other basis. G. is a fine chap, though visionary. He came down to earth for a moment, in order to enter the slit in my palatial abode. In this process he observed that my garden needed weeding, and, stooping casually, pulled three varieties of weeds. I have long known it needed weeding, but as I could n't tell the dwarf nasturtiums from French weeds (though I am studying 'French self-taught with phonetic pronunciation' while I shave in the morning) I did n't dare try any reconstruction business on my own hook. This is bad,

¹ Sulking in tent.

too, because Ingram cycles over twice a week from Étapes to see how 'they' are getting on, and looks rather sad.

I therefore surreptitiously preserved the three samples of G.'s weeding and put them away where 'P. B.' Butler could n't find them. With the aid of these specimens, I have just weeded my southeast quadrant and it's quite wonderful. To-morrow for the north-east, and I hope Ingram will come over in the evening. I shall pretend that it was the first opportunity I have had to do any redding up. There's nothing but clay southwest and northwest — not even weeds.

We have a new D. O. R. E. in our district — Colonel Kitto. The R. E. is easy, — *viz.*, Royal Engineers, — but D. O. beats me as yet. Anyhow, he is an important person to cultivate, particularly when you want to get the roof of the mess hut retarred, some linoleum on the floor, another electric light, and the kitchen made dust- and water-tight.

To No. 26 with Ingram — a fine new layout all in huts! A special ward with a laboratory — heavy accent on the first o, please — in charge of Bashford. Great opportunity for work. B. doing some interesting things with Carrel-Dakin fluid on pollywogs. Very simple way of determining the relative bactericidal powers of different fluids.

Sunday, July 1

Much rain the past few days, leaving us in a sea of mud, which possibly accounts for my state of mind. We have learned from the Canadians that we have been given the poorest place for a hospital in France. So bad it was even two years ago that the McGill Unit, who were then here, refused to 'carry on' and were removed to the heights above Boulogne. It has since had a hand-to-mouth existence and become much deteriorated. It was offered to the Engineers, who said it might do for

a hospital, but not for them. We've been at it a month now, and, aside from the C. O.'s justifiable grumbles about the water and milk and sump pits and sanitation in general, I've heard no complaints.

We were organized by the Red Cross for a 500-bed base hospital. We at this date have 1876 patients in our marquees, and during the month 3000 have passed through our hands. Our equipment has never been received and we've just learned that it was sent off to Halifax after the disaster there, rather than to us. We have to borrow a motor ambulance to do our marketing.

All this has been taken in the day's work, but it seems time now to find out what we are to look forward to — either remaining here with the B. E. F. for 'duration' and spending our company fund to make the place habitable, or carrying on as best we can 'as is,' with the expectation of being transferred to the A. E. F. Meanwhile our flags so movingly consecrated by Bishop Lawrence have scarcely been out of their rubber cases since we left Fort Totten. I wish the nurses and men were equally well protected from the cold and wet.

July 4

Vive l'Amérique! An historic day to have arrived in Paris — though a bad one for my particular quest on this very account. After a real bath at the Crillon, I met the Strongs hustling about — must go immediately to Les Invalides — they have tickets — special seats — Pershing — American troops — Fourth of July — punctually at nine — great doings, and so forth. So, breakfastless, I joined them and we rushed off in a decrepit taxi, but soon became so mixed up in the crowd we never got to our seats — merely saw between people's heads the bayonets of our boys squared up in the inner

court. The corridors were jammed with *poilus* and others, frantically cheering while Pershing received two banners from the descendants of men who had fought with Lafayette.

I escaped back to breakfast and was just opening an egg when they came marching across the Place de la Concorde — about a battalion, I should think, of not especially well-set-up or well-drilled troops — newly enlisted men of the 16th Infantry, I believe — marching in squads.

I left the egg and joined the excited populace, which was fairly mobbing the men, covering them with flowers — quite thrilling. In the midst of it all a daring aviator swooped into the square — down, it seemed, almost to the people's heads, certainly below the level of the obelisk — turned corners standing on one wing, then on the other — rose again, dived down and up once more — looped the loop once or twice — then climbed and was away to the south. A most dare-devil, Gallic performance. Guynemer, they said it was — an ace — many German planes to his credit — in a new Hispano-Suiza machine capable of 200 kilos an hour. Sounds fast — especially the Suiza.

I walked back to the Crillon wondering about my egg, when I encountered some American Ambulance people — a Mr. Williams, an *Auxiliaire* named Mrs. Rhodes, and a newly arrived Mr. Turnbull of New York — who insisted that I go with them to the ceremony at the Picpus. The cemetery where Lafayette is buried is in a remote part of Paris, and we reached there some half hour before the battalion arrived. Though allowed in the churchyard, we were held up at the small enclosure where is Lafayette's tomb, among others, surrounded by an old crumbling wall about ten feet high.

We waited while many pundits were shown through the gate; and, having had our offer to go through in company

with them politely refused once or twice, we stood wondering what to do. Others, many of them in fact, were in the same boat, and we kept encountering folks like Major Parsons of the Engineers and his wife who shared in our ambition. At this juncture various kinds of people — newspaper photographers, some *blessés* (not very *blessé*) and some French people of neither military age nor military sex — began to scale the wall with the aid of a ladder procured from somewhere.

A Frenchwoman, well astride, beckoned to Mrs. Rhodes that there was room beside her, and up she went without a moment's hesitation. So I followed and straddled the wall between a Moroccan *petit-officier* covered with medals and an oldish man who said he was a Belgian from Dixmude. This was a Humpty-Dumpty performance, but we had the best possible view of the ceremonies below us and hope we were not in range of the movie cameras going off like a barrage on all sides.

Many dignitaries were grouped about the tomb, Grandpapa Joffre among them, and I may add that he had to be pushed forward into the front row, for, though he has been kicked upstairs by an unappreciative government, the people still adore him. Mr. Sharp spoke at length. Brand Whitlock read at still greater length many pages about civilization and humanity — very immaculate, in eyeglasses with a heavy black braid and in spats, both the speech and B. W. Then Colonel Stanton, U. S. A., brief and to the point. Then *le Général Pershing s'avance à la tribune* 'without the intention of speaking'; but he did, briefly — a fine-looking man with a square chin and proper shoulders. He may have said, '*Lafayette, nous voici,*' but if so we did n't hear it on the wall. Then followed more in French by M. Painlevé, Minister of War, concerning '*les deux peuples unis par le même idéal*';

and finally the Mayor of Puy wound up with an *hommage* or something of the sort to Lafayette. Thereupon we climbed down, or rather fell off, into the cabbage garden on the side we had ascended, and took our way to the Crillon, seeing the flower-bedecked battalion pass by with their escort of French cavalry.

Then lunch and to business — my two Paris quests being (1) to find out what, if anything, the U. S. Army Medical Corps has in store for us, and (2) to secure a motor car of whatsoever sort for the use of Base Hospital No. 5. On way to Quest 1, met Robert Bacon by chance. Long talk with him about the general situation on our way to the temporary U. S. A. headquarters; but 27 Rue de Constantine proves no place for a major — crowd there already — everyone trying to get something he wants — most of them outranking me.

Quiet dinner with the Blisses. They have had a strenuous time these past two years. It's fortunate two people so popular and so conversant with French should have been at the Embassy. R. B. tells an interesting story of the two Wilson notes of last December. The first of them transmitted the German proposal for peace, and, the Ambassador being away, R. B. had to present it himself. A few days later came W. W.'s famous communication to both combatants asking what they meant by the war anyway and what their objectives were — so far as he could see they were very much alike on both sides — or something of this sort. So it at least sounded to most of us at home.

Mrs. B. had been at the *Chambre des Députés* in the afternoon to hear the discussion regarding the German proposals, and the statement had been made there that the Allies would transmit their terms on the following day to the Central Powers through Mr. Wilson. This news she promptly telephoned to the Embassy, where they

were in process of decoding Wilson's second note, which threw an entirely different light on the matter. Consequently R. B. thought it was absolutely essential — as soon as they got the drift of the note late in the afternoon — that the fact of its reception and general tenor should promptly be made known to the Foreign Office. In the Ambassador's absence he had to make this decision himself, and so he took it to Cambon. Cambon was quite thunderstruck and called in Briand. Both of them purple in the face — simply furious. Wilson on the side of the Germans — playing into their hands from the outset — Wilson a *mufti*. The only way they could be pacified was to explain that, while the message had not as yet been fully decoded, it seemed necessary that they should be made aware of its having been received. All told, a very trying time, and truly we had no friends anywhere.

Mrs. B. a trump — will help us get our needed transportation in the shape of a Ford ambulance with French trimmings — in fact, has already taken steps in this direction; and if she succeeds we had better be prepared to motor it back to Camiers instantan, before someone else gets hold of it.

[On July 22, Dr. Cushing, with a surgical team, was detached from his unit and sent forward to work in a British Casualty Clearing Station at a place known as 'Mendinghem,'² near Poperinghe. Here he remained during the long-drawn-out attack (July-October) on the Passchendaele ridges.]

Tuesday, July 31

The third battle of Ypres opened to-day — zero hour at 3.50 A.M. After a week of good weather came the deluge.

² Some British staff officer with a peculiar sense of humor had named these Flanders hospital areas Mendinghem, Dosinghem, Bandagehem, and so forth.

Wednesday, 1.30 A.M.

One of the disadvantages of our picturesque camp came home to me as I felt my way to this soggy red tent. Pitch black, pouring rain, and has been, I believe, nearly all this fearful day — two ambulance trains of the new variety, about a mile long, vestibuled so you can't climb under or over the couplings, standing between the officers' quarters and the hospital encampment — your electric torch burned out — trying to stick to slippery duckboards about a foot wide. Depressing for a well man, but imagine what these poor wounded devils have had to go through to-day, and what those still lying out are enduring. The pre-operative hut is still packed with untouched cases, so caked in wet mud that it's often a task to strip them and find out what they've got.

Thursday, August 2, 2.30 A.M.

Pouring cats and dogs all day — also pouring cold and shivering wounded, covered with mud and blood. Some G. S. W.'s³ of the head, when the mud is scraped off, prove to be trifles — others of unsuspected gravity. The pre-operation room is still crowded — one can't possibly keep up with them; and the unsystematic way things are run drives one frantic. The news, too, is very bad. The greatest battle of history is floundering up to its middle in a morass, and the guns have sunk even deeper than that. *Gott mit uns* was certainly true for the enemy this time.

Operating from 8.30 A.M. one day till 2.00 A.M. the next; standing in a pair of rubber boots, and periodically full of tea as a stimulant, is not healthy. It's an awful business, probably the worst possible training in surgery for a young man, and ruinous for the carefully acquired technique of an oldster. Something over 2000 wounded have passed, so far, through this one C. C. S.

³ Gunshot wounds.

There are fifteen similar stations behind this battle front.

10.30 P.M. We're about through now with this particular episode. Around 30,000 casualties, I believe — a small advance here and there, and that's about all. Doubtless there are many prisoners — we've seen a lot of wounded ones, big husky Hun boys. But I do not believe it has been other than a disappointment.

Operating again all day, and finished up at 9.00 P.M. with an extraction of a large piece of shell from a man's badly infected ventricle with the magnet — then dinner, and now to bed. It still rains. A lot of wounded must have drowned in the mud. One of to-day's cases was a fine young Scot having frequent Jacksonian attacks from a glancing sniper's ball through his tin hat, a piece of which was driven into the brain. He had lain, he said, in the protection of a shell hole with one or two others — the water up to his waist — for twelve hours before they were found. But there has been scant time to talk to wounded, to prisoners, or to 'brass hats,' and I know little of what has gone on.

Friday, August 3

It is still pouring for the fourth consecutive day. Expected to have an easy time to-day and to catch up on dressings, notes of cases, and statistics. The morning went somewhere. The D. G. M. S.,⁴ Sir Arthur Sloggett, at the mess for lunch, together with Sir William Somebody, head of the British Red Cross and a friend of T. R.'s. I was half an hour late, which is not the thing — properly chided by the C. O.

In the early afternoon a large batch of wounded were unexpectedly brought in — mostly heads — men who have been lying out for four days in craters in the rain, without food. It is amazing

⁴ Overseas Director General of Medical Services.

what the human animal can endure. Some of them had maggots in their wounds. Then a long operation on a sergeant with things in his brain and ventricle like the man of last night — the magnet again useful — George Derby ditto. He has been helping me lately, while Towne makes records, and Johnnie Morton, with George Denny as his anæsthetist, is at another table. Many muddy bystanders from the adjacent hospitals looking on and fairly sitting on the instrument stands.

Saturday, August 4 (really 3.30 A. M. on the 5th)

Another night helping Johnnie and Blake as long as I could stand up. I think the teams do better work by night than by day, and it is noticeable that the night shifts are composed of the emergency teams. Urgent operations on more rotting men. One case I did had a gross gas infection of the brain. My particular grouse lies in the fact that no one protests against locking tight every door of a twenty-car ambulance train between the hospital and our camp. There are two alternatives — to feel your way around in a sea of mud or to crawl under. I crawled under to-night and nearly cracked my head. I'll feel less peevish later.

Sunday, August 5, 8.30 A. M.

I do. Except for the fact that my ragged batman, Ashford by name, says there are orders not to provide us with our customary inch of bath water — that we must henceforth go to the bathing tent. This structure lies in the hospital grounds on the other side of the barricaded track. 'Zink,' who is a joyful American attached here, said at breakfast that he had thought it out fully and told his particular batman to bring him some weak tea. He says it makes a fine lather.

Three years ago to-day England declared war against Germany. About four months ago we did.

7.30 P. M.

Lieutenant Zinkhan, who is here as a casual M. O., is not only joyful but venturesome — a typical Texan. He enjoys Mutt and Jeff, and quotes them often. The Britishers laugh, but don't entirely understand.

On Sunday last — it seems a year ago — among others a Scots Guard came down with a head wound, and on his No. 24 Field Ambulance card was the name 'Lt. Zinkhan, U. S. A.' We naturally supposed that our Zink had in some mysterious fashion found his way up to an F. A. and sent this man down. But not at all. When confronted with the fact later in the day he denied having been farther than Proven. When shown the card he exclaimed: 'Good God! That's my brother. I've been looking for him for three months.'

Late Monday evening there was delivered here in a large limousine our Zinkhan. He had been to see his brother — had started about noon on foot to Poperinghe and been given a lift in a lorry — again on foot toward Ypres until he hopped another lorry. He finally got wind of where F. A. No. 24 roughly was situated and was put down at a point where it grows too hot for motor transport. At a remount station he wangled a horse, which he rode for two miles, until a 5.9 blew up a donkey engine near by — it simply disappeared in the air. At this juncture Zink dismounted and walked — a concealed naval gun nearly blew his head off — he got across the canal and up into the Ypres sector. There he somehow found his long-lost brother in a dugout near Hellfire Corner. His brother said: 'Zink, I'm scared to death.' Said Zink: 'So am I.'

He stayed ten minutes and got back as fast as he could. No one questioned his going or coming. People were too busy getting under cover for themselves and staying there. He made his way back to the Poperinghe road this

side of Ypres. There he encountered some staff officers, one of them evidently an American, who wanted to know what he was doing up there. It turned out to be Pershing with General Gough! He dined with them, and was sent home in the General's car. That, he says, was the most trying part of his expedition, for, unaccustomed to a limousine, he was n't sure whether it was proper to loll back or sit forward upright. He decided to loll back. One essential difference between an American and a Britisher is that the former can hold up his trousers with a belt; the latter has to wear braces. Zink is an American. But turning up in a general's car was about all that saved him from a court-martial for going A. W. O. L.

To-day Zink's brother was here to tea — out for two days' rest — very shaky, and well he might be. Browsing around Hellfire Corner and Hooze for four days looking for wounded under heavy fire, in his triangle between the railroad and the Menin Road. His battalion had missed their barrage and only got ahead a very short distance. He finally got ninety bearers, mostly oldish men. On their first trip twelve of them were killed. The next time there were volunteers — some N. C. O.'s and others — and they succeeded in getting in a batch of Devons who were in shell holes, wounded. It took twelve bearers to carry a two-man stretcher — eight at a time and four in reserve — often sinking in above their knees in this impossible mud. This was on the fourth day, and the wounded men had been without food all this time — they had to leave four of them behind, as they could not get back to them.

Some tank officers here also for tea. One of the tanks practically disappeared in the mud and they had to escape through the roof. There are two or three inches of pasty mud between us and C. C. S. No. 64, where

the bearers have been carrying some of our overflow wounded — it is enough to suck off your rubber boots unless you curl up your toes. What another ten inches would be like can be imagined. It would take off everything below your waist, if you could pull yourself out at all. Perhaps that's why the Britishers all wear braces.

Friday, August 10, 11 P.M.

My young friend the pilot, Turberville by name, just walked back with me from the aerodrome which lies the other side of Proven. He is scornful of searchlights, which are merely to encourage the populace. If a searchlight should catch you, which is most unlikely, when you are up at night, the thing to do is to fly down the beam and turn on your Vickers. This puts it out.

After nearly two weeks of either atrocious or unsettled weather, to-day has been perfect and it looks as though the bad spell might have passed — a favorable day for photography, and therefore ideal for the eyes of the Army. After working all day on our statistics for the past few weeks I could not bear, after tea, to go back to the clerks' hut — the panorama of aerial activity was too alluring. So I hied me across lots — this in Flanders means jumping ditches and circumnavigating turnip fields and hop entanglements — to the aerodrome a mile away.

It was about half after six, and from this field one gets an unbroken view of the long line of observation balloons, and above and beyond them the sky full of planes and clusters of shrapnel bursts — black ones from the Archies of the enemy, white ones from our own. Turberville was in, having had his two flights earlier in the day. I must stay to dinner, and so to his tent while he shaves, and strops his razor on the palm of his hand, and talks. One begins to learn by banking to the left, and subsequently always finds that easier

— *viz.*, one climbs in a right-handed spiral, which would certainly have interested the first of their clan, Leonardo da Vinci. The infantry officer knows only his bit of trench; the flying men know the whole field of operation and what everyone is doing on both sides.

I dined with them, as I say — together with an officer of the Scots Guards. Fifty in the squadron, though only forty-seven to-night — one away and two killed yesterday in a collision in a cloud. Cheerful boys, yet they know full well the seriousness, responsibilities, and risks of their job. Extraordinary tales passed about — of the number of aircraft over this particular sector (one of them said he counted forty planes while he was over the line and got tired of it), of meeting high in the air Boche howitzer shells en route for some point in our rear; we occasionally hear them whistle over us toward Hazebrouck, which, I may add, has been heavily shelled of late. But that one could see them pass by, head-on in the air! Well, I m not doubting anything the Flying Corps tells me.

Sunday, August 12

Very busy operating all day. Horrax and Forbes from our Base appear in the afternoon, and Generals Skinner, Wallace, and Davidson here to tea. Extraordinary aerial activity. Four Boche planes over during the day, which was perfect for playing hide and seek in white clouds. Archies going all the morning and afternoon. One Boche plane brought down by two opponents in sight of our camp. Zink has been out exploring and saw a Fritz make a direct hit on an observation balloon and the two observers come down safely in their parachutes.

Monday, August 13

Just two weeks ago to-night the final preparations for the third battle

of Ypres were at their height, and the expectation in the minds of many was that the enemy would be blown out of his diggings from the sea to the Lys and driven back into open warfare. After a long spell of unusually fine weather the thirtieth was overcast and showery, and by noon of zero day — Tuesday, the thirty-first — Jupiter Pluvius had decided the matter by bogging the artillery and infantry and blinding the aeroplanes. Such papers as I have chanced to pick up make much of 'substantially obtaining all the objectives laid down,' but this, I am sure, is not the way people feel about it up here.

Thursday, August 14, 7.00 p.m.

Orders to evacuate and a succession of 'brass hats' and consulting surgeons indicate that events are impending. Rather discouraged, as we have been having a streak of bad luck — infections, and so on.

Walked over to the Scots Guards camp to pay my party call. The Padre had just returned from 'Pop'⁵ and had seen a Boche plane fall out of the clouds and attack a row of balloons. The observers tumbled out of them in their parachutes, and Fritz was in turn dropped on by three of ours and driven to earth. He adds that it is a favorite trick to try and machine-gun the officers in the air as they are descending. This is war, I presume, but it seems particularly unsportsmanlike.

Find on my return that No. 46 is 'taking in,' and we are preparing to do two cases regardless of dinner and a concert by the Coldstream Guards' military band. This won't be much anyway, as it's raining hard again. I am driven to distraction by the local dilatoriness, the everlasting stopping for meals. Someone is eating all day long — orderlies, sisters, noncoms, of-

⁵ Poperinghe.

ficers. As a result there is only about an hour between any two meals — breakfast, lunch, tea, dinner, late supper — when the team as a whole can work together. In the other operating room they stop also for broth and biscuits at 11 A.M. As most of these men breakfast at nine, this means quite a gastronomic day, and most of them eat more meals than they operate on patients. I shall try to drive our American team into eight head cases a day or bust.

Wednesday, August 15

We nearly 'busted' on six cases in the twenty-four hours since yesterday's note. We began at 8 P.M. on 'L/Cpl. Wiseman 392332; 1/9 Londons S. W. Frac. Skull,' which interpreted means that a lance corporal of the 9th Londons had a shell wound. It went through his helmet in the parietal region, with indriven fragments to the ventricle. These cases take a long time to do carefully enough to forestall infection, and it was eleven o'clock before we got to 'Sgt. Chave, C. 25912. M. G. C. 167 — S. W. head and S. W. back — penet.,' according to his Field Ambulance card. This sergeant of the Machine Gunners had almost the whole of his right frontal lobe blown out, with a lodged piece of shell almost an inch square, and extensive radiating fractures, which meant taking off most of his frontal bone, including the frontal sinuses — an enormous operation done under local anaesthesia. We crawled home for some eggs in the mess and to bed at 2.30 A.M. — six hours for these two cases.

This man Chave — queer name — roused from his semiconsciousness and made it known that he had some precious false teeth. They were removed, somewhat more easily than was his broken frontal bone. They must have been on his mind, for I re-

member when rongeur-ing out fragments of his skull he kept muttering that I was breaking his teeth. He was evidently familiar with this somewhat similar sound. Though he pulled out his Carrel-Dakin tubes, he seems to be all right to-day, and is wearing his teeth.

This morning a man named Ward, rifleman of the 10th Brigade, was ticketed for us in the Resuscitation Ward — hard to tell whether he or we were more unfit for the operation. We began at 9 A.M. — an hour earlier than we had ever succeeded in getting started before, for there is a lot of trouble in getting boiling water, owing to the scarcity of Primus stoves, so-called. A penetrating wound of the occiput, with complete central blindness, and lodgment of the missile in the right frontal lobe. Also with novocaine, lasting another three hours, with extraction of fragments driven into the ventricle. Then really a bad one — another rifleman, Saunders, with a mid-vertex wound, rigid extremities, unconscious, and two foreign bodies with many fragments of deeply imbedded bone showing in the X-ray. This carried Morton and me up to 2.30 — too late for lunch. I got what might be called a high tea, and Horrax, who had been recording cases and doing dressings, took Morton's place and we did two more penetrating cases, and then our more serious dressings, and managed to get to the mess for dinner nearly on time.

They shove the more serious cases on to us, which is what we want, but I'm beginning to be a little doubtful about eight a day if they are all of this size.

This has been an ordinary slack time with a 'take in' of only 200 cases in rotation with our neighbors Nos. 64 and 12. The rush has not come yet — another postponement; perhaps due to the heavy rains to-day.

Thursday, August 16 (really 2.15 A.M. on Friday)

They tell me that heavy firing, aeroplane raids, and some French naval guns to the north of us made much ado last night after three o'clock. I heard none of it. The zero hour, long deferred, came at 5 A.M. Walking wounded began to come in a few hours, to Nos. 12 and 64, and to us at ten o'clock. We began operating at twelve noon and had done seven cases, one better than yesterday, by midnight. Have our system running, with lunch and tea in the operating room instead of coming way over here to the mess. Two cases always waiting, so that we can go from case to case without delay. We ought to manage eight to-morrow — that is, to-day, which is Friday. Clear, cool, cloudless. No very startling news. Langemarck taken (?), possibly Poelkapelle, and the ridge beyond — the objective. The Boches are using an entirely new gas, which gives bad gastro-intestinal symptoms. They also are dotted about in concrete machine-gun emplacements and can enfilade the oncoming attack. Hence more bullet than shell wounds, they say, are to be expected.

Friday, August 17

We beat our record to-day with eight cases — all serious ones. A prompt start at 9 A.M. with two cases always in waiting — notes made, X-rayed, and heads shaved. It's amusing to think that I used to regard, at home, a single major cranial operation a day's work. These eight averaged two hours apiece — one or two very interesting ones. One in particular — a sergeant, unconscious, with a small wound of entrance in the vertex and a foreign body just beside the sella turcica. We have learned a new way of doing these things — *viz.*, to encircle the penetrating wound in the skull with Montenovesi forceps, and to take the fractured area with the depressed

bone fragments out in one piece — then to catheterize the tract and to wash it out with a Carrel syringe through the tube. In doing so the suction of the bulb is enough occasionally to bring out a small bone fragment clinging to the eye of the catheter. Indeed, one can usually detect fragments by the feel of the catheter; they are often driven in two or three inches.

In this particular man, however, after the tract was washed clear of blood and disorganized brain, the nail was inserted its full six inches and I tried twice unsuccessfully to draw out the fragment with the magnet. On the third attempt I found to my disgust that the current was switched off. There was nothing to do but make the best of it, and a small stomach tube was procured, cut off, boiled, inserted in the six-inch tract, suction put on, and a deformed shrapnel ball (not the expected piece of steel shell) was removed on the first trial — of course a non-magnetizable object.

To-night while operating on a Boche prisoner with a G. S. W. of the head, about 11 P.M., — our seventh case, — some Fritz planes came over on a bombing raid, as they do almost every night nowadays — nowanights (which is it?). Of course all our lights were switched off, and we had to finish with candles. If we didn't do a very good job, it was Fritz's fault, not entirely ours.

The Boche prisoner, I may add, was a big fellow with a square head, badly punctured though it was. The case in waiting was a little eighteen-year-old Tommy from East London — scared, peaked, underfed, underdeveloped. He had been in training six months and was in the trenches for the first time during the present show — *just ten minutes* when he was hit.

Sunday, August 19

Morning. — My prize patient, Baker, with the shrapnel ball removed from

near his sella, after doing well for three days suddenly shot up a temperature to 104 last night about midnight. I took him to the operating theatre, reopened the perfectly healed external wound, and found to my dismay a massive gas infection of the brain. I bribed two orderlies to stay up with him in the operating room, where he could have constant thorough irrigation over the brain and through the track of the missile. No lights except candles were permitted last night. We fortunately are not taking in, and I was dressing him this morning — for he still lives — when someone leaning out of the window cried out: 'There's a falling plane!'

Nose down, spinning, wings laid back, like a dead bird. He fell just beyond No. 64, and the familiar, irresistible impulse made everyone run toward the spot — I too as soon as I could leave. I got across the track, past the post-mortem tent, as far as the rapidly growing cemetery on the other side of No. 64. Here were about a hundred grinning Chinese coolies, in their blue tunics, — though some were stripped to the waist, — digging two fresh ditches, about six by twenty feet. The Far East digging in the upstart West with its boasted civilization! This held me up, and I refrained from crossing the road to see the mangled machine and the dead thing under it.

Afternoon. — Welpley has had the grass cut on the tennis court and the lines freshly marked out. He has arranged, too, for a tournament — mixed doubles. We are to have tea served there. I am contributing a wonderful five-pound box of Page and Shaw's chocolates from the usual source of home comforts and delicacies.

Night, 11 P.M. — A baby crying in the operating theatre with a badly

wounded arm; its mother on the next table with several small wounds and badly shocked. An unusual sight for a C. C. S. There had been the usual raid — one comes every evening. It's about our turn, and not a light is permitted. Rumor has it that these are reprisals — that one of our big naval guns fired into Roulers and hit a German hospital. Consequently Rémy has had it, also Brandhoek, and yesterday Dosinghem, where there were many casualties, I believe — one of Brewer's American nurses was slightly wounded, and some M. O.'s also.

At ten or thereabouts he came — a clear, cloudless, dark night with no moon — just right for him. We could get some idea of where he was by the focusing of the searchlights and where the Archies were bursting as they tried to pick him up. Twenty or more shafts, and in addition the two huge beams — from naval searchlights in Dunkerque, 't is said — which simply poured shafts of light down in this direction. Once we saw him picked up with all the shafts for miles around focusing on him, but he dodged away. This was to the east of us, then Archies to the south in three places, so that possibly there was more than one raider; then after a time to the north, — Bandagehem way, apparently, — where he dropped eight bombs. The big French searchlights got at him and one heard machine-gun fire — perhaps from Fritz himself. Finally we could hear his engine as he passed over us, then two more explosions, and the searchlights began to blink off. He'd gone.

Then the baby and its mother, a *poilu*, and an excited Belgian, in the reception hut. Weird sight it was — candlelight, bearers and M. O.'s in their tin hats — a wounded woman and her baby — the fruit of the raid.

(To be concluded)

TWO POEMS

LAST BETRAYAL

AND when I heard their voices on the stair,
Shrill as fox-bark above their crying hounds,
And heard the small thunder of their feet, and knew
One wall alone still lay
Between me and this stunted swarm,
I drew my last knife and I vowed to God
I would die first and not go down
Tied like a tame bear in their pygmy chains.

Then the lock shattered and they came,
Flooding through once inviolate doors, and stood
World-deep around me in a crying ring that pressed
Nearer and nearer toward the brittle knife.
Then I —
Searching the wide white ring to know
Who led them here and who betrayed
The soul's last citadel of pride —
Saw suddenly my own self standing there
Pale-faced and simpering, unashamed,
Dwarf rope and key still dangling from my hand.

And then I knew the bitterness of Christ, and cried,
'Come, take me, friends! Our little war is done.'
. . . And broke the useless knife across my knee.

THE SNOW-BLIND

As men who once have seen
White sun on snow, white fire on ice,
And in a wide noon, shadowless,
Gone blind with light,
So these men walk who once have seen
God without veils, the mind's
Momentary and blinding birth of sight.

To them henceforth we are but shape and shadow,
Fog forms, hands moving in a mist,
Our houses dark, our halls are winding tunnels,
Our little triumphs less than little straws
Balanced above a sparrow's nest.

And from that hour we call them dangerous men
and strange,
Bigoted, fierce, loud croakers of a dream,
Anarchists, atheists, we say,
Who walk, eyes stretched, as blind men walk,
But ask no man the way.

JOSEPHINE W. JOHNSON

SIXTH SENSE

BY EARNEST ELMO CALKINS

I

My lifelong concern with those mysterious powers of perception with which the blind and deaf seem to supplement their handicapped faculties was given a fillip about a year ago through receiving from a friend in England a bundle of clippings, the results of one of those spontaneous symposiums which break out now and then in newspaper columns. They consisted of letters written to the *London Observer* by various provincial readers, and they touched upon extraordinary phenomena which, however familiar they may be to the professional investigator, awaken in the average mind something like astonishment and awe. Many of the case histories described were startling, and all were interesting and provocative of thought.

Wondering what experiences along similar lines might be gathered in this country, I started a symposium of my own, at the suggestion of the editor of the *Atlantic*, and put the question to its readers under the caption, 'Have you a sixth sense?' It seems that some of them had. The response was as generous as it was revealing. Letters came from all over the country, some from abroad, and, though many months have elapsed since the naïve inquiry appeared in the pages of this magazine, they are still coming.

While there were many about the experiences of the blind and deaf, more

than sufficient for the purpose, a very large number of writers interpreted the expression 'sixth sense' as denoting those strange elusive faculties known as psychic, and wrote almost incredible accounts of occult adventures in television, clairvoyance, thought transference, and premonitions, which open up an equally fascinating but wholly different field of inquiry. Some of the blind, and even the deaf, reveal these powers, or something strangely like them, which may or may not be extensions or increased sensitivity of normal perceptions; but my primary interest is with the narrower field of adaptation to a lost sense, sometimes called compensation, whereby the blind man finds his way along the unfamiliar path, or the deaf person divines the mental attitudes of others. It is difficult to separate the more practical phenomena from the ghostly; they shade into one another and the dividing line is at best a tenuous one. The two sets of phenomena are associated in the minds of many, apparently, by the words 'sixth sense.'

Some of the best examples of the blind man's sense of direction and awareness of obstacles were furnished at the instigation of Dr. Edward E. Allen, the venerable Director Emeritus of Perkins Institution for the blind, near Boston, who persuaded some of its alumni to contribute facts of their own knowledge. Elwyn Fowler writes

thus of an experience concerning himself and two others, all graduates of Perkins and all blind:—

One Christmas vacation, Benson, Basford, and I went home together on the same night train. Benson left the train in the wee small hours in a snowstorm that had gathered several inches. He walked to his home, six miles out into the country. I recall asking him later how he got along, and he said, 'All right.' Anyway, he met Basford and me on the train coming back, according to schedule—with a good supply of half-grown apple pies in his grip.

Alfred Hosking, another graduate, relates:—

I went walking with Alexander Cameron, a blind student at Yale, and found him very bold in rushing with his cane along strange streets. He was very eager to show what he could do. Later, I read his story of driving an ox team in the wild new lands of Canada. He said that he got his direction from the sun. Manifest nonsense.

A South Norwalk woman, whose name I have forgotten, told me about her uncle, who had remained a fisherman after becoming totally blind. He would row alone out into the Sound in the morning, and row back to the exact starting point in the evening. She did not know how he managed it.

An *Atlantic* reader writes me that he earned part of his college expenses reading to blind students, with one of whom he frequently discussed this faculty of orientation and path finding.

I marveled at his ability to avoid walking into trees and similar objects. He frequently expressed the opinion that there was an undeveloped power latent in everyone to detect objects without the use of sight and without direct contact. He thought an inanimate object gave off stimuli of some undefined nature which the body can recognize and will learn to respond to without the use of any of the more highly developed senses. The majority of people never have use for this less specialized and perhaps primitive sense.

Another blind man's own description of facial perception, unscientific but nevertheless convincing, is likewise given:—

As I proceed along the streets I hear a lamp post or a tree or an electric standard; that is to say, I realize that the stationary object displaces air and gives off a definite sound which enables me to 'sense' danger. The muscles of my face contract, and I know that I am in the region of a stationary object with which it would be inadvisable for me to collide. As I recede from the danger zone the muscles of my face relax, and I experience a happier physical condition.

II

Examples such as these could be multiplied indefinitely from the letters I have received. The faculty is well known to science, and science has a rational explanation of it, but many of the case histories go a step beyond this faculty, wonderful as it is, into experiences not so readily explained. The editor of the *Atlantic* tells me of a friend, an artist who had studied under William H. Hunt, but now completely blind, who, visiting the editor's home for the first time, walked around the room, running her hand lightly over bookcase, window sill, mantel, and exclaimed: 'What a pretty room this is, with your garden looking in at your southern windows, and all your books against the only dead wall!'

Miss Viola Roseboro writes from Valencia, Spain, about Molly Fancher, a blind invalid, whom she visited as a young girl. Miss Fancher was sitting up in bed working with a variety of bright wools, choosing colors and making patterns as any seeing person might.

As I sat on the opposite side of the large room a small kitten jumped in my lap. 'Don't let that kitten annoy you, Miss Roseboro,' said the invalid, this being the

first word spoken about the cat. Miss Fancher often announced the approach of a visitor before the coming one had turned into the street her room faces.

Molly Fancher, it seems, was something of a celebrity in her day. Miss Roseboro's letter gives only an inkling of her strange powers. She was the subject of much controversy at one time, but it was never proved that her feats were not genuine.

Mrs. Helen B. Ford of St. Louis sends the following story as told her by an old woman who used to call at her door with fresh vegetables. I wish I could give it in full, but it is too long and there are many corroborating details I must omit. It seems there was a blind woman living on a farm with her adopted brother, who was not strong, so that the blind woman did some of the chores.

Oh, it was about twenty-five years ago, when her adopted brother was alive [said the vegetable woman]. He was n't never very strong, and Miss Mary always got up early and went out to feed the cows. She kept the feed in a barrel in the barn, and knew just where to find the bucket, which hung overhead. It was just as if she could see them; she never made no bones of doing it.

Well, one morning she got up as usual and went out to the barn, and over to the corner to take down the bucket. She was thinking of something nice, she says, and was sort of humming, she felt so happy and well.

All of a sudden, as she reached up for the bucket, a sickness came over her so that she like to died. She could n't breathe, hardly — and she tried to get to the barn door for some fresh air. She was so sick to her stomach that she could n't hardly walk, but finally she dragged up to the house and got on to the sofa. After a while she felt a little better, and then she began to worry about the cows being fed. So she called Tom, her brother, and told him she guessed he'd have to feed the cows; she was just too awful sick to do it.

Well, Tom came down, and after trying

to fix her up, he went out to the barn and over to the barrel to get the feed.

He got the bucket down off the nail, and was just going to dip it in when he saw, all curled up inside the barrel, a great big rattlesnake.

The deaf also receive these strange warnings. Miss Lillian Morris, of Oakland, California, who is apparently quite hard of hearing, has always possessed this inward monitor which has several times saved her life. I will give the most spectacular experience in her own words: —

We were spending the summer in a mountain cabin, and one morning I was out in the brush hacking off a walking stick. Something like an alarm clock went off in my brain, a sharp clear buzz. I jumped at the same instant, straight up and over a ditch, landing in the road. It all happened so quickly that it seemed as if I had nothing to do with it. Then I began to collect my thoughts, and wonder what I had heard, or did I hear it? How did a sound that I could not be expected to hear reach my perception, and why did I jump the same instant? I never could duplicate that feat, by the way; and it would have been a winning leap for an athlete! Next morning a husky rattlesnake with a notable string of rattlers was killed by a neighbor a short distance down the road, and other campers said they had glimpsed it occasionally winding in and out of the brush a day or two previously. I have always believed that the snake was in the brush near me, but have also wondered how the sound reached my perception, and why it was immediately translated into an action which was as involuntary as the kick of a stimulated frogless frog leg.

Mysterious warnings of the imminence of an unsuspected deadly reptile occur in several narratives, so many, in fact, that the coincidence is curious to say the least, if only for its association with the curse in the third chapter of Genesis, which is no doubt responsible for the special sense of horror a poisonous snake excites in most of us. I am

tempted to add one such letter to this collection, though the writer is apparently a normal man with no handicap or physical defect. F. W. A. Prideaux, barrister-at-law of Monte Carlo, says:

The first two years of service in India saw me constantly traveling in camp. I was keen on big game, but had not the money to drive animals, so was reduced to sitting up on moonlight nights over live baits or water waiting for tigers or panthers. I frequently sat up all night on a small platform in a tree, the nearest human being some miles distant. I soon learned that I could with safety go to sleep, for I always awoke as the animal approached in time to get ready for a shot.

This faculty remained with me for the whole of my service, some forty years. I never felt this sense in daylight. It seems to be some form of subconscious feeling of approaching danger. Many jungle men have it. The most pronounced instance was some years ago, when going along my verandah to the bathroom after dinner on a dark night. I shook the feeling off, thinking it absurd to take notice of it within doors, but it made me turn up the electric light in passing through my study. As I entered the bathroom and took a step inside, a loud hiss made me put on the light, when a large Russell's viper, a most deadly snake, lying inside the door, struck at me. It fortunately missed me, but I found venom on my trousers over one ankle. The snake then retreated to a corner of the room and lay hissing like a kettle. I called for a gun and shot it.

III

A Virginia newspaper man, C. J. Harkrader, of the *Bristol Herald Courier*, has generously shared with me an account of James Barger, the blind horse trader of Blountville, Tennessee, which he has been saving for some time. It is to be hoped he will make a fuller record of this engaging character, for it is by far the most colorful and unusual story that has come to hand. Barger, blind from birth, knew the step of every horse in the county. Sitting on

the porch of the general store of an afternoon, he would greet the farmers and others as they drew up before a word was spoken, 'Howdy, Zeb!' 'Howdy, Lem!' whether on a horse or mule or with a team. He also knew the dogs in the same way, detecting the soft pad on the road, and they, dogs and horses, knew him and recognized his kinship.

In a country where horse trading is a fine art, and it is a point of honor to outwit the other fellow, he bought, sold, and swapped horses, mules, and cattle, and was never fooled. Let him once get those sensitive fingers on an animal's body and he knew more about the beast than the sharpest-eyed and shrewdest trader. He asked no quarter, and generally received none, trading on even terms — often, in the picturesque phrase of the country, 'as they wear hair,' a local expression for *caveat emptor*. No defect or disease in an animal escaped him. He could appraise everything about a horse except the color. He was shrewd, courageous, quick, and daring, and in spite of his handicap made money in an occupation where all five wits are none too many for most operators. Only in making payment did he need help. He always settled by checks, which he would sign only in the presence of two witnesses. He died five years ago, but his fame is still blown about the hills. While his astuteness is not unprecedented among the blind, being a combination of touch and memory, the use he made of it puts him in a class by himself.

Even recognizing the color of a horse by touch is not an unknown feat. There was published recently in the *Outlook for the Blind* an excellent series of papers on 'Problems in the Psychology of Blindness' by Dr. Samuel P. Hayes. He quotes Clarence Hawkes, the famous blind scholar ('Some Common Fallacies of Blindness'): —

I knew a blind horse dealer who could really tell the color of a horse by the sense of feeling, but the color itself had nothing to do with the feat. It was all performed through the fact that different-colored horses had different-textured coats. With some colors the hair was fine, while others were coarse; some coats were smooth, and others rough.

This, of course, is the logical explanation of Dr. Kitto's famous blind Scotch tailor who matched the tartan of the clan at the seams so that the stripes registered. The point is that while the blind cannot recognize color as color, some of them are able, by touch, to distinguish differences of texture and surface produced by dye or color, and learn to tell the colors by these differences. This is sufficiently marvelous in itself! Dr. Hayes himself observes:

The myth that the blind can distinguish colors by feeling seems to have taken a strong hold on the popular mind, although writers on the blind have been constantly refuting it for over one hundred years.

IV

Dr. Hayes, who is consulting psychologist for the American Foundation for the Blind and professor of psychology at Mt. Holyoke College, is concerned with contradicting the popular belief that the blind are gifted with compensating powers to make up for their lack of sight. He has standardized the Binet-Simon tests for use of the blind, and in the Supplement to *Science* (December 29, 1933) gives a brief account of his experiments in measuring the sensitivity of the blind as to touch and hearing compared with normal seeing persons. These tests show that the blind group was inferior in both senses to seeing subjects.

On the other hand, Dr. Robert H. Gault, director of the American Institute for the Deaf Blind, describes a simple test as follows: —

I once had the opportunity to test a blind man in my laboratory. He was forty years old and blind from birth. I seated him with his back to the window and took up a position directly in front of him. In my right hand I held a very light wand that was cleft at its farther end. Into this cleft I inserted an ordinary business card, $3\frac{1}{2}$ by $1\frac{1}{4}$ inches. I removed my coat and rolled my sleeves up to my shoulders. I then brought the card in the cleft wand *very slowly* downward by the side of the man's cheek, and about three inches from it, now at his right and now at his left, in irregular order. On each occasion I asked the man to indicate where the card was. He was never deceived in 200 trials. I should have said that I moved the card so slowly that it produced no swish in the air. Nevertheless, I subsequently plugged his ears with wax (to take care of a possible chance in a million that he got some auditory cues) and repeated the experiment with the same result. Evidently he felt something upon his cheek or detected the lack of something that he had been feeling. For example, the card may have interfered with a current of air against his cheek.

I have never interpreted these or any such cases as evidence of a 'sixth sense,' but rather as evidence of the enormous possibilities that lie in appropriate training — to develop the art of using one or another sense. This interpretation seems to me to be one that supports the greater expectations of results on the part of educators.

Personally, I am more interested in deafness than in other sensory handicaps. It is an amazing thing — how people who have never heard are able, after training, to pick up in their fingers the very patterns of vibrations (suitably amplified) that stimulate the ears of normal people and to make practical use of them. The vibratory sense that we reach in this manner represents a stage in the evolutionary history of the human ear — the phylogenetically latest sense organ to appear. I believe there is ample evidence for the proposition that this sense still coöperates with others in our process of normal hearing. Moreover, when the ear is out of commission, this vibratory sense comes to the rescue, and it may, as a result of training, and with instrumental

aid (for amplification), give a good account of itself.

Most people think that if one sense organ is lost others become more acute. I doubt if this is true in an absolute sense. It is more likely that in such a situation one learns to use the senses that remain. In a practical sense, of course, it is of no consequence.

The last paragraph explains why such experiments as those of Dr. Hayes yield apparently negative results. The feats of hundreds of blind and deaf contradict the literal and limited tests of the psychologists. The very scientific accuracy of the tests precludes recognition of something less tangible existing in the mind — faculty, intuition, the result of necessity, experience, education — which indicates some use of the sense being measured that cannot be recorded mechanically. The feats of the blind and deaf described here, and numerous others for which I have no space, can without doubt be explained rationally, but that does not do away with the almost miraculous quality of the feats.

The achievements of the blind described by Dr. Hayes in his articles in the *Outlook for the Blind*, cited to illustrate and prove his thesis, have none the less this same quality of the marvelous, and since he has sent me the papers as a contribution to this symposium, I will quote some of them, for they do show that while the rank and file of deaf and blind are undoubtedly just as stupid as the average normal human being, there are some who make remarkable use of the faculties they have, and these feats to the unscientific observer partake of the supernatural and are naturally linked with psychic phenomena, though belonging in an entirely different category.

The experiences of Clarence Hawkes, given in his book, and which Dr. Hayes quotes at some length, are

among the most interesting, and since I am making a collection rather than conducting a scientific investigation, — which I am not competent to do, and which Dr. Hayes has done admirably, — I shall give some of his quotations without going into his scientific explanations, which are mainly concerned with showing that the average blind person under psychological tests does not reveal the powers that these admittedly exceptional blind display: —

There are things that they [the blind] can do by the sense of touch [writes Clarence Hawkes] which are even more remarkable [than telling colors or distinguishing bills], such as threading a needle by placing the end of the thread on the tongue and shoving the head of the needle along until the thread is thrust through the eye (a good trick to teach your grandmother when her sight fails), or replacing delicate springs in a typewriter and keeping the machine in order. I recently successfully adjusted the reproducer on a graphonola which had become discordant.

It would seem almost as wonderful for one without the sense of sight to trace the margin on a printed page of a book or newspaper by feeling where the type leaves off and the unprinted page begins. Yet I can do that, while I have known blind people who could read raised print through four thicknesses of a silk handkerchief, or play a piano with a spread placed over the keyboard.

To tell the weight of paper in ream lots within five or ten pounds merely from feeling one sheet would seem to call for a very expert sense of touch, yet that is possible, as well as to tell much about the texture and quality of the paper and how it was prepared for book use.

S. C. Swift, the blind librarian of the Canada Institute for the Blind, says in his *The Unknown Folk* (still quoting from Dr. Hayes): —

The other day I was standing at a corner waiting for a street car. An acquaintance engaged me in conversation till the sound of an approaching car attracted my attention.

I listened for a moment (for cars of two lines used that particular street) and then remarked, 'I must leave you now, for I think my car is coming.' My acquaintance looked at me in amazement a few seconds and then exclaimed in a tone of mystified wonder, 'Oh, those ears!' He did not understand how I distinguished the cars of those two distinct lines, but supposed I was possessed of some occult power beyond the ken of ordinary mortals.

When a street car approaches a blind man, the fact is first announced by the hiss of the trolley wheel along the wire; this is followed by the rush of the wheels along the rails, and from this sound the size and weight of the car are easily deduced. Of the two car lines referred to above, one used short, light, single-truck carriages, while those of the other were long, heavy, double-truck vehicles. Each type produced its own distinctive sound, the first somewhat shrill and jerky, the second steady and rumbling.

V

A blind man seems to find his way over a familiar path by muscle memory. With only facial sensitiveness as his guide, he traverses an unfamiliar terrain, or one rendered unfamiliar by snow; by his sense of touch he feels the difference in a textile fabric produced by the dyes. But when a blind man is aware of the aspect of a room or the beauty of a view, with neither of which he is familiar, or recognizes the presence of a stranger who has not spoken or made a sound, or feels the premonition of a lurking danger, we are confronted by phenomena which surely exist, but with which the equipment of the psychologists is unable as yet to cope. I am aware of the unreliable nature of the unsupported evidence I have quoted, but its unanimity is in its favor. The danger lies in making a general application of what are apparently individual instances. I realize that even a large group of blind or deaf might show no traces of such powers, but that they do exist seems

credible, and some of them are still just a bit outside the practical explanations of facial perception, delicate hearing, sensitive touch. As Dr. Gault suggests, it makes no difference how the handicapped gather these impressions. The important thing is the conclusions they arrive at, and the use they make of them. They are exceptional, naturally. Such intelligence, even if subconscious intelligence, is rare among normal persons.

It should be borne in mind that the handicapped vary in mental ability as much as do normal persons, and this fact qualifies all their activities. As Dr. Edward E. Allen puts it, 'There is really no such class as "the blind." Blind people vary among themselves tremendously, and by no means all of them possess this so-called "sixth sense."'

So there are evidently blind and deaf people of superior brain power but with limited hyperæsthesia, and others of small mental equipment exhibiting almost uncanny powers of orientation, facial perception, and even at times something approaching second-sight or clairvoyance.

A thoughtful letter from Professor Edwin G. Boring, the Harvard psychologist, points out that it is not really a problem of hyperæsthesia or increased sensitivity, but an attentional and educational problem of how persons come to use sensory data that they have not been accustomed to employ before. 'Another factor that comes into this is the capacity of people to make sensory discriminations without being able to analyze the ground of their judgments.'

This, by the way, is the weakness of all tests and questionnaires which depend on the subject for the information desired. Every hard-of-hearing person knows how difficult it is to determine whether or not he hears a given sound.

VI

Among the first to collect and comment upon the achievements of the blind and deaf through delicate extensions of natural powers was Dr. John Kitto, the erudite Biblical scholar. This remarkable man lost his hearing by the singular process of falling off a roof he was helping his father shingle when he was a boy of twelve. His parents were poor; he became a public charge, but none the less managed to educate himself, acquire several languages, among them Sanscrit and Aramaic, become a distinguished commentator on matters pertaining to Bible history, and write a long shelfful of books. All his life interested in the phenomena of deafness and blindness, he collected unusual case histories, and in 1845 published two small books entitled *The Lost Senses*, one of them devoted to deafness, the other to blindness.

Curiously enough, Kitto doubts that the loss of one sense is compensated by any extraordinary development in another, in which doubt he is confirmed by the findings of the psychologists. He complains that he was compelled to adopt glasses at the usual age, but his autobiography reveals him as a man with great powers of observation. He explains this by saying that he 'saw' while others merely 'looked.' The improvement in his sight was mental rather than physical, a better use of the eyes, and that is a faculty which sometimes eludes such tests as the psychologist applies.

The instances with which his books are studded do not differ in principle from those sent in by friendly readers of the *Atlantic*, but they are corroborating examples of the remarkable powers of adjustment and adaptation to new sets of conditions.

In the eighteenth century, says Kitto, Philip Davis, a blind traveler, went

alone on foot from Liverpool to Manchester, and thence to Leeds, York, Sheffield, Birmingham, Worcester, Bristol, Bath, Glastonbury, Staunton, and Teignmouth, some six hundred miles, very seldom asking the way. Before leaving a city he inquired particulars of the route, and found his direction afterward from memory. In even large cities like Manchester and Liverpool he went unerringly to any address. He visited Dublin and was embarrassed by the great width of Sackville Street. He started to cross it and, not finding the curb as soon as he expected, was bewildered, but decided from the feel of the vehicles passing him that he was going in the right direction, and kept on until he came to the other side. He recognized the condition or state of passers-by, whether they were poor or rich, by the sound of their footwear. He speaks of the creaking boot of the opulent.

Thomas Wilson, the famous blind man of Dumfries, about the middle of the eighteenth century, used a lathe with great skill. He would buy a plank ten feet long, carry it safely home through the streets without touching a single person or object, and cut it up for material for his lathe. He lived alone and kept his house unusually tidy, did all his own cooking, could cut peats without ever missing his foothold in the marshes, raised his own potatoes, and was for fifty years the bell ringer of the mid-steeple of Dumfries.

Kitto was profoundly interested in the history of Laura Bridgman, deaf and blind inmate of Perkins Institution, the Helen Keller of the nineteenth century, whose plight also appealed to Charles Dickens. Kitto studied the notes of her progress made by her teacher, Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe (somewhat overshadowed by his famous wife, Julia Ward Howe), and commented at length on each phase. Laura

was the first of such unfortunates to receive competent instruction, and through Dr. Howe's resourcefulness and patience she was able to communicate and comprehend. She also lacked the senses of smell and taste, but her touch was transcendently delicate and she was able to distinguish colors.

She was so greatly attached to Perkins Institution that she spent a part of every year there until her death, and one of the younger pupils who used to sit and talk with her the last years of her life was Anne Sullivan, now Mrs. Macy, who was one day to repeat Dr. Howe's achievement with a more famous pupil.

One of the most moving books in the literature of the blind is the life of Anne Sullivan Macy by Nella Braddy. When Mrs. Macy undertook the education of Helen Keller she had ideas of her own and did not always agree with Dr. Howe, but she owed him much, for she was blind when she came to Perkins Institution (and is now at the point of again losing her sight), and it was from him that she got the inspiration for her life work. Her own apprenticeship to blindness was of immeasurable service to her in finding a way to Helen Keller's mind, and there is a sort of satisfaction in knowing that this resourceful and patient woman is the human link between the two most famous victims of the double handicap of blindness and deafness.

Helen Keller is not a particularly good example of that supersensitiveness which enables the blind to perform such amazing feats of orientation. She is comparatively helpless even in familiar surroundings, and uses cords to guide her steps about the grounds of her own home. She is rather a woman of unusual mental ability, which expressed itself in different channels as soon as the barrier between her and the world was removed.

VII

From the testimony of the blind and deaf we have wonderful evidence of the teamwork of the senses, whereby a combination of those remaining compensates for the missing one, plus a certain mental agility in using the impressions collected and making proper deductions from them, a faculty apparently by no means common to the general body of the deaf or blind. So if it is true, as the psychologists maintain, that the blind as a class reveal under tests no especial advantage in touch, hearing, and smell over normal persons, and the deaf no improvement in sight or feeling, then it must mean that those faculties are latent in all human beings, undeveloped because uncalled for, as it seems unquestionable that both the blind and the deaf who are especially gifted do perform apparently miraculous feats of orientation and divination—miraculous, that is, in the light of the ordinary use of the five senses made by normal human beings.

Normal human beings develop some of the same powers under stress of special occupation or great need. The sailor's sight, the miller's thumb,—by which he recognizes any grade of flour by feeling of it,—the tea or wine taster's tongue, the hearing of a woodsman or Indian, are all familiar instances. A group of country bankers being shown through the Subtreasury were brought to a table where a woman was sorting bills. She ran rapidly through large bundles, now and then whipping one out and throwing it into a basket. The guide picked up one of these and asked the bankers if they thought it genuine. All agreed they would consider it a good bill. Nevertheless, it was a clever counterfeit. The woman recognized it the instant her fingers touched it. Some of the blind are able to discriminate between

bills of large and small denominations because of a slight difference in the thickness of the paper on which they are engraved.

Apparently all or nearly all of the blind and deaf have these powers, but not all have the superior mental faculty to develop and make use of them, and this particular astuteness does not make itself felt in the restricted and controlled tests of the psychological laboratory; nor would even these remarkable blind and deaf we have been describing register as superior in any of their perceptive senses. It is quite possible that the blind man who feels his way with his feet, noting every depression and change of level, the texture of every sort of roadway or path, who avoids obstacles by facial perception, who recognizes people, both acquaintances and strangers, by odors, — as a dog does, — who is aware of surroundings and environments through subtle emanations not apparent to those who see and hear and have never had need to call upon them — it is quite likely that even such a seemingly supernaturally endowed individual would not, if submitted to Simon-Binet tests, show a greater sensitiveness of touch than the average normal person. But I know from my own experience that where one sense is missing there seem to be strange supplements which come for-

ward, though I cannot explain them, whereby things are made manifest to one through other channels. I have often received warnings of imminent danger, particularly in this motor-ridden era, which some of my correspondents describe — danger of the sort that would be manifest to the ears of a hearing person. I was once rejected by an insurance company because of my deafness, but a far more intelligent medical examiner of another organization passed me with flying colors as a particularly good risk, arguing that my long apprenticeship to deafness had fortified me with a better system of self-protection than most hearing people possess, especially in what has become a confusingly noisy world.

It would seem to a nonscientific observer that what all this indicates is that new attention should be paid to these powers which the handicapped have in common with normal human beings, so that more of them could be trained and developed by education. Instead of exclaiming in wonder over the miraculous feats of some few particularly intelligent blind, or submitting the rank and file to tests to prove that they have no compensating gifts, we should learn how the proficient do what they do, and see if the knowledge cannot be imparted to others not so quickly or easily adjusted to their state.

ON BEETLING

BY FRANK JEWETT MATHER, JR.

I

ON casual acquaintance we admired and even liked the Japanese beetle. A tidy little scarab with a fine bronze and green iridescence, he was altogether the sort of insect a fantastic person would consider setting in a scarf pin. This thought, E. and I not being fantastic persons, we did not entertain, but we could understand the temptation to less balanced æsthetes than ourselves. Of course we never realized that it was the Japanese beetle, *the* beetle wherever he thrives, we were meeting. When later we met him in all his formidableness, I recalled a long-ago casual chat with a tall man who looked like Wotan in a black cutaway, and being told too late that I had babbled to President Eliot of Harvard. The beetle in his full formidableness we were not to encounter until we had returned to a soil that he had provisionally made his native heath.

It was this way. In front of the old, stone, Pennsylvania farmhouse of George II date which had become our home, began to grow up, surprisingly, a fine barrier of green hollyhocks. By the middle of June, 1933, they promised to be a parti-colored glory. It was June 17 when, out to enjoy the hollyhocks, E. discovered three or four Japanese beetles in each translucent cup, and the cups being eaten down rapidly to shapeless butts. She reported to me as I stood on the steps under the south dining-room door — the Geor-

gian house being full of doors, we have to name them. So I was standing on the shale steps before the south dining-room door under a century-old grapevine trained widely over the purple shale wall. As I planned how to calm what seemed to me E.'s undue agitation over a beetle more or less, I looked upward and saw the sky through broad vine leaves that had suddenly become so much brown lace. A little examination of such leaves showed them studded with bronze moving spots — ten or a dozen to a leaf. Instead of soothing E.'s agitation, I now shared it, for, short of Hampton Court, our vine stalk was the biggest I knew.

What to do? There was a hurried council of war. We had heard of glass traps; we had even seen them greenly pendent in front yards, without grasping their meaning. In ten minutes the Dodge was five miles away before the nearest hardware store. I made a frugal purchase of four traps and a can of rose scent in sawdust or the like. In twenty minutes more the four traps, a little water in the bottom of each quart jar, were dangling from green iron supporters set near the hollyhocks and the big grapevine, and not merely set, but drawing many beetles down the funnel and into the water. Our static defense had begun. If possible, they should not pass. But pass they did. The traps filled; there were

as many beetles as ever in the hollyhocks, and the vine leaves continued to become lace.

But the filling of the traps brought æsthetic pleasures. In a fight to the death, it is advantageous to have a foe who dies not messily but beautifully. Since sooner or later E. and I were to see some barrells of dead beetles, the fact that they were iridescently beautiful in collective death, as compared with cutworms or caterpillars, who in death are merely disgusting, — that the beetle, whether living or dead, so long as you respect the integrity of his carapace, is always beautiful, — lent a grace to all efforts looking toward their extermination. Also those about to die in the traps afforded a sinister splendor before their taking off. A quart of beetles boiling vigorously behind glass, a bronzy ebullition with greenish metallic reflections — this would be an arresting sight, in a bizarre fashion beautiful, even if one did not have the satisfaction of knowing that here were perhaps two thousand ruthless foes *in articulo mortis*.

As the jars filled, however, there were no fewer beetles on the grapevine and hollyhocks. A small-scale static defense was getting us nowhere. Meanwhile the beetle was finding new objectives — flowering peaches on the lawn, our lone quince bush, a dwarf horse-chestnut with the most delicate beauty of spiky white blossoms and of exquisite fragrance — all these were being cut to pieces by the eager mandibles of the beetle. By making much dust on the dirt roads I managed to buy four more traps, — the shops were now nearly sold out, — a small hand sprayer, and a lethal spray guaranteed to settle the beetle's business.

II

Increasing the static defense about precious objects like the hollyhocks and

the dwarf horse-chestnut seemed to do some good. The traps filled more rapidly; there were fewer beetles in the flowers and on the leaves. As for the lethal spray, it was a complete wash-out. By pumping it on a single beetle for a minute or two you induced a sort of intoxication. His hold on blossom or leaf became unsteady. He teetered and eventually tumbled. Whether he bit the dust or whether he recovered, as I much suspected, there was no knowing. While you were spraying one beetle lethally you could pick twenty by hand, squeeze the shell of each between thumb and forefinger until it gave, and drop what you could feel confidently was a ruined beetle.

And hand-picking and squeezing were not merely far more expeditious than lethal spraying, but they also yielded a grim pleasure akin to the proverbial *gaudium certaminis*. Besides, as my small military reading assured me, it was a correct defensive — an aggressive defensive. We were to find more effective offensive measures than picking and squeezing, but none more productive of morale. There is something about feeling the carapace give slightly between thumb and finger. It makes you feel efficiently entomocidal in a fashion that more wholesale methods of destruction never do. Accordingly I urge upon every really serious beetler, whatever his habitual procedure of attack may be, never to fail for a few minutes each day to practise picking and squeezing.

I could never get E. to practise it, despite my assurances that with discretion in pressure it was an entirely cleanly process; by taking thought you could bash in the case without starting the juice. I even demonstrated the correct technique repeatedly, but it made no practical or imaginative appeal. E. was soon to develop an aggressive technique of her own, of characteristic delicacy and entire effectiveness. The

lethal apparatus was of a simple kind — a tin coffee can of about six inches calibre, with half an inch of kerosene in the bottom, and an ancestral silver tablespoon. Holding the can under an infested blossom or leaf, E. tapped sharply with the ancestral spoon, and at each tap half a dozen beetles bit or rather drank the kerosene. I adopted the can, but continued hand-picking. One often got a dozen at a grasp. Unlike E., who never liked to touch the foe, I liked the feel of him. The scratching of two dozen mandibles at my closed palm and fingers, mandibles that otherwise would have been tearing at tender leaf or petal — this gave great satisfaction, and again powerfully made for morale.

It was interesting to note the spread of morale to our domestic staff — P., our admirable houseman, and M., his wife, our most acceptable cook. Contractually the beetle was no obligation of P.'s. He had agreed to clip the lawn, to chop wood in moderation, and on occasion to drive the car, but any beetling on his part was entirely uncovenanted. Nevertheless he enlisted voluntarily for the duration, emptied, rebaited, and reset the traps, and in my absence hand-picked with vigor and success.

While M.'s duties did not permit her taking the field, she maintained an effective intelligence service from the kitchen windows, whence she could see embeetled flowers and leaves invisible to us on the ground. Also she did good work in maintaining and stiffening the home front, providing cooling drinks at opportune moments, and taking over certain domestic functions that in time of peace normally fell to the masters of the home.

Meanwhile the rigors of the campaign hardened E. and myself. On sunny days the beetle attacked between eleven and one. When we had dealt with that wave and mopped up, there would come a second attack be-

tween three and five. For about six weeks we beetled from three to four hours in the heat of the day. On the whole we broke more than even with them. Most of them did not pass; the hollyhocks, grapevine, and flowering shrubs suffered, but kept an only slightly impaired beauty. We lost our suburban pallor, grew brown and husky.

III

What is difficult in beetling is maintenance of morale; all statistical odds are so frightfully adverse. Some days we trapped or picked three galvanized buckets full, twelve gallons, of lifeless but beautiful foes. It is a mere guess that this was a hundred thousand beetles; the estimate is rather too low than too high. After such a day there were fewer beetles in evidence, but the assault had told on flowers and shrubs. We had lost a little.

I soon found that the only way to meet statistics is with counter statistics. I had learned that each female produces forty of her kind; hence, each individual twenty. This lore came to us along folk ways, and I do not guarantee its scientific accuracy. Still, like much dubious militant lore, it served its morale-making purpose. Every time I felt a carapace give between thumb and forefinger I made a point of repeating, 'Twenty will not be born.' This kept me from weakening on very hot days. When P. poured twelve gallons of beetles from the pails to the wheelbarrow, a swift calculation proved that two hundred and forty gallons — about four barrels — would not trouble us next year. It recalled a grim calculation made early in the World War — that the war of attrition could end in favor of the Allies only after some five million Germans should have been disabled or killed. In beetling, as in a world war, I reflected, one must think in a large way.

With these statistical considerations I tried to hearten E. To my dismay her reaction was skeptical and negative. Suppose the ratio of increase were one to twenty; in order to stand even, year by year, we must kill nineteen beetles out of twenty. That we were killing so many there was no reason to believe. Statistics proved a hopeless case. It would be best to forget them, and merely kill beetles unmathematically as we had been doing. Then there was nothing certain in the one-to-twenty ratio. It might be much greater; there were infant casualties in the beetle world. In short, since we were dealing with the incalculable, it were best not to calculate.

To me this illustrated the proverbial aversion of E.'s sex to those dialectical and logical processes which are the glory of mine. However, I said nothing of this sort, but turned from the micro-chaos of our beetle war to the macro-chaos of 1917. How had we kept the home front and especially the women-folk properly hating the Huns? Why, of course, chiefly by alleging atrocities. In any prolonged campaign, atrocities seem indispensable. Only so long can one fight a chivalric foe. I thought of alleging, as an atrocity, six beetles on the silk of an ear of Golden Bantam corn, remarking that the children of that ear — to wit, the kernels — must remain unpollinated and hence unborn. But I recalled in time an uncanny sense of fairness in E. The violation of the Golden Bantam corn was after all merely an attack on our food supply, a measure ever sanctioned by the laws of war, and, one might say, only recently reconsecrated by ourselves and our military associates in the case of Hohenzollern Germany. No, a suitable atrocity must be found elsewhere. We found it in five beetles mumbling one new-blown rose. From that moment E.'s hatred of the beetle was bitter, the ancestral tablespoon hit with a new

viciousness, the heeltap of kerosene in the coffee can soon was merely a polish on hundreds of struggling and dying beetles. It should be said to E.'s credit that, after the rapine of the rose, she never weakened in word or deed toward our handsomely uniformed foe.

So she came very fit to our biggest fight, the Battle of the Golden Bantam Corn. So far our actions had been in the nature of casual sallies and counter attacks. The Battle of the Golden Bantam Corn was, in comparison, our Verdun. It should be premised that the Golden Bantam corn was the pride of our first vegetable garden — a vegetable garden started with the zeal of tardy conversion by gardeners of a ripe middle age. The assault began with deceptive moderation — two or three beetles on the corn silk, on each tassel, on some of the leaves. With more military insight than I had credited her with, E. insisted on instantly enlarging our static defense. With the farm we had bought two very rusty ten-gallon milk cans. These, under E.'s directions, became gigantic beetle traps protecting the east and west flanks of our four rows of Golden Bantam. A little to the north we set two ordinary one-quart traps. All did great execution.

Came a morning when the Golden Bantam corn swarmed horribly with beetles, glistened from afar with them. Since they lay unhandily for the ancestral silver tablespoon, it was I who bore the brunt of the defense, stripping the invaders by handfuls and double handfuls from silk, tassels, and ears, filling E.'s coffee can in a few minutes, so that she effected a mortuary shuttle service between the standing corn and the ten-gallon traps. It turned out luckily that P. loved Golden Bantam corn. Had it not been for his valiant volunteer aid, it is doubtful if, during two-hour fights running over four days, I could have maintained the requisite aggressive defensive. On the fifth day was a respite.

The beetles were few. They had not passed — at least not too many of them. The corn silk was heavily shorn, but it was still there and able to catch pollen. From our first vegetable garden would come no shame of blank ears.

IV

This virtually ended the campaign of early summer of 1933. While we had started too late and made mistakes, we could indulge the backward look without mortification. We had saved most of our flowers and crops. We had acquired an amazing robustness, for, apart from its specific utility, beetling is one of the finest outdoor exercises, as it is, if you don't pinch too hard or spill the kerosene, one of the cleanest of outdoor sports. After the armistice, I took a racing cutter with a most leaky deck around the Cape; for nearly two days of cold rain, sat in the rain; ate in the rain; slept in the rain; and, despite a very ripe middle age, took no harm whatever. I credit my immunity from snuffles or worse to the six weeks of antecedent beetling. Yes, we reviewed the campaign with satisfaction, and I planned a bigger and better aggressive defensive for 1934. In the interest of fellow beetlers I give the details of it briefly.

In our first campaign we had been caught without a plan of any sort. For the second, some sort of Von Schlieffen plan, a grand surprise attack, seemed indicated. The new campaign was naturally based on a critical review of the old. We had plainly begun too late, after the set of the enemy toward flowers and shrubbery had been established. By putting out the traps early, could not the initial movement of the foe be directed thitherward, with the off chance that he would continue to prefer the scent of synthetic rose water to that of the rose itself? It seemed at least worth trying. Then, repeated observa-

tion had convinced me that the beetles moved about very little and never came from far. What we got was of our own local breeding. They came out of the ground, flew to the nearest flowers or shrubs, cohabited, returned to the sod, and bred the grub. I imagined the average beetle seldom moved more than a hundred feet or so. If this were the case, it would be enough to kill enough beetles in the area around the flowers and vegetables to keep the grubs down on a yearly diminishing basis. On these hypotheses was planned the memorable campaign of June-July, 1934.

On June 12, the first beetle was observed. We immediately drew a three-deep *cordon sanitaire* of ordinary glass traps, twelve of them, about the house lot, the outposts being at the edge of the neglected hayfield where weeds and briers certainly had attracted many beetles our way. For a few days the traps made a small but increasing kill, and, as the hollyhocks and even the dwarf horse-chestnut put out blossoms, there were always more beetles in the traps than on the plants — an auspicious reversal of last year's situation. On June 17, punctually on the anniversary of their first onslaught, the beetles again appeared in force. It seems that everything with them is *planmässig*. Just a year to a day after they had attacked the Chinese forget-me-nots along our little dooryard brook they renewed the attack, and in the same clump. At this early stage a little direct action, hand-picking or spooning, kept them down. At times they came in numbers, but we rarely had to make the hour-long fights of the former campaign.

Within a fortnight of the beetle's first appearance the traps were day by day yielding a tidy kill of six gallons a day, and six gallons multiplied by twenty is one hundred and twenty, or, according to my reckoning, which E. never accepted, about two barrels of beetles

that would never be born. For two or three days they made threatening forays on the vegetable garden, but the epic Battle of the Golden Bantam Corn did not have to be refought. A few minutes' hand-picking cleared the rows for many hours. In general I think we put into active defense not more than fifteen minutes where an hour had been too little the season before. The traps were maintaining the defense. Ordinarily P. had to empty them twice a day. Always there were more beetles in the traps than visible in the house lot.

Refinements of aggressive-defensive tactics I must not dwell upon boastfully. Each beetler must develop his own in action. We sprayed vulnerable plants or dusted them with lime. It helped, but not much. Noticing that there were always hundreds of beetles out of reach among the leaves of the young black walnuts, we shook these little trees vigorously from time to time. The air buzzed with a flight; many of the flyers ended in the traps. While I was satisfied that few beetles came to us from the back lot and the alders along the brook, I decided not to be bound slavishly by an hypothesis, however

reasonable, and to kill beetles wherever and whenever the killing was good. This resulted in a series of combat patrols through the fields, the combat patrols being I. Wherever there were many, — it was generally in briers, alders, or smartweed, — I attacked without mercy. Generally the coffee can and hand-picking sufficed. On occasion a blowtorch did much execution. I can recommend it moderately. It is no more smelly than the alleged lethal spray, and it kills. When caught without military apparatus, I tore them by handfuls from the weeds and trod them underfoot. All this may or may not have saved mutilation of roses, hollyhocks, and so forth; there is no doubt that it enhanced my morale, as simplifying the aim of beetling, which is merely to kill as many beetles as possible before they breed, and to think resolutely in terms of twenty to one.

Next year will tell. I am not without hope of converting E. from militant rule of thumb to the statistical conception of beetling. Meanwhile we are tranquilly cultivating our respective autumnal gardens. As regards the beetle, we feel we are sitting pretty, but as we sit pretty we knock on wood.

THE DECAY OF SELF-RELIANCE

BY NEWTON D. BAKER

I

WE grew very intimate in the War Department in the long night hours while we waited, at our end of the cables, for messages about troop ships in the danger zone. I told the uneventful story of my own life and in return learned of long careers of service, in all parts of the world, as American officers went onward from cadetship at West Point to responsibilities as governors of alien peoples in the Antipodes. Through all these stories ran the same thread of duty, done simply and as a matter of course, but requiring resourcefulness, courage, and sturdiness of character which it seemed natural these Americans should have as the descendants of pioneers. General Gorgas, for instance, told me that from his youth he had loved the stories of heroic soldiers and adventuring civilians, men who met difficulties with persistent effort and relied on the promptings of character to guide them in unfamiliar crises. I knew exactly what he meant when, some years later, I presided at a memorial meeting in Washington to which every country in Central and South America had sent a representative to express national reverence for the memory of the man who had delivered them from the scourge of yellow fever. As their names were called, they each in turn told of their country's annual death toll before Gorgas had eradicated the plague and then gave the number of years since the last case was known

among them. I roughly calculated that the simple gentleman whose memory we were honoring had already saved more than fifteen million lives; the number will be countless as the years go on! It was the work of a pioneer, simple as all great things are simple, possible only to a self-reliant and dauntless man whose instinct was daring beyond the call of duty. What he did could not have been done by a mere cog in a social machine, revolving about a traditional axis and depending for power upon some aggregate inspiration.

The pioneer spirit has been the central factor in the making of the America we know, and of it may be said, as is said of Sir Christopher Wren in St. Paul's Cathedral, '*Si monumentum requiris, circumspice.*' It was the spirit of the discoverers and explorers, of the men who extended the frontiers and conquered the forests, of the men who have infinitely enlarged the empire of man over Nature by researches and inventions — one and all they did the unusual and achieved the unexpected. We are the heirs of their invention and of their courage, and in each significant case it was individual imagination and individual daring, based upon no report of an investigating committee and promoted by no legislative enactment.

It used to be an axiom that the whole purpose of social and political organization was to protect the individual and so, by freeing each to develop his

highest capacity, multiply the varieties of men and capture for the common good the achievements of the most imaginative and valiant persons. Our children in their education passed quickly from fairy godmothers and the lives of magicians, like Aladdin, to the biographies of men who, like Daniel Boone, faced savage Nature alone and unafraid. Nor was it any part of our belief that the pioneer spirit could flourish only on a new and unconquered continent. It was rather the predicate of the pioneer spirit that every age and all conditions afforded opportunities for imagination, so that, however changed the material in which it worked, the spirit remained unchanged. It was the individual who counted, whether in Balboa when pressing onward to the Pacific or in Edison when circling the world with his thoughts from a laboratory in New Jersey. It may have been a bit vague, and yet somehow we all felt there was something intrinsically more noble and distinguished in being an individual than in being a member of anything whatsoever, and that, in addition to this intrinsic nobility, there was a superior promise of usefulness.

II

Have we changed all this, and if so, why and how? What new knowledge or new analogy has persuaded us that our old thought and our old standards were wrong? I cannot tell and I have no right to be dogmatic, but surely evidence multiplies against the persistence of the pioneer spirit and in favor of the substitution of something for it which at least is not yet justified by its achievements.

Not long ago a young man came into my office to ask me for a letter to the Canadian immigration authorities assuring them that if he were admitted into the Dominion he would not become

a public charge. I knew enough of his family and their circumstances to feel quite sure that they were both able and willing to have such assurances given. He seemed a very simple, straightforward, and wholly unspectacular young man and I naturally inquired why he wanted to go to Canada. He replied that he wanted to spend the winter trapping fur-bearing animals on the scattered lands and waters just south of the Arctic Circle. I asked him whether he knew the conditions of that country, that for long periods of time the thermometer ranged from sixty to eighty degrees below zero, and that none of the dependences, much less the amenities, of civilization were at hand. My questions left him quite unmoved. Then I asked him if he had had any qualifying experience in such matters, to which he replied that he had spent two winters in northern Maine — rather successful winters — as a trapper. Then with a very quiet smile he said, half apologetically, 'I suppose you think I am a little crazy, do you not?' And quite impulsively I answered, 'I wish I could tell you what I really think about you. I am wondering whether I do not see in you the last survivor of the pioneer. I wonder whether you are not in fact the last young man I shall ever see who is not afraid of the dark and of hardship, and wants to stand on his own feet and force his own way by the vigor of his own spirit and the strength of his own hands.' I gave him the letter he wanted. Perhaps as I write these sentences he is setting his traps amid accumulating winter. In any case, I am thinking of him and remembering that of all the young men who have come to see me in the last two or three years he is unique. All the others, in one form or another, have come to ask me how to get the government, or some philanthropy, or somebody else either to direct them or to provide for them,

in return for sheltered service, against the hazards of individual enterprise.

No one's personal experience is a broad enough basis for sweeping generalizations, but if anything like this is fairly general it is suggestive enough to deserve analysis. Before we proceed to analysis, it may be well to realize that the World War period has subjected us all to unusual strains and stresses. The reaction from a four years' dedication of all the accumulated knowledge and powers of the race to destructive undertakings, the lost confidence in human institutions because of their failure to avert so overwhelming a catastrophe, and the losses of life and property which had to be faced, unsettled many things and most of them remain unsettled. Our own share in these shocks was notably less than that of most of the other participants, but we devised some extra ones for ourselves.

The moral disaster of the Eighteenth Amendment had two consequences which distort every effort to see the real working of the American mind. In the first place, it presented the spectacle of a constitutional amendment, the most solemn form we can give an expression of our collective will, which a large part of the educated and disciplined class of our citizens openly and unanimously decided to violate. This destroyed at one blow the integrity of the law-abiding spirit which in any society must be the chief reliance for the preservation of order. That spirit brooks no exceptions. People are either law-abiding and, therefore, spontaneously well behaved, or they are lawless and, therefore, spontaneously ill behaved. When law-abiding people begin to make exceptions and say that they are going to observe the law whenever it suits their convenience or does not obstruct their pleasures, they become unreliably law-abiding and, with adequate temptation, lawless.

The other shattering consequence of the Eighteenth Amendment was that it brought about a tolerated, if not an approved, criminal class. The bootlegger quickly became the racketeer, and racketeers as quickly became gangsters. It was, no doubt, the intention of those who approved the bootleggers to limit their approval to that particular phase of their lawlessness. The cloak of respectability and partial immunity from police control soon extended over a much wider field of operations, and gunmen, educated to protect rum running, extended their rackets into labor controversies so that the free bargaining between employer and employee, sought to be assured by recent federal legislation, has with increasing frequency become a conflict between the employer, denied police protection, and the employee represented, whether he wants to be or not, by determined men who have taken force into their own hands, violently destroying property and intimidating employer and employee alike as they cruise around from one place to another calling themselves the shock troops in the labor war.

It may be that the effects of these profound disturbances have the appearance of being a change in our political and social philosophy, when they are but temporary excesses of our wearied thoughtlessness. If this is all there is to it, the case is relatively simple. If, on the other hand, we have accepted a new objective and are training ourselves in a new philosophy, it may be worth while to ask toward what ideal we are really striving.

III

The conflict of creeds which seems to have exposed representative government to attacks from proletarian dictatorship on the one side, and personal dictatorship on the other, is a very

simple matter at bottom. Democracy, working through representative institutions, requires confidence and security. The best of people, when overwhelmed by their fears, fly to any appearance of strength for refuge, and there is an appearance of strength in a dictator to eyes too wild to see that his crown really is made of pasteboard and will wilt in the rain. If our only concern was with these transient manifestations, we could afford to wait. Dictators rarely leave heirs. It seems to me, however, that there is something much deeper and more fundamental than these surface agitations.

On every hand we hear nowadays that the individual is nothing and that the State is all. A philosophy is growing up about this dogma known as 'totalitarianism' and we hear of the totalitarian state which embodies its ideal. This is very different from the hedonistic sacrifice about which Grant Allen used to write. The New Hedonists believed in the individual. They believed that it was the individual's duty to seek his own pleasure, but, of course, the pleasures to be sought were the higher pleasures, the deeper satisfactions, and the enduring goods. Their doctrine was limited by the admission that situations inevitably arise in which individuals should sacrifice themselves for the common good. But these sacrifices were the exceptions, and the rule was that the highest common good was the resultant of individual growth and strength. The new dogma, if anything as old as the oldest tyrannies can be called new, is that the individual has no purpose except as he conforms his every quality to some equalizing standard and contributes his whole strength to an abstraction called the State. The State, which is thus his substitute for Rameses as a tyrant, is no longer a political contrivance for the preservation of order and the adjustment of political conflicts. Abstrac-

tion as it is, it has become in itself the highest, if not the only, good. In its service are found all possible satisfactions; for its advancement all personalities must be sacrificed; the evolution of higher types must yield so that there may arise a State perfect, as a chemically pure substance is perfect, because of the rigid equality of its atoms.

It was, no doubt, apparent to the philosophers who made the slogan of the French Revolution that liberty and equality, in any other sense than equality of opportunity and political rights, were not Siamese twins, but are rather incompatible associates. Either grows, if at all, at the expense of the other. The more of either you insist upon having, the less of the other you must necessarily put up with. The liberal movement throughout the world devoted itself to an effort to preserve liberty against the encroachments of equality. This it sought to accomplish, not by artificial restraint upon equality, but by resisting every unnecessary restraint upon liberty. We have, therefore, had a society in which liberty was recognized as the highest good, and concessions from its completeness, recognized by occasional necessity, were required to be rigidly necessary before they were admitted. This we now are invited to reverse by making our main objective equality, and being content with such liberty only as for the moment does not appear to obstruct the completeness of the equalizing process. ✓

Illustrations from other parts of the animal kingdom are suggestive. Man and a few other animals are tame, but most other animals are *ferae naturae* — that is to say, they are still subjected to the evolutionary process inherent in the action of unregulated natural forces. Certain groups, however, have developed among themselves laws based upon experience, and there is a law, merciless but apparently definite, of

the jungle. Ants have perfected the most highly socialized form of life. Among them the individual lives only for society. Rigid and inflexible rules limit the interests and activities of all the members. By stern judgments, the colony applies the Marxian maxim exacting from each according to his ability and returning to each according to his need. In the process of evolution, through more generations than are in the background of any human group, the best has been worked out for the society, and individualism is regarded as so dangerous that, so far as we know, no variations whatever from the usual and accepted type are tolerated. Perhaps we do not know enough to be quite sure that such a certain and orderly life does not provide individual satisfactions, but certainly from an outside view it seems dull and unimaginative. Yes, that is exactly what is the matter with it. It lacks imagination. The individual is denied the highest of all satisfactions, the privilege of being different.

IV

Among present-day human societies which are attempting actually to apply this totalitarian theory and its equalizing corollary, the Russians are working on the largest canvas and with the freest art, but it is perhaps too soon to assess their experiment. Indeed, it is all so muddled and confused that each day brings us some modification of their experiment which seems to be forced upon them by experience. Perhaps the greatest danger of the Russian experiment to the rest of the world is that we shall be found continuing to imitate their alluring absolutes after they themselves have abandoned them because they have now for the first time had experience which we had long ago but have forgotten.

In its only useful and growing sense,

life is struggle. We learn to walk not by being carried, and when our guides go beyond protecting us against artificial hazards and the pitfalls of inexperience they enfeeble rather than strengthen us. How susceptible man is to this sort of thing is illustrated to us daily in our personal experiences. Only yesterday, a woman who had long served as a domestic in the family of one of my friends presented her resignation and explained it by saying that she and her husband had decided to visit the World's Fair in Chicago and on their return to go on relief! Grover Cleveland, in vetoing a pension bill, once said that it was the duty of the citizen to support the State and not the duty of the State to support the citizen. When we reverse that philosophy, as we are now doing under the coercion of a compelling necessity, we encounter a whole train of ills. After being on relief for a while, people have less and less willingness to make their living by trapping for furs under the Arctic Circle. The experience in England and among ourselves is that when people who have long been on relief are offered employment many make nice calculations as to whether the wages offered are as desirable, in view of the work involved in getting them, as the relief dispensations which involve no work at all and are the proceeds of a job which a man cannot lose.

Of the various forms of relief, obviously governmental or official relief is the most dangerous and debilitating. It becomes at once a right, and those to whom it is given, both individually and collectively, devote themselves to preserving and extending the right. As a consequence, in every city of the United States, groups are already formed to bring pressure to bear upon governments to enlarge the distributions. The groups formulate programmes, sometimes demanding the

distribution of money rather than necessities, and sometimes drawing up bride's budgets of the things deemed indispensable in a satisfactory relief scheme. It is not part of my purpose to criticize these pathetic outbursts. Their maximum demands are not above the level of a very plain and restricted provision, but the point is that the people who formulate them are devoting their time and ingenuity to ways of bringing pressure to bear to get, without effort, the things they obviously ought to have, and are correspondingly withdrawing their efforts to devise ways of getting them by working for them. The pressures such groups seek to bring are at the outset political. They rapidly degenerate into violence, and exhibitions of sturdy truculence and sometimes of actual violence to attendants in relief stations are increasingly frequent. The rapidity with which the benefits of an unearned increment become vested and sacred rights has long been the complaint of those who, so often rightly, call themselves the unprivileged. Our present desperate case is leading us to experiment with that possibility on a nation-wide scale, and, so long as political pressure is permitted to succeed as a substitute for effort and ingenuity, the injury to self-reliance will continue to be inflicted.

After the Johnstown flood in 1889, a committee headed by Governor Beaver of Pennsylvania was formed to receive contributions from people throughout the country to relieve the fearful distress and loss of the people overwhelmed by the flood. A good many millions of dollars were contributed, and the committee made a plan by which all the destroyed public works and utilities were first restored. Then each family affected was rehabilitated, its house rebuilt, and the family's status reestablished by allotments for members of the family who

had been swept away, these payments being graduated to accord with the economic contribution to the family welfare the lost members had made. When all the money that could be wisely and justly expended had been spent, there remained about a million dollars in the hands of the committee. The people in the town gave themselves over to the occupation of devising further claims to be pressed upon the committee. Tom L. Johnson, then operating a steel mill in Johnstown, was a member of the committee. He proposed that the unexpended balance be put in silver dollars in an open cart in the public square and that everybody be allowed to scramble for them and carry off whatever they could get. As this fantastic proposal called for an explanation, he said, 'I want to start my steel mill. So long as this money lies around to be gotten by some other process than working, I can get nobody to go to work in the mill. If it is distributed, no matter how, and everybody knows that it is all gone, they will all go to work again and it will be better for them and for Johnstown.'

V

Men's mental and spiritual preoccupations ultimately formulate their social philosophy. For this reason it is not possible to look without grave concern even upon the multiplied individual instances of enfeeblement. Even more alarming, however, are the sectional and group tendencies to look to the State as the source of well-being. The formation of coherent and vocal organizations to maintain lobbies in Washington in the interest of legislative relief for veterans, farmers, bank depositors, home owners, and others, illustrates how far we have departed from our old beliefs.

Of course, it is not new that governmental action should favor or oppress

a class or a section. Those who have read Mr. Molyneux's pamphlet, *What Economic Nationalism Means to the South*, are only too well aware that through a long period in our history we nursed the ambition of industrial supremacy for America at the expense of causing agricultural and cultural disintegration throughout a whole vast section of the nation. But the present manifestation of this dependence upon the State is far more grave. Each maladjustment of more than local reach generates a group which not only seeks special relief, but approaches its problem with the premise that it is the duty of the State to provide the relief — a duty which the group is prepared to enforce by political and, if necessary, by radical action. This is well illustrated by the demand for government loans to industry. As Dr. H. Parker Willis recently pointed out, our whole banking and credit theory in the United States has undergone a revolutionary change, the government having stepped into the shoes of the bankers and undertaken to supply credit for overbuilt and ill-managed industries, thus preventing the natural readjustments of value which used to make credit depend upon initiative and ability and reasonable prospect of success.

It is, of course, obvious that in the utter dislocation of all our economic arrangements which came with the world-wide depression we must assume and carry the burden of preventing the destitution and disintegration which would result from letting the consequences fall upon the vicarious victims who are suddenly thrown out of employment. Personally, I do not question that it has been necessary for the Federal Government to supplement the inadequate public and private local resources to meet this burden, but I point out that the spirit in which this governmental intervention is received

is one evidence among many others that our whole view is gradually changing, and that we are coming more and more to regard the State as a legitimate and responsible carrier of all individual, group, and class burdens.

It is not possible in this complex world to be all for liberty and none for equality. Equally, it is not possible to be all for equality and none for liberty. These conflicting objectives must be reconciled, but surely one or the other of them must be selected as our ideal. We must be headed for the perfection of one or the other of these and make only the necessary concessions to the one which we do not regard as the chief objective of human effort.

For a very long time, liberty was our aspiration, and I cannot help thinking that in the long run individuals will be both happier and of a higher order, and that the common welfare will be better served, if liberty remains the great ideal. Perhaps it is a bit old-fashioned to be so difficult to reconcile to equality as an ideal, but I do find it very difficult. When I try to construct for myself a society in which equality has triumphed over liberty, I find it difficult to imagine its atmosphere elevated or inspiring. It seems to me that it necessarily suppresses the highest impulses and the finest sacrifices which in the past have purified and strengthened the race. It is for such reasons that I am concerned at the evidences which seem to show that as individuals we are becoming less self-reliant; that we are willing to surrender the adventure of striving, and are willing to be content to accept, as the best we can get, a sort of secure equality in a State which does all our planning and thinking and providing for us. The pioneer spirit must needs be adapted to changing conditions. We could not permit Daniel Boone the free use of his long-range squirrel rifle in the crowded streets of a great

city, but we ought not to destroy that spirit. Indeed, we were in a fair way of modifying it, and much that we called the triumph of modern civilization is the fruit of that spirit in successive transformations. For my part, I am not able to imagine what equalitari-

anism has to substitute for it, and I cannot help praying that life may continue an adventure full of charm and novelty, with wide spiritual spaces for the minds and hearts of the valiant, and room beyond all horizons for imagination and aspiration.

THE CHILD

BY MARGARET MARKS

HENRY that art entombèd here,
That in this closure mak'st thy stay,
That here art sleeping bone and bone,
That here art till arising day
Flesh thee once more in thy old gear,
Let not this other Henry here,
This sweeting, this so lovely one,
This being bright that makes his play
In this thy plot, on this thy grass,
Let him not fret thee. Let him pass.
Pay thou no heed, oh, long asleep,
Oh, century-long sleeping one;
One hour and his play is done,
One lifetime and his life is past,
And he, too, quiet at the last
Will, as thou sleepest, take his sleep
While other Henry crow and creep.

HEDE

Part Two

BY PAUL HOFFMAN

[WHEN the great Nolte came to America to give master classes for students of the violin, Hede's mother knew that the child must go to him, for Hede was a genius. But when, six months before the début which Nolte and Fräulein Wiener, his assistant, were preparing for her, her parents wrote that they had no more money — nothing — to send her, Hede knew that she must return to them, taking with her the letter of recommendation which was the crown of her achievement and of their sacrifice.

— THE EDITORS]

I

HEDE never saw Nolte again, nor heard from him directly, nor ever got in touch with him herself. From time to time, after his return to Europe, there would come a letter from Wiener — a sad sort of letter, full of forced cheer and hopeful in a weak way, that baffled Hede. It was the friendliness of these letters more than anything else in them that baffled her. Hede had never had a friend who had been only that and nothing more. Her friends had always been something to her besides, like her mother and father and brother, or her teachers. She did not quite know what to do about a friend who was just a friend. Faithfully she answered the letters, but her replies were but brief and perfunctory. And with all her acumen, Wiener, from the

great distance that separated her from Hede, could not construe them. Thus, fewer and fewer were the messages that passed between them, until at last they ceased altogether, regretfully yet with a certain relief from helpless strain. Something had ended, and, albeit unwillingly, Hede and Wiener sensed it.

Once back at home, Hede was all eagerness to begin work, to turn her long training to account. It was her idea to have the old piano tuned, to advertise a few times in the daily papers, and to set up shop at once in the front room — that same front room where for so many years she had done all of her practising and hard work. Her father would not hear of it.

'But, Hede,' he remonstrated, 'that you cannot do! You must have a studio downtown and everything fine so the people, they will know you are the best.'

With a kind of fierce pride Hede tossed her head.

'Just let them hear me once!'

Her father shook a finger at her wisely and smiled.

'Don't be too sure, Hede. No, you got to tell 'em, — these people, — they ain't so much on hearing all by themselves.'

'But, Pop, how can we do it? We've got nothing to start on.'

Hede's voice was anxious and un-

happy. Adam rose and patted her kindly on one shoulder.

'Wait only, *Liebchen*,' he said. 'That you leave to Mama and me.'

Before a week was up, Hede had her studio. It was in one of the fine old residences on upper Main Street from which the occupants had fled before an expanding business section and which now housed the town's most fashionable enterprises. It comprised two great rooms, high-ceiled, with marble mantels and large mirrors, gilt-framed. A piano, a Steinway concert grand, was rented, and heavy, luxurious furnishings were purchased on the installment plan. Outside in the street from a wrought-iron bracket hung a neat sign, gold-lettered on a black ground. 'Hede,' it said on top in simple, clear-cut lettering six inches tall, and under that, 'Frey.' At the bottom in smaller script it said, 'The Violin.' That was all.

Hede was aghast at the thought of the expenditure which these preparations implied. She took Adam and Lise to task for it.

'You should n't 've,' she said, 'no, you should n't. How are you going to pay for it? And suppose — suppose I can't make a go of it?'

Her father and mother smiled indulgently upon her and with faint mischief at each other.

'Ach,' replied Adam confidently, 'we risk it, Hede. For you, *Liebling*, for you we risk it.'

There was no use talking more with them. Gayly and competently they continued their careful preparations. Hede must have her picture taken, a good one, at Friedel's — the kind they called a 'studio portrait.' That must go in the papers with a long account of her and with Nolte's wonderful letter. When Adam saw that letter, he was so proud he would not entrust it any longer to Hede, but kept it locked securely in his strong box. It was he,

too, who decided on her fees. Hede herself would have been content with two or three dollars for a full hour. Five, at least, Adam decreed, and that for a half hour only. Hede was frantic.

'But, Pop,' she argued, 'you'll drive them away yet with all your fine notions. Even Erhardt gets only two-fifty for half an hour and nobody ever got more here.'

Erhardt had been her local teacher.

'Erhardt!' sniffed Adam. '*Ja*, who is Erhardt! Did he have a letter like you? Did somebody tell him he was a genius? Bah, Hede, you — you are the best this place has ever seen.'

And so, when Hede advertised, her fee was five dollars for half an hour. By the end of a second week, more than forty pupils had registered with her for a term of ten weeks. Over two hundred dollars a week Hede would earn, and this at the beginning only. She could scarcely believe it. Happy and proud were Adam and Lise with their achievement, but from the start they had known it could not come out otherwise. How else indeed could they have mortgaged everything to their last possession to bring it about?

II

When the confusion of making things ready had worn off, Hede began to enjoy her new life. For her, who had always been humble and self-effacing, it was a rich and satisfying experience just to walk into her studio of a morning, past the swaying wooden square that bore her name so simply and proudly, into the tall, cool rooms that were more elegant than anything Nolte had ever had when she knew him. She liked, too, the new sensation of teaching, of loosening the tight and cunning knot of much learning within herself and of giving to another.

Little by little, as Hede saved, re-

paying her long indebtedness, Lise worked less and Adam no longer cheated his union. Happy for them were these times, full to the brim with affirmation and much justifying. Yet they sometimes worried about Hede, wondering whether behind her stoic silence there was resentment or bitterness for her sacrifice. Nor could Adam at last resist trying to find out.

'Hede, *Kind*,' he said to her one evening when she had played to him and Lise for a long time, 'how is it with you now? This being here, does it make you glad?'

Hede looked shyly down over her ruddy violin, and Lise, leaning forward, plied her needle quickly.

'And you, Pop,' she answered, 'how do you feel about it?'

The old man glanced hastily at his wife's bent head.

'*Ach*, me,' he said, wanting to be casual, 'me, I don't matter. Mama and me, we only want to see you glad.'

Hede laughed her deep laughter, looking out at the darkness beyond the windows.

'Well, that's all I want for you, too, I guess.'

Adam said nothing, nor did Lise, and Hede put her violin carefully away.

'I guess I'll go to bed now,' she said then. 'Good night.'

For almost as long as she could remember, Hede had not kissed her mother or father good-night. It was not her nature to show her feelings in any way. But to-night, despite herself, she paused in the doorway and came back into the room and kissed them, shyly and swiftly — her mother on one cheek, her father on the forehead. When she had gone they sat on quietly, avoiding each other's eyes, but in their hearts they were troubled a little, telling themselves that something about all this was not quite just.

III

A year passed, and Hede had grown used to her new living. But no longer did it fill her, keeping her content. In her prosperous quiet she began to feel herself losing ground, and, perplexed, her silence grew upon her. At times a strange bitterness rent her and hot tears, never easy for Hede, rushed into her eyes, her round face flushing from the great strain of checking them. Nolte had been right, she could not go on without him. In the first place, there was not time enough. At the beginning she had kept the mornings open for herself, since most of her pupils were at school and could come only in the afternoon. That, she was to find, spent her energies too greatly and left her unprepared for the long following hours of listening and teaching. It made her neglect things, too, and postpone them until a sense of guilt came over her, telling her that here was no fair exchange, but a kind of robbery. She was only using her pupils.

Then she would rebel against this feeling of guilt, saying to herself that after all they were not worth the effort — so slight was their talent, so half-hearted and false their wish to learn. Could she be sure, though? A great teacher, like Nolte, was one to whom nothing mattered save this giving. Yet Nolte was only a teacher; he aspired to nothing higher, as did she. She began to be remorseful that she had refused his offer to seek out for her a patron, and through her playing there seemed to come upon her hearing a vast, harsh note of defeat.

The life at home, too, now irked her, and she kept more and more to herself again, securing herself within long, impregnable silences as of old. When, night after night in the summer, Wolfgang came with his wife and children and Tina's girl, who now lived with

them, she found excuses to stay alone in her room or to be at her studio working. But what tortured her most was the growing sadness that her own unspoken suffering had willed upon Adam and Lise, for they knew, if only from seeing her, that all was no longer well with her. Silent and slow the days passed for the three of them, and their pent-up, stifled sorrow told on each, in the changing mould of their faces and in their weary movements.

As if all this were not enough to bear, Hede began to envy her pupils whose parents were rich or near rich. Each show of wealth she saw in the street or in shop windows, like a glistening fine motor or a jewel or a string of sleek furs, she came to hate with a fierce rage. Then her hatred and envy would give way to loathing, for herself — that she, who was worth in her genius so much more than all these, should stoop to envy them, and then, like a child denied, yet further stoop and hate them! Hede was beside herself with conflict and the fear of that madness which haunts more than one face that is free in the streets — the madness of failure.

IV

It was one morning early in the second year of Hede's teaching that she found a note waiting for her at her studio. A Mrs. Maxwell Sondern wished to bring her small daughter for an audition. The child had shown indications ever since babyhood of a marked talent for music, and more recently for the violin. Her mother was eager for the opinion of an expert. If Hede found her worth developing, Mrs. Sondern would be more than delighted to place the child under her instruction.

Hede reread the note. The pomp and pretentiousness of its expression irritated her, and at once she knew that she would dislike Mrs. Sondern. But

she got in touch with her and arranged an appointment for the following morning.

Mrs. Sondern was a large, flashy woman with dark, arrogant features, and used to having her own way. She did not conceal her surprise at Hede's plainness and at once sought to impress her with her own contrasting sparkle. Hede ignored her from the start.

The child, like her mother, was dark and strong, but with a restraint and self-possession odd in one so very young. She was four. Her great eyes took in everything and gave out nothing. Her name was Ruth.

'You see, Miss Frey,' said the mother, 'she's never had a lesson in her whole life!'

'But does she play, then?' asked Hede in some surprise.

'Does she play!' Mrs. Sondern drew herself up proudly. 'Just wait till you hear her! Get out your violin, dear.'

The child began to remove a tiny instrument from its case.

Hede nodded. 'Then she plays by ear?'

'Of course!' affirmed Mrs. Sondern, adding, somewhat sardonically, 'How else should she?'

Hede shook her head and thrust out her lower lip.

'That proves nothing,' she said quietly.

The child moved unselfconsciously toward the piano to tune up. The conversation might have been about someone else.

'I'll help you,' said Hede, following her.

The child turned and smiled up at her, a strange smile that was appealing and shy.

'Oh, thank you,' she said sincerely, 'it's hard to do it alone sometimes.'

Hede was curious. She had never cared much for children and so had rarely noticed them. There was some-

thing, though, in this little one's simplicity and sureness that stirred her. The child tuned the instrument efficiently.

'What are you going to play for me?' asked Hede gently.

'I shall try to play the Minuet in G,' answered the child modestly. 'That is by Beethoven, you know.'

Hede smiled, and a tender feeling, unaccountable and vague, filled her. The child raised her violin and began to play. The small, clear tones stole through the still, dim room. It was almost as if Hede heard the old music for the first time. When she had finished, the child lowered her instrument and stood waiting, avoiding Hede's eyes.

'Well, Miss Frey,'—Mrs. Sondern shattered the soft silence between them, — 'now what do you think?'

Hede started; she had forgotten all about Mrs. Sondern. Then, from afar, she heard a voice raised sharply—a voice that came, too, from herself.

'I would like to be with the child, alone.'

Mrs. Sondern rose, switching her furs.

'Oh!' she said icily. 'I beg your pardon!'

When she had left the room, Hede leaned forward and took the child's hand, loosely. Looking at her, the little girl smiled again her rare smile.

'Would you like very much to take lessons of me, Ruth?'

The child drew nearer and pressed Hede's stubby fingers in her moist, small hand.

'Oh, very much, Miss Frey!' she answered.

V

That very morning Ruth Sondern took the first of her many lessons from Hede. It was arranged that thereafter she should come twice a week to the studio, on Monday and Thursday

mornings. But before a fortnight had passed Hede saw that that would not do. The child's talent was so fine, and her years so few, that she must be watched and guided more closely now at the beginning, and Hede asked that she might be brought to her each day for a time. The mother was delighted, and when Hede offered to take her so often for no additional fee she was almost violent in her refusal. Now that her own conviction of Ruth's genius had been confirmed by Hede's evident enthusiasm, no expense was too great to realize the child's powers. Blissfully she began to dream of the future and of her little one's name linked with Mozart's and the names of the world's great prodigies.

Promptly at ten the chauffeur would bring her to Hede, returning for her in half an hour. More often than not, however, he waited until noon and after for her. To this little one Hede had given all of her mornings, and for days on end she played no more herself. Nearly without her own knowing she slowly abandoned her old dreams for newer ones that were yet undefined, seen but dimly. She knew only that in this child's genius she had found something rare, and that, with her finding, upon her had been laid that choicest burden of all, whose bearing is a privilege—upon her another's dream depended.

Close and secret the bond between them grew, and from their long, frequent meetings sprang a strange, quiet love. Suddenly Hede changed and her plain face altered. Where once a stolid mask had been, there inhabited now a free mobility, rich and human. She was no less silent, though, and Adam and Lise knew little of this new thing that had come to her, but in their own way they had learned enough to be cheered once more. From now on, they felt, and for always, Hede must go forward in the way that was right for her.

VI

For eight years they worked together, Ruth and Hede, and in that time much came to pass for both of them. Adam and Lise had died, and from the papers Hede learned that Nolte, too, was dead. Greatly she mourned them, and, to still her grief, worked more and more with Ruth. Wolfgang and his family she saw little of, for the old home had been sold and her little flat was far for them to get to often. Sometimes Tina's child would come and spend the night with her, but they had little in common. Whatever passed between them now was but a duty enforced by the long ties with those who were dead.

To Ruth, Hede had come to mean everything. Her own family made little claim upon her deepest feelings. Their dream for her she pitied, that dream of fame and riches, for from Hede she had learned a wider dreaming that stirs the soul and restores it. Not that she did not recognize her good fortune in having behind her the open sesame of wealth; Hede had impressed it hard upon her how grateful for that she must be. But Hede had taught her, too, a truer striving than theirs, and, young as she was still, she knew it to be beyond their understanding. So, like Hede, she was silent, cherishing her joy.

Knowing somewhat of Hede's great skill and training, the child was often perplexed that her teacher so rarely played herself. It was one day when they were construing a difficult passage together that Ruth questioned her.

'You play it for me,' she said finally, in desperation.

Hede shrugged her shoulders.

'But what good can that do *you*?'

The child lowered her instrument.

'Miss Frey,' she began hesitantly, 'why don't you ever play any more?'

'Why,' said Hede in some surprise, 'I do — for myself.'

'But why don't you ever do it so we can hear you?'

Hede passed one hand wearily across her glasses, straightening them.

'Oh, I'm not good enough any more. I don't have the time to practise and —' She stopped short. 'Oh, what does it matter?'

Ruth looked at her with a shy kindness.

'It's because you give it all to us now, — to your pupils, — is n't it?'

Hede looked suddenly away and then back at her angrily.

'Come!' she said harshly. 'We're wasting time.'

VII

One day, toward the summer, after Ruth's lesson, Hede was mildly surprised to find Mrs. Sondern waiting to see her. She had seen little of Mrs. Sondern through these eight years; there had been no reason for them to meet often. Ruth's progress had been proof enough of Hede's skillful teaching and she had been paid by mail. If anything, Mrs. Sondern was more imposing than ever.

'You run along, dear, and get into the car,' she said to Ruth. 'I'll be out presently. I want to talk to Miss Frey.'

A look, at once frightened and rebellious, came into the child's eyes, but she obeyed. When the door had closed behind her, Mrs. Sondern turned to Hede, a little nervously.

'Now — ah — Miss Frey,' she began impressively, 'we — ah — we feel, my husband and I, that you have done wonders for Ruth, just *wonders* —'

Hede sat on the arm of a chair, biting her lip from embarrassment.

'That's very good of you,' she murmured.

'But — ah,' Mrs. Sondern laughed nervously, 'it's very hard, what I have to say, Miss Frey.'

Hede paled.

'You — you don't mean — that you're thinking — of taking her — away from me?'

Her voice was hoarse and the words came hard. Mrs. Sondern stood up, towering over Hede.

'I know, my dear,' she began breathlessly, 'I know it's hard, but —'

She walked to the mirror over the mantel, peering deeply into it. Hede watched her closely with dry, parted lips.

'Yes, go on,' she muttered, 'please go on.'

Mrs. Sondern looked at her in the great glass.

'Well, to say it briefly, we think Ruth's about ready for a début, and,' the words came now in a breathless rush, 'and we feel that she needs the prestige of a great teacher, of a name.'

There was a silence between them. Somewhere out in the street a stone crusher grated faintly. Adjusting her fur, Mrs. Sondern moved toward the door.

'There'll be a check in the mail to-morrow,' she forced herself to say.

Hede sat on motionless, her eyes dry and starting behind the thick lenses of her glasses. Looking helplessly about her, Mrs. Sondern hurried from the room. As with a click the door caught, Hede's eyes turned slowly toward the mirror and her lips moved stiffly. Under her breath she was cursing, strangled curses, all she had ever heard and remembered. Then, reaching slowly for one of a pair of bronze book-ends that stood on the table before her, she flung it with all her strength against the glass. Its shivered fragments shot far across the room and its gilded frame enclosed a wide, ugly scar.

VIII

Eight months later, in February, Ruth made her début in Carnegie Hall. Weeks before that day Hede had an

invitation in the mail, and two tickets. It was an engraved invitation, quite impersonal save for the careful handwriting on the envelope. Rudely, on reading it, she tore it once across and tossed the tickets aside. But on the day of the début she suddenly canceled her appointments and took the train to New York.

She was early for the concert. There were scarcely more than a hundred people scattered through the great auditorium. There would be a full house, though, Hede was sure. The publicity had been enormous and Keller's renown would do the rest. Keller had never had a failure, or none, at least, that anyone had heard of, and lately he had been much acclaimed as Nolte's successor. Bitterly Hede wondered what he had done for the child in these last months and glanced down over the programme in her hand. It was, of course, stupendous — the Kreutzer Sonata, a solo *partita* of Bach, something of Lalo, the Devil's Trill, and a few modern things. All of them Ruth had done first with Hede.

Suddenly, on the facing page, Hede marked a short biographical sketch. She skimmed it swiftly. 'Born in Naples, New York . . . nineteen hundred and nineteen . . . parents not musical but sympathetic . . . at the age of four placed under a local teacher —'

The words tipped before Hede's eyes and ran together on the page. 'A local teacher' — that was all. Clearly, then, through Hede's mind rang her name on Nolte's lips and on her father's. 'Hede Frey.' Before her she saw it, written in Nolte's hand, printed in tall, gold characters on black and swinging to and fro in a wind, gently. 'A local teacher.' She turned her head and tried hard to focus her nearsighted eyes on those about her and on those who straggled in. Straining her ears, she sought to hear their voices, catching

now and again a single word or phrase. If only she could do that long enough, she would be safe.

The hall began to fill more quickly. Hede's seats were good ones, in the centre and midway back on the floor. Until now she had sat alone in that space; it was the balconies and rear seats that had been filling. About her now she caught the varied scents of costly perfumes and of rare flowers. She saw carefully dressed heads, rich furs, the quick flash of jewels, and heard the soft sound of fine fabrics in movement. She saw the splendid monotone of black and white among the men, heard the vague, dark purr of remote voices. Looking down over the front of her own simple dress to the shapeless bell of felt that lay in her lap, she smiled wryly to herself. All of a sudden, with a child's fierceness in wishing, Hede wanted to be beautiful, too, to be dressed richly, with someone at her side — not bitterly wanting it, but simply, with an aching, empty yearning for a magic word that would change poor fare to plenty.

She looked beside her at the empty seat, fumbling in her pockets the while for the unused ticket. Soon it would be the only unfilled seat about her, perhaps the only one in the whole hall. She fell to wondering then who it was that should be with her. Nolte, maybe, or her father, or Lise. They were all dead, though. Could it be that her poor life yielded no living friend or companion? Between her fingers inside her pocket she passed and repassed the smooth, stiff paper card. Wiener might have liked to come, she told herself. Yes, Wiener was the one, for she, too, must have known well — better than herself even — the hurt of sacrifice. Swiftly Hede's deepest feeling surged toward Wiener and she was fortified, believing herself no longer alone.

Through the concert she could not see Ruth plainly because of her bad

sight. It was only from the whispered comment on every side of her that she learned how pretty she looked, and how disarming her manner was. She dared not listen too closely to the music, for when she did a stifling force beat in her throat and eyes, choking and blinding her. She wanted to spring up then and scream harshly, to shout that she it was who had done this, that hers was this stolen dream. But she sat on through it all, trying to think of many things — of things that had n't mattered and of times spent and far away.

Encore followed encore at the end of the programme. The crowd left their seats, they stood in the aisles and packed the space before the stage. Their shouting and applause, their whistling and stamping, made only a slow drone in Hede's ears and she did not move. Presently there was a silence and Hede heard a small voice, not quite familiar for being high and straining to be heard.

'I am going to play for you now,' it shrilled, 'the first piece I ever knew — the Minuet in G, by Beethoven.'

The spurt of applause and the murmured exclamations of delight greeting the child's announcement were cut suddenly short as she lifted her hand once more for silence.

'I play it for all of you to hear,' she went on, more quietly now, 'but I play it really to only one — to my great teacher, Miss Hede Frey! I hope she is out there listening with you, but if she is n't, I play it to her just the same.'

A soft mumble broke out through the crowd, while here and there a programme was consulted.

'I play it,' she finished, and her voice rang with a moving sincerity, 'with all my thanks and love!'

When it was over, Hede rose and hurried out, pulling on her shapeless hat, dragging her dark coat behind her.

As she plunged through the crowd unseeing, a few turned and watched her, for she made an unpleasant sound with her breathing.

IX

In the street Hede looked wildly about her, slipping into her coat, and then walked quickly eastward with her head bent against the wind. She knew that presently she must come to water and an open space. At each street corner the wind buffeted her, driving her back a step and taking her breath. In her ears there gasped a short unrelenting cry, forlorn and pitiful, but she knew not that it came from her own lips. She felt nothing beyond the tearing rage of her anguish and her joy.

She walked thus for a long time until, tiring, she went more slowly and raised her head. The cries had mercifully ceased, and over her body she felt the glow and tingle of wet warmth. Before her she saw a small open square, snow-covered, and beyond it water that danced with many lights. The gusty wind flung cold, sharp needles of fine snow against her face. Overhead the stars were close between racing, ragged clouds — close enough for plucking. Seeing a parapet, she leaned heavily against it.

By degrees within her the tumult grew quiet, as if she were giving her strife to the wind. She grew wide-awake and alert with the sharpness

that comes from sheer fatigue. Inside her mind the space of her memories began to be ordered and she saw before her the time of her living ranged in a sequence, laid slowly open, like a many-petaled blossom that at last reveals its tender, secret heart. She searched it long, but nowhere therein could she find what she sought, — the stigma of failure or the canker of defeat, — yet she knew that now at last she was not blinded, nor was she seeing imperfectly. All was only complete, a joining of ends to encircle her safely and to endure above change.

Strange in Hede's sight was this new vision, strange for the facts that seemed at first to belie it. She had done all the things she had set herself to do, and yet not done them. The core of her dream she had fulfilled, but its fringe had been sheared away. To put it simply, to-night had been hers, even without the acclaim, and in the days of her own playing she had stirred the vast souls of the great and of the lowly — of Nolte and Wiener, of her faithful parents. Most and best of all, she had been true for herself to an old covenant and had learned the quiet wisdom that is brave.

She looked about her toward the empty streets that ran westward. She would go home now, back to quiet things. With a light step she walked away from the parapet and the lapping water into the lonely sound that the wind made.

(The End)

HINTS FOR REFORMERS

BY HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON

I

THIS communication is going to be a nuisance to you. For it will be much too short for a regular article and it will be much too long for a mere 'letter to the Editor.' Yet, it contains a few things that ought to be said, and (with a flattering bow to the Editorial Easy-Chair) who could be a better spokesman in so urgent a matter of human happiness than the *Atlantic Monthly*?

I read Mr. F. Emerson Andrews's vastly intriguing article about numbers. He is undoubtedly right. I am too old and too hopelessly set in my respect for the sacred number 10 to adopt the duodecimal system. The decimal system was taught me in the Dutch schools of my childhood. Being a neat sort of person, I never experienced great difficulties with it (after all, are n't algebra and non-Euclidian geometry merely a matter of neatness?), but since then my career as a vaguely literary person has made such slight demands upon my mathematical abilities that to-day I just leave it to the bank (which is always right) and settle the matter by saying, 'I am very sorry. I will send you something to fill the gap just as soon as I can, but it will probably happen again.'

I have, however, a few ideas upon similar aspects of the cosmic imbecility of mankind which I should like to expose to you here and now. Somebody

else less occupied than I happen to be may then take them in hand and bring them to fruition.

Here is idea No. 1.

Why, in the name of common sense, do we stick to the idiotic business of A.M. and P.M.? It leads to endless difficulties and misunderstandings. In the first place, it is very difficult to remember. 'Now what did Jimmie say? Was she arriving at 10 A.M. or 10 P.M.?' In such a dilemma, one can, of course, telegraph for further instructions, but an absent-minded telegraph clerk may botch the whole business by changing his A into a P, or vice versa. And, handwriting nowadays being what it is, one can hardly blame the telegraph man for these very common mistakes.

Europe has settled this problem by dropping the old twelve-hour clocks and introducing the twenty-four-hour ditto. By a single stroke of the pen, the backward European nations have made an end to the A.M. and P.M. comedy of errors. It is now 23.14 instead of 11.14 P.M., and 3.10 instead of 3.10 A.M.

And one is no longer obliged to read through the foreword of a railroad or steamboat time-table to discover whether the A.M. trains and boats are printed in heavy black characters while the P.M.'s are rendered in somewhat softer colors. Nor is one forced to confess that advancing age

has done strange things to the eyesight and that without the help of a magnifying glass one can see absolutely no difference between the type used for P.M. and A.M.

As for the difficulty (often expressed whenever I ride this favorite hobby) which will be experienced by people who simply cannot subtract 12 from any given number between 12 and 24, my answer is that such creatures should not travel at all. Sooner or later they will become a public charge of the railroads they patronize, and from the railroads they will be promoted into one of Mr. Roosevelt's charitable institutions, and God knows I pay enough taxes now as it is.

II

That was the first of my suggestions, but there is another one of equal importance.

Can't something be done about the names of the letters of our alphabet? Now that we are in the habit of spelling out lengthy day letters and night letters by telephone, we are in constant need of the letters of the alphabet. They may have served their purpose when Archimedes wanted to send a day letter to Aristotle telling him that things equal to the same thing were equal to everything else. Alpha, beta, gamma, may have sounded clear and distinct to the Western Union boys of ancient Hellas, but they are merely so much Mumbo Jumbo to the Postal Telegraph girls of the year of grace 1934.

To overcome this difficulty, every country has invented a system of substitute names for the letters of the alphabet, and these are supposed to solve the problem and to prevent misunderstandings. When I call up the bright and obliging young man in Manchester, Vermont, I can reevaluate the ordinary A, B, C, D, E, F, G into

Albert, Boston, Charles, Denver, Edward, Frank, and George. But if I happen to be in Surabaya and have business to do with Batavia (Java, and not New York) I have got to deal with an entirely different family, consisting of Anna, Bernard, Cornelis, Dirk, Eduard, Frits, Gerard, and Hendrik, ending with Xantippe and Zacharias, who are preceded, believe it or not, by Ysbeer, Izaäk, and Quadraat.

I have not got a copy of the Moscow telephone book at my disposal, nor one of the recently Nazified *Fernsprecher Bücher* of the erstwhile delightful city of Berlin. But I have been often enough in those distant towns to know what terrific difficulties arise when one has to reevaluate the international alphabet into the local equivalents of Archimedes, Bologna's, and Pterodactyli. And when one thinks of the chances of error in the regions where extra *h*'s are so liberally sprinkled over the current vernacular, then one simply shivers in one's sandals. I, for one, shall never forget the days when I lived in Veere and had to listen to telegraph clerks growing despondent when their French or German or Dutch or English colleagues failed to understand that the name was really very simple, 'V as in *Frederick*' and 'double E as in *'edge-'og*.'

Now it would undoubtedly not be an easy matter to establish an international code of alphabet revaluations, but the thing could undoubtedly be done when left to the care and attention of those sound specialists who during the last fifty years have been developed by our different telegraph and telephone companies. There must be a way of re-creating the old alpha, beta, gamma, delta, epsilon, into terms that shall be as clearly understandable to the ears of the Afghan as to those of the white-robed Zanzibarian.

III

And what a chance for an international conference that could actually accomplish something really concrete!

The League of Nations has never been very much of a success because it invariably is called upon to deal with problems that cause such terrific backfires of national indignation and international suspicion that an adjournment *sine die* is the only way in which the honorable delegates have ever been able to prevent an outbreak of another world war. Disarmament conferences have become such a stale joke that even burlesque comedians are warned off that particular topic.

But everybody is well disposed toward the alphabet. Brother Hitler, of course, might feel slightly suspicious of it, since it is of such undisputed Semitic origin. He might even want to

replace it by the runic system that goes back to the days when his ancestors were living in their mud hovels of the swamps between the Elbe and the Oder. We might, however, pacify him by throwing in a couple of 'urrs as in *aurochs*' and 'elgrs as in *elk*.' And anyway, that would be something for my International Committee to worry about. I am merely the Moses who points in the general direction of the Promised Land of alphabetic simplicity. The International Committee will have to play the rôle of Aaron and get us there.

If the *Atlantic* will print this appeal to common sense and will endorse my humble suggestion, it will render a service unto mankind that will reverberate unto the utmost corners and crevices of even the Pacific and will undoubtedly lead to several new subscriptions from Tristan da Cunha, as well as Pitcairn Island.

INDUSTRY AND GOVERNMENT

BY PHILIP CABOT

I

HAVING been flat on my back for the best part of three months, with nothing to do but think, I have had an unrivaled opportunity to contemplate the chaos which seems to have overtaken the world in which I have lived. Of course, I have neglected my opportunity, but I have done some thinking.

There is an ancient saying that 'nature abhors a vacuum.' This is equally true of chaos, so that it is quite safe to assume that the chaos which now surrounds us will in due course be reduced to order; the only important question being what the new forms of government and of life will be under the new order. Those of us who are interested in the preservation of the forms which were handed down to us by our fathers are charged with a particular responsibility during this transition period. Great changes will certainly come and they may come swiftly. If we are not alert and active the forms of government and the way of life which made our past great may be replaced by definitely lower forms; in other words, the processes of degeneration and decay which have destroyed the older civilizations may attack our own in our time.

In support of this view, it is interesting to note the parallel between much that has been done by the present administration during the past year and a half and what was done by the Roman Emperor Diocletian in the

third and fourth centuries. As Gibbon observed, his reign marked the beginning of the end of that civilization. While historical parallels of this sort are apt to be misleading because the intervening changes in environment are overlooked, they may be useful when the laws which were defied are laws of nature, as they were in both these cases. We may comfort ourselves, however, with the thought that no free people need perish against its will. Those who are fit to survive will survive.

We have always been a disorderly people, but the chaos which now prevails is a new phenomenon for this nation, and on peril of our souls *we must ask and answer* the question, What caused it? Superficially, of course, the causes were the World War and the world-wide depression which followed it. But as these causes are not adequate to explain the political phenomena which confront us to-day, we must look deeper. The real causes, I think, are changes in the races composing the nation and in the environment in which we live (due largely to the industrial developments of the last fifty years) which made the structure of our government unsuitable for dealing with the problems with which governments must deal to-day. This proposition may seem highly controversial, but few people will deny that the structure of our government, which was

framed nearly a hundred and fifty years ago, has broken down in certain important particulars, and there is evidence that the makeshift methods which are being used to repair the breaks have not been well considered because the problems have not been thought through.

The practical problem which we face to-day is, What changes in our form of government are necessary to adjust it to the new conditions? In order to think about this problem we must start with some hypothesis as to how different forms of government originate, and I therefore make the assumption that the form of government best adapted to any people at any time is the child of race and environment. The word 'race' as used here requires explanation, because the 'common or garden' meaning of the word has been shattered by the shell fire of the anthropologists and ethnologists. While the man in the street still clings to the belief that an Irishman is different from a Norwegian and that both differ from a German, we may concede that the most important distinctions between racial groups are often due to differences of tradition and of culture so ancient that they have sunk below the threshold of consciousness. The word 'race' as here used is intended to include these traditional and cultural characteristics. The word 'environment' needs the same kind of stretching, so as to include not merely changes in soil and climate, but mainly those created by man himself operating on his environment in order to make it different.

With these explanations, this hypothesis will prove serviceable in setting up the problem, if in nothing more, and it is my impression that consciously or subconsciously those who have thought deeply about problems of government in the past have acted on substantially this assumption. The alert reader may think of an exception —

namely, the group of statesmen who negotiated the Treaty of Versailles. These men, in redrafting the map of Europe, wholly disregarded economic conditions which were then, and are still, decisive in determining the environment under which the new racial groups would have to live. One of the two essential conditions above referred to was wholly disregarded, with the result that Europe was subdivided into groups ostensibly based on racial characteristics which could not support themselves under post-war conditions. This error of judgment is largely responsible for the economic chaos into which Europe was plunged by the Treaty of Versailles. Before order can be restored many of these new units will have to be consolidated so as to produce reasonable stability.

If the attention of this group of men had been concentrated primarily on problems of government, the Treaty of Versailles *would* be a notable exception to our rule. But it was not. These men were politicians obsessed with problems of European politics, so that the establishment of stable systems of government was not uppermost in their minds. Our good President Wilson, who was a member of the group, seems to have gotten into bad company.

Of course, the form of government which is actually adopted by any people at any time is greatly influenced by the forms of government which they see around them. To-day, for example, democracy, which at the time the framework of our government was set up was spreading rapidly, is much discredited. (There are only three important nations, in fact, in which it can be said that democracy still survives, and in all of them it shows signs of breakdown.) We may assume, therefore, that the changes in the framework of our own government which are inevitable will be affected by what is going on in Russia, Italy, and

Germany. But the extent to which a nation is influenced by the actions of other nations depends upon the race and the traditions of that nation. It is quite certain, for example, that we shall not follow the lead of any of these nations, because our whole national tradition is different, but we shall be influenced by what they have done.

My assumption is that the appropriate form of government for a people is determined by two variables, race and environment, and that if these can be stabilized the problem can be solved.

II

The scientists report that man has evolved, like the other animals, under the pressure of his environment, and over the long periods of time which science takes as its base we should not dare to question this. But quite recently man has discovered how to make radical, and rapid, changes in his environment, so that to-day he may be said to have taken his evolution into his own hands with science as his tool. That he has handled the job amateurishly is only natural, considering that it is so new. But we hold our breath at the question whether, unaided, he can avoid disaster. Our fathers assumed that the processes of evolution were guided by the Almighty, but now, if it be true — as many seem to believe — that God has absconded, we must achieve our own salvation or perish. The assumption is debatable, to say the least, and before we finish we shall have more to say about it.

The speed with which man has altered his environment during the last century has been amazing, and is apparently accelerating. This is notably true of the nations in the temperate zones, and the people of this country undoubtedly hold the record for the speed with which they have changed their environment since they landed

here three centuries ago. They have done it several times, but in spite of this the forms of government, both state and federal, which we now have are substantially what they were a hundred and fifty years ago. Changes, of course, have been made, but they have not been of the magnitude or of the character which the changes that have occurred during that period, both in the race and in the environment of this nation, require. The fact is that we have changed both variables in our equation, and therefore the answer, but we have failed to recognize it. This failure has produced the result which we see.

Our failure, I think, is clear. When the framework of our government was set up, it was designed to fit a handful of farmers, fishermen, and traders, *assumed* to be of the same stock, of the same economic status, and of the same high intelligence. The assumption was not accurate. It applied only to the Northern colonies. The environment in the South was different. These states were dominated by large landowners of the aristocratic type who later became large slave-owners. But, as de Tocqueville points out, the ideas which prevailed in the assembly which framed the new Federal Constitution were the ideas of New England men, so that this difference was disregarded. At the time it seemed a minor oversight, but in fifty years it had split the nation into two social systems so divergent that in 1861 they produced the Civil War. Except for this cloud no bigger than a man's hand, the problem of designing a form of government fitted to this race and this environment was remarkably simple. In fact, the only serious difficulty experienced by those who framed the Federal Constitution was to induce the rampant individualists who formed the nation to act sanely in their own interests. The great Patrick Henry of Virginia even went so far as to declare

that the new constitution was 'the most fatal plan which could possibly be conceived for enslaving a free people.'¹ That the constitution was finally ratified indicates clearly that it was framed by men of genius.

But in the period which has elapsed since the framework of our government was set up both the race and the environment have changed beyond all recognition. No man on earth can say to-day what 'the race' is that inhabits the United States. It is not a race, but a conglomeration of unassimilated racial groups with different traditions and different racial characteristics.

There are plenty of examples of the problems raised by these racial differences, of which two will suffice.

For two generations the Irish clansman, with five hundred years of training in conspiracy behind him, has been true to his race and his traditions. Both have great virtues, but they are not ours. As a result, many of our large cities have been managed by Irish bosses under a system of conspiracy and corruption operated with a degree of skill of which the Anglo-Saxon is wholly incapable. More recently, under prohibition, men of the Corsican bandit type have reverted to their old racial tradition and obtained amazing wealth and power as racketeers, bootleggers, and kidnappers. Our whole system of criminal law and administration seems to have been designed for the protection of this group of outlaws.

These examples indicate some of the consequences of advertising our country as a refuge for the poor and the oppressed of all nations. It was a great and glorious ideal, but now we must face the music. Our idealism has brought us face to face with a sociological problem of the first magnitude — namely, to see whether there is any common denominator for all these

groups. We do not even know whether what we seek is the least common denominator or the greatest, or some compromise between the two. Failure to attack this question promptly and solve it successfully may easily result in the collapse of this experiment in industrial democracy.

It is quite safe to assume that rapid changes will be made in both our industrial and our governmental systems within the next generation, so that any study designed to promote a rational solution of this great sociological problem must be prosecuted with speed or it will fail of its purpose. As I look about me I do not see any group which seems to be doing the sort of work essential to a solution of this problem. There are hundreds, if not thousands, of sociologists, some inside the universities, some outside them, but, broadly speaking, they are either of the scientific type that spends its life in examining the hind leg of a flea or of the emotional and sentimental type that lacks the firmness of character and the powers of action essential to the solution of the problems which now confront us. Neither type can give us the answer to our problem. The time is too short for minute scientific research, and emotion is a dangerous guide in a field beset with pitfalls. What is needed is a group of far abler and far bolder men who are willing to take the risk of making sweeping generalizations based on insufficient knowledge. The risks are very great, but those who aspire to leadership in an emergency must be prepared to take them.

III

Urgent as these sociological problems are, the other variable in our equation — environment — raises even more difficult problems, the solution of which is even more urgent. Both variables

¹Quoted by Brooks Adams in *The New Empire*. — AUTHOR

must be stabilized before the equation can be solved, but the practical statesman will probably attack the economic problems of environment first.

I have assumed it to be a fundamental principle that environment is one of the essential elements which must be considered in determining a satisfactory form of government. But it is notable that in this country the changes in environment have been left wholly in the hands of industrialists and business men who as a group paid little or no attention to the effect of what they were doing upon the life of the nation. They were absorbed in making money, and not in evolving a philosophy of government, although they were in fact the governing class. The result has been that during my life changes have been made in the conditions under which this people lives of so radical a nature that they presupposed corresponding changes in our form of government. But these have not been made, because the modifications of our way of life have been made by industrialists and business men who never thought of the social effect of what they were doing. Obviously, changes in forms of government must follow closely on changes in economic conditions or the government will suffer the fate of other rigid structures. The situation in which we find ourselves to-day is certainly due in part to disregard of a natural law.

This reckless method of conducting our affairs cannot continue. Under our system of free competition the industrialist and the business man, backed by their immense organized research, are the only sources of accurate information as to what changes are likely to occur during the next twenty or thirty years, and yet we all know that in America these men have been so overspecialized that they are incapable of providing us with the information needed to form a sound judgment on

the broad social and governmental problems on which the future of the nation depends. They do not regard such problems as having any direct relation to their business, although they are the foundation on which all business rests.

Under the conditions which we face it is clear that one of two things must happen. Either the leaders of industry and business must be trained on broader lines so that they can, and will, generalize in the fields of sociology and government, or their business will be taken out of their hands, for it is inconceivable that with the rapid changes which are certain to take place during the next generation the people of this country will allow their lives to remain at the mercy of a group of specialists who are largely unconscious of their existence. In fact, the second alternative is already in process of adoption. To-day the controlling decisions in many industries are made by politicians and not by business men. This is a perfectly logical result of what has gone on during the last generation, and it will certainly go further unless something is done to prevent it — and done promptly. If the industrialists and the business men of this country cannot be convinced of this fact, and if the rising generation is not trained to deal with it, some form of state capitalism or socialism in this country is inevitable. In other words, business must shortly become a profession in the highest sense, or business as we have known it in this country will cease to exist.

There is convincing evidence, some of which has been referred to, that in this country men in the professional and administrative classes have not been properly educated for the work which is now required of them. On the principle that 'he who has broken the head must find the plaster,' our educational system should step into the breach. We are said to be suffering

from overproduction. If this is true, the remedy is not to limit production and destroy the abundance which plagues us, but to teach men how to use it. Clearly this is a problem of education, and on our ability to divert a part of the immense surplus energy of the nation into this field the future of our civilization may well depend.

IV

For one who can lay no claim to scholarship and who was never trained for the teaching profession it is pure impertinence to make any suggestion as to what should be done first. But fools rush in where professors fear to tread, sometimes with beneficial results. I venture to suggest, therefore, that one of the most urgent needs of the moment is to give the men in our colleges and in our professional schools a realistic picture of the social and governmental problems which confront us before they graduate. So far as appears from the results, this is not now being successfully done. Certainly the young men who graduate in immense numbers from our colleges every year display a uniform and remarkable ignorance in this vital field. We need not try to teach students the answers to all these complicated problems. In fact we cannot, because we do not know them. But it is our duty to present the problems to all students in such a way that they will have no doubt that the problems exist and must be solved.

As an example of how this might be done during the coming year, take the legislation passed by the Congress which met on March 9, 1933, known as the 'legislation of the hundred days.' This will provide sufficient material for a full course of the most dramatic character. The legislation was hastily improvised to meet a situation for which the nation was totally unpre-

pared. During the last half century, and particularly during the last fifteen years, amazing progress had been made in production, distribution, and administration by business men in many fields. But the equally vital problems of sociology and of government had received practically no attention. In fact, the problems had not even been defined, so that there was no obvious alternative to the hit-or-miss method which the President proposed and Congress adopted. The emergency was real; the patience of the nation, as well as its savings, had been exhausted.

This legislation covers a wide field and raises many questions of the gravest moment. For example, the National Industrial Recovery Act takes away from the states their constitutional rights to control social conditions within their borders by giving the federal government the right to fix minimum wages, maximum hours, and the conditions of employment by federal statute. Then we have the Agricultural Adjustment Act, which, as now operated, aims to make one class richer at the expense of another and to create wealth by destroying it. If to this we add the adventures in manipulating the currency which are enjoined by this legislation, we get a glimpse of the crop of new problems which have been raised.

Everyone who knows the young people in our colleges and our graduate schools intimately must recognize their feeling that their courses are academic — that is, divorced from life — and must sympathize with it. Such courses as we suggest above certainly would not be open to this criticism.

Finally, even at the risk of producing a condition of complete revolt in the average academic mind, I venture to indicate some of the general principles which should form the background in teaching courses of this character.

It is the fashion nowadays in dealing

with problems of government (and also with the problems of daily life) to assume and to emphasize liberty and freedom. We act as if there were no limitations on our individual freedom, and our governors and legislators act upon the same assumption. They assume that they, or at least those who elected them to office, are sovereign and therefore free. Nothing could be further from the truth. In fact, their freedom of action is severely limited. In the first place, it is limited by the plan of the cosmos, known to our fathers as the will of God. Of course, our knowledge of this plan is very meagre. Most of it is intuitive, but we do know by experience that there are certain things which both men and nations may not do on pain of death. Some of these laws are expressed in the ancient teachings of religion. For example, we know that 'in the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread' or thou shalt degenerate. This law is stated in the Bible, and verified by the experience of mankind, but it is commonly disregarded.

The laws of the cosmos, or the will of God, are the eternal and changeless truths which circumscribe our freedom. Within is another frame fashioned by the particular environment in which each people lives. This also may not be broken, and, to make matters worse, this frame is constantly becoming narrower. All history is a record of the gradual surrender of the freedom of the individual in order that he may be free. It sometimes seems as if the narrower the frame the greater the freedom. This is one of the paradoxes of the Scheme of Things.

Clearly the shape and size of this inner frame differ for each people and with each generation. In this country during the last hundred years it has changed very rapidly. But both those who created the changes — the industrialists and business men — and

our state and federal governments have practically disregarded them; the business men because they believed that the doctrine of *laissez faire* was akin to a law of nature, and the legislators because, under our democratic forms of government, they were too ignorant to grasp what was going on. This was a fatal error. In fact, the freedom of the nineteenth century became the slavery of the twentieth. Neither the laws of the cosmos nor the demands of the particular environment of the time and place can be ignored. If they are ignored for any long period of time the nation will ultimately vanish and be replaced by one more obedient to these laws.

The great thinkers of the past who have generalized in problems of government may seem to have been unconscious of these restricting frames. The reason is obvious. First, they were profoundly religious men for whom the laws of the cosmos were bred in the bone, so that they were a part of their subconscious mind; second, they lived in a relatively static world, so that the changes of environment were so slow as to be almost imperceptible. We face a wholly new problem because the religious convictions of the nation have become very nebulous, and our environment changes with bewildering speed. For this reason it seems to me that no attempt to generalize about the social and governmental problems which face us stands much chance of success unless some such formula as I suggested at the outset is kept vividly in mind. For those who came before us these assumptions were implicit. But for us they must be explicit or they will vanish.

V

Even if our colleges should succeed in teaching their undergraduates what the social and governmental problems are which clamor loudly for solu-

tion, and the methods of generalization which have been developed by science and are essential to their solution, there still remains the danger that our industrial and economic system will break down before those of them who go into business can reach positions of command. It will take them fifteen or twenty years, and if business is carried on during this long period substantially as it has been during the last fifty years, disaster will have overtaken us before these reinforcements have reached the field of battle.

For this reason it seems to me that our educational institutions must make the attempt to teach the technique of generalization to the group of business men between the ages of thirty and forty who are about to step into positions of high command or who already hold such positions. In establishing these age limits we need not underrate the older men. Their achievements have been amazing; in fact, we are overwhelmed with the bounty which they have provided. But now we face new conditions demanding action for which the older men were not trained. Our educational institutions can afford to admit that they cannot teach old dogs new tricks, because that is not necessary. Many if not all of the men between thirty and forty are still teachable, and, being thoroughly familiar with the techniques of modern business, they are, in fact, the best possible material on which to work. It would be relatively easy, moreover, to get together a group of young business and industrial executives of ages ranging from thirty to

forty who are already thinking about these matters. There are many such men, but those with whom I have talked are not thinking to any purpose; they are merely chasing their tails. The result is discouragement and sometimes a tendency to recklessness. If a group of forty or fifty men, like the men whom the American Telephone and Telegraph Company used to send to my summer course at the Harvard Business School, could be induced to meet at various universities on a weekend once a month, so that they would be together for at least forty-eight hours, something important might be accomplished. In any event, I think the experiment should be tried.

The chief difficulty, one may suspect, will prove to be with the universities and not with the business men. Teachers of very rare illumination will be needed in order to penetrate the clouds which now envelop us. But we must do the best we can. The time in which we live is most inspiring because we can contrast and compare the old order with the new. All that we have to fear is the rigidity of mind in the old dominant class which has turned most great shifts of the social centre of gravity into revolutions. In this crisis, as always, the most important thing to teach is an attitude of mind. Men cannot teach what they do not know, and the number of professors in this country with flexible and powerful minds is probably small. But those who have these qualities should be brought into action at once, while we recruit the force from men in other walks of life.

Our Fiscal Problem at a Glance

In the article beginning on the next page, it is argued that the fate of the New Deal is bound up with the ability of the administration to avoid a radical rise in prices on the one hand and excessive taxation on the other.

It will be convenient to summarize here some of the basic facts which will be before the public in the coming months, during which the issue may be decided.

1. GROWTH OF THE GROSS FEDERAL DEBT

March 31, 1917 (pre-war debt) . \$ 1,282,044,000	June 30, 1932 \$19,487,009,000
Aug. 31, 1919 (war debt peak) . 26,596,701,000	June 30, 1933 22,538,672,000
Dec. 31, 1930 (low point) 16,026,086,000	June 30, 1934 27,053,141,000
June 30, 1931 16,801,485,000	Nov. 1, 1934 27,188,021,000

The increase since the low post-war point as of December 31, 1930, to November 1, 1934, was, therefore, \$11,161,935,000. Offsetting this increase is the acquisition of a large amount of government 'assets' through loans, and so forth; but there are also large 'contingent liabilities' through government guarantees of bonds of its agencies.

The average interest rate in the next fiscal year beginning July 1, 1935, will be about 3.1 per cent, and the total debt charge (exclusive of sinking fund) will probably approximate \$961,000,000.

2. FEDERAL DEFICITS

<i>Fiscal Year</i>	<i>Receipts</i>	<i>Expenditures Exclusive of Sinking Fund</i>	<i>Deficits Exclusive of Sinking Fund</i>
1933	\$2,079,696,742	\$4,681,348,826	\$2,601,652,084
1934	3,115,554,050	6,745,185,992	3,629,631,942
1935 (est.)	3,687,000,000	7,966,000,000	4,279,000,000

The total deficit for the three years (1935 estimated) will be \$10,510,284,026.

3. TOTAL GOVERNMENTAL DEBT

The debt of states and local government units is variously estimated at from \$18,000,000,000 to \$20,000,000,000. When added to the federal debt, the total governmental debt is, therefore, about \$46,000,000,000. Assuming approximately 30,000,000 families in the nation, this represents an average total governmental debt per family of about \$1533.

4. TAXATION

Federal taxes in recent years are generally estimated at about one third of the taxes collected for all governmental purposes. The total tax collections for all purposes (federal, state, and local) cannot be exactly stated because of incomplete data as to state and local tax collections. They are believed to have been about \$9,000,000,000 in 1933. The total income of the people in that year is usually estimated at \$45,000,000,000, so that the estimated tax collections absorbed about 20 per cent of the national income. The 1934 figures are believed to be approximately the same.

The total *expenditures* of all governmental agencies have, however, far exceeded the revenues. These expenditures are currently estimated at from \$13,000,000,000 to \$14,000,000,000, or about 30 per cent of the people's income. The difference of about \$4,500,000,000 (10 per cent of the assumed national income) has been raised by borrowings of the Federal Government, the states, and local units.

Assuming 30,000,000 families in the country and a national income of \$45,000,000,000, the average family income of our people is \$1500. Of this, on the above figures, \$450 (30 per cent) is currently required to cover the cost of all government, while \$300 (20 per cent) is collected in taxes. The difference of \$150 (10 per cent) approximately measures the recent average annual governmental debt increase per family due to deficits.

GRENVILLE CLARK

FEDERAL FINANCES AND THE NEW DEAL¹

BY GRENVILLE CLARK

I

My subject is the *relation* of the future condition of the federal finances to the whole body of experiments and policies known as the New Deal, as distinguished from the merits of any or all of these experiments and policies. My thesis is that the fate of the New Deal, taken as a whole, will ultimately be determined by the answer to the question whether the federal expenses can be met without an excessive rise in prices — ‘inflation’ — on the one hand, or taxation beyond bearable limits on the other hand. My premise (for which I shall give reasons) is that the majority of the people will be unwilling to permit the necessary fair period of trial to the new measures, if the majority become convinced that a continuance of the policies will involve either a radical cheapening of their money (and consequent impairment of their savings and purchasing power) or, alternatively, an oppressive increase in taxation.

I shall seek to appraise the strength of the contending forces which will fight out this controlling issue. And finally I shall venture — with a due sense of uncertainty — a few observations as to the outcome of the struggle which, now only in its initial stages, must inevitably continue to a finish.

I shall discuss these questions in what, I hope, is an impartial spirit.

¹ Mr. Clark's note on the opposite page should be read in connection with his argument.

And I shall discuss them from the standpoint of one who believes that, in the long view, it will be better for our country if the New Deal policies are allowed a reasonable ‘test period’ in which their individual and combined merits may be determined in the fire of experience, rather than that the whole programme shall be swept aside in a wave of reaction due to causes having nothing to do with the merits of the policies as such. The dangers inherent in such a reaction (caused by the revolt of a baffled and disillusioned people and following upon an imprudent management of the nation's finances) have, I believe, been too little recognized both by friends and by opponents of the New Deal.

II

Both common sense and the teachings of history confirm the conclusion that it is unreasonable to expect a majority of the American people to support or even tolerate the New Deal if it once becomes apparent to them that further continuance of the policies would result in breakdown of the nation's financial stability.

I may illustrate my point by a simple example, of a sort which almost any man of business or lawyer could recall in his own experience.

Let us suppose that a manufacturing establishment with five hundred em-

ployees has run into difficulties through a combination of circumstances. The market for its product has decreased; its inventory has become excessive; the price for its product has been cut in half; it has been obliged to reduce wages and salaries and to lay off employees, who are, in consequence, either disgruntled or despairing; parts of its plant have deteriorated; the morale of its officers and employees has fallen. In this state of affairs, the workers and proprietors have called in a new and promising manager who starts in at once with a new vigor. He exhorts the executive staff and the workers; he holds out hopes of reemployment to those who have been laid off and of relief to those who cannot be immediately taken back. He proceeds with a series of novel reforms in the conduct of the business; he inspires new hope, and the personnel, almost without exception, take on new life and spirit. Under these stimuli morale is enhanced and, although production is increased only temporarily, prices for the factory's product rise; wages are increased at least in proportion; through reduction of hours of work, some of the unemployed workers are brought back, while generous relief payments are made to those for whom a place cannot be found.

Under these conditions, it is but natural that virtually all concerned should be pleased with the change. Here and there, indeed, some of the more experienced might inquire how much increased indebtedness the balance sheet of the enterprise will show. But, on the whole, the verdict on the new manager and the new policies is favorable and even enthusiastic.

But now the first year has passed and it is time to receive a comprehensive report. It appears that the bonded debt of the enterprise is increased by \$40,000; the costs of operation are likewise on a higher level, and the volume

of business, after the initial spurt, has fallen off again. New doubts are expressed by workers and proprietors alike, because the more informed and experienced realize that their interest in the long run is a common one. But the infectious spirit of the new manager and the obvious improvement in many directions carry the day; and the judgment of the majority is to give the 'new deal' in the enterprise a further period of trial.

Time passes; the picture becomes more confused; the price of the product is again slightly increased, but costs also tend to go upward and the market does not expand. More important still, the relief payments to the unemployed workers (or those on part time or improvement or 'made' work) have grown by leaps and bounds. The net result is that the new manager is obliged to inform the second annual meeting that he has been forced to borrow further and the debt of the enterprise is now increased by \$40,000 more.

By this time the prior murmurings have increased, human nature has begun to react in an age-old manner, and, although the manager is still permitted to proceed, it is only with the grave warning that unless he can accomplish his purposes without any further material increase of debt a change will become necessary. It will by this time be sufficiently apparent that, although the enterprising manager may have a short further period of trial, his every act will be closely scrutinized, and that if on further occasions he is obliged to report a still further increase in debt, unduly burdening the business for a long period, he had best look out for another job.

If we enlarge this example about 100,000 times, may it not be considered a fair picture of the progress of affairs in the United States and the likely reaction of a majority of its proprietors

— the voters — unless the threatened instability of the nation's finances is got in hand?

We have not, perhaps, reached in this country even the stage of the second annual meeting in our illustration. But the murmurs of the experienced and farsighted are beginning to be heard; and common sense teaches that, unless quieted by more prudent policies, the murmurs will rise from an undertone to general utterance and next to a loud and perhaps sullen roar, and at last to an imperative and possibly sudden demand for a change of administration.

When one considers the matter coolly, there is indeed nothing in the history or psychology of the American people to justify the belief that they would seriously contemplate leaving in power a government which, however beneficent its purposes and popular its head or helpful its reforms, proves itself unable to manage with reasonable prudence the strictly business affairs of the country.

It is not as if the majority of the people were either ill-informed or inert. On the contrary, the majority of the voters are well aware that they and their families would inevitably suffer serious damage, or worse, if anything resembling a real breakdown of the national finances should occur. The majority of the people may not be deeply or widely educated; indeed it is certain that they are not. But on the other hand, they are sufficiently informed by the news which comes to them from the press, the magazines, and the radio, of the damage suffered in Europe by the wage earners and the middle classes through the impairment of national finances.

It would, therefore, be a delusion to suppose that even at the present moment the majority of the people are not fully conscious of the loss of real value in their savings, wages, and salaries which (at least temporarily and possi-

bly for a long period) would ensue upon a continuance of the vast deficits in the national budget.

If no great organized resistance has appeared, it is a mistake to suppose that this is due to a lack of popular capacity to grasp the future implications of continued national expenditures in excess of receipts. A shrewd common sense is too widely diffused among the people to permit of any such conclusion.

Rather, I suggest, the absence of any strong resistance up to the present time is due to other causes — to the ineptness or misfortune of the former régime, to the sporting spirit of the American people which inspires a wish to give the new chief-of-state a 'fair show,' and, undeniably, to admiration of the charm and vigor of the new leader.

The point to observe, however, is that this state of affairs is necessarily temporary. With all imaginable tolerance, good will, and personal admiration, it must, in the long run, remain true that, as a matter of common sense, and because they have too great a stake involved, the majority of the American people would, however reluctantly, be obliged to seek new leadership if the present régime were unable prudently to manage the financial affairs of the nation. Those who judge otherwise do not, I believe, fairly appraise either the common sense or the capacity for action of the American public.

This conclusion is in no wise dependent on the results of the recent election, for the country has not yet suffered the impact either of greatly increased federal taxes or of much higher living costs.

We may therefore, I think, confidently assume that whether the sponsors of the New Deal will be permitted to test even reasonably all their policies and experiments will depend primarily upon the answer to this question:—

Will the administration be able so to manage the national finances as to convince the country that a continuance of the New Deal will lead neither to radically cheapened money nor, alternatively, to excessively high federal taxation?

III

If, then, it be granted that the New Deal must ultimately stand or fall upon the question of ability to preserve national financial stability, it remains to seek an appraisal of the strength of the opposing forces whose conflict will determine the issue.

At the outset one is struck by the fact that the contending masses are not mobilizing either on traditional party lines or even on 'conservative' or 'liberal' lines. It is a vital fact that the Republican Party has wholly failed to grasp the issue of sound national finance. Some of its spokesmen have indeed uttered protests against the effort to 'spend ourselves into prosperity.' But these cries have been little supported by action. Indeed, on the acid test of supporting the President in his veto of the increased veterans' benefits and civil-service pay, in April 1934, only two Republican members of Congress (significantly they were representatives from Massachusetts) could be found to cast their vote against these large fixed charges.

Nor does the cause of sound national finance lack support from liberals. If all true conservatives naturally postulate that sound money is fundamental to national welfare and that a balanced budget is 'always and everywhere the foundation of monetary stability,' it is also true that liberals are more and more recognizing that stable national finance is essential to a fair trial for the New Deal. They recall the wise saying of the President himself in his Economy Act message of March 10, 1933: 'Too often in recent history liberal govern-

ments have been wrecked on rocks of loose fiscal policy'; and that it 'is too late for a leisurely approach to this problem.'

In the front line of the forces of stability will, therefore, be found strangely assorted comrades, — Republicans and Democrats, conservatives and reactionaries, liberals and even radicals, — standing together, though for diverse reasons and motives, in a common cause.

Moreover, there will be adherences and absences from the front-line troops on either side which at first blush may seem surprising. For example, the bankers — though some may struggle valiantly as individuals — will hardly form a compact and aggressive division. This is sufficiently clear from the recent convention of the American Bankers Association, where a far from fighting spirit was shown on the question of making a prompt and determined effort to achieve a balanced budget. Under the circumstances, however, the defection is normal. Besides their inherent caution, the bankers of the nation are, as a group, so much subordinated at the moment that they may be compared to a battered and shell-shocked division which must be rested and exhorted before it can again be fit for hard fighting.

As the contest develops it will also appear, I suggest, that the small but sometimes powerful group of persons of large means will throw but little weight into the scale on either side. This class would lose least, or even not at all, in a great inflation, having means of protecting themselves through speculation and the holding of equities — while as to taxation they can seek the refuge of tax-exempt bonds. Thus they will not have the vital stake in the contest which might lead them to the forefront of the battle.

On the other hand it may be safely predicted that organized labor will be a

cohesive and powerful force on the side of stability. Already the American Federation of Labor has shown a keen insight into the threat to real wages inherent in a depreciated dollar, following upon unbalanced budgets; and as the pressure increases, self-interest alone will doubtless compel a disciplined resistance on their part.

But the main body of the anti-inflation army will, as the critical contests draw near, be composed of that great body of average, middle-class citizens who own a little more than they owe, who for lack of knowledge and means to speculate must necessarily keep their savings in fixed-income securities (largely in savings-bank and life-insurance funds), and who are mainly dependent upon wages and salaries. These include the millions of 'white collar' workers (civil servants, teachers, clerks, and the like), skilled mechanical and engineering workers, pensioners and annuitants, educational and charitable institutions and their staffs, the clergy, and many other similar groups—in all a vast array. Indeed this great army will so outnumber the forces of financial instability that there could be no doubt of their victory save for two questions:—

Will they be paralyzed by defeatism? Have they waited too long before realizing their danger?

IV

Of all the reasons casting doubt upon the outcome of the struggle for stabilized national finance I suggest that the possibility of a defeatist spirit is the most important. Here the analogy to the development of a great war is applicable. Granting the truth of Napoleon's maxim that victory goes to the heaviest battalions, it is implicit in the saying that the battalions shall be inspired with a will to success at least equal to the enemy's.

Undoubtedly there is now a widespread, though usually whispered, spirit of impending defeat even among those to whom a radical cheapening of the nation's money would mean no less than disaster. Mainly this feeling exists among those who, for lack of attachment to any organization, find themselves baffled to give effect in action to their instinct of self-preservation.

This particular cause of defeatism may, perhaps, be merely temporary. In conformity with an old rule of human nature, this form of despair vanishes as the recruit takes his place in the ranks and finds himself moving with others under competent direction. As the danger gathers, will adequate organization and leadership develop for the forces of stability?

The other main source of defeatism is doubtless the superficial hopelessness of checking the growth of the relief expenditures. Encouragement has been given even by responsible writers to the idea that forces have been set in motion which no effort can now control; and the feeling has been ironically expressed in the popular saying, 'Who ever shot Santa Claus?'

In the face of a supposedly large volume of reëmployment we have been confronted with the paradox of a growth in the relief rolls. Only recently we have been officially informed that 20,000,000 persons will be 'on relief' in the coming winter, notwithstanding the reëmployment of several million workers. In these conditions the questions naturally arise: What is to prevent these beneficiaries, combining with the veterans and the speculators, from piling up the emergency expenditures month by month until the inevitable breakdown occurs? In view of the infirmities of human nature, must not this process run its course? Have not forces been set in motion which are beyond control? Is it not the part of

wisdom to give thought to salvaging the pieces when the car smashes up at the bottom of the hill, instead of wearing ourselves out in an exhausting effort to bring it under control?

But there is nothing new about this sort of sentiment. As long as hard contests continue in the world, — presumably forever, — some of the contestants will be afflicted with similar feelings and will be able to supply ample arguments to satisfy themselves that the struggle will be futile. All that can be said is that it probably does not comport with the interest or psychology of most of our people to take the impairment of their savings and earnings 'lying down.' After the initial dismay this form of defeatism will, I suggest, be dissipated and is, indeed, likely to be replaced by a firm intention to end promptly an intolerable situation.

What will aid more than anything else in restoring a spirit of resistance is the formulation of concrete plans to deal with the relief problem within the limits of the people's capacity. No one should or does deny the obligation to protect the unemployed. But more economical methods must plainly be pursued through the return of responsibility to local communities, through tightened administration, and through less expensive methods of relief.

There has indeed been a marked absence of well-considered plans to deal with the relief question, which is now universally recognized as the crux of the federal financial problem; and this lack of a definite way out is a partial cause of the prevalent tendency to complain or despair rather than to organize and to act. Here again is a manifestation of human nature. A man wandering in a dark cave surrounded by vague dangers will lose his courage and believe himself exhausted;

but when even a spark of light appears at the entrance he forthwith finds his strength and spirit amazingly revived.

In truth it is entirely feasible to stabilize our national finances (not at some indefinite future day, but within a year) through a *combination* of reduced federal expenditure for relief, — and this without undue hardship, — together with additional taxes which would be within bearable limits. Doubtless definite plans to this end may be expected — if not from government, then from private sources. Their publication and discussion may be expected to dissipate much of the existing sentiment of defeat which now rests upon a feeling of frustration.

I believe not only that feasible methods exist to balance our national accounts, but also that it is not too late to apply them. A period, though perhaps short, still remains wherein the administration and the public will be given an opportunity to check the slide toward national bankruptcy which, beyond a certain point, would indeed attain irresistible momentum.

The event will depend mainly upon the vigor, intelligence, and spirit of the public. But it will also depend upon the wisdom and resolution of their chosen representatives.

V

I have emphasized the trend of public opinion as the finally decisive factor. In fact, however, who can say what relative part in the decision will be taken by the personal decisions of the President?

I would not revive the old and often futile debate as to whether the chief-of-state leads or is led by the opinion of the mass. The truth is that sometimes he can disregard public opinion, sometimes he can form it,

sometimes he waits to follow it, and sometimes he is driven headlong, as if for his life, before an overwhelming tide.

However this may be in general, it is undeniable that in the immediate future the individual outlook of the President alone will exercise a vast influence upon the fate of the federal finances.

Will he take hold in time? Will he firmly resist inordinate further expenditures? Will he resolutely advocate practical measures to make a reality of his announced policy to achieve a balance of receipts and expenditures in the fiscal year 1936? Or will he drift and be driven by the forces of instability until disaster is precipitated?

The answers to these questions will indeed depend *ultimately* upon the course of public opinion. But *immediately* will they not largely depend upon the character and predisposition of the President himself?

Here one would have to consider the President's background, his training, his prior utterances, and the character of his advisers — all acting upon and yet daily affected by the underlying tide of majority opinion as it gradually develops.

One would be bold indeed to predict with confidence the workings of an individual mind, a hazard far greater than a prediction of the trend of mass opinion which tends to conform to more general laws. And yet one may venture one observation. The President and his advisers are human beings and are thus influenced by the normal human desire that a favorable verdict shall be pronounced upon their work. They will have no wish to be regarded in history as no more than benevolent and well-meaning men who, when the test came, were lacking in practical capacity to manage prudently the practical affairs of their people.

As bearing on the present situation, Professor C. J. Bullock recently referred to Machiavelli's chapter in *The Prince* on the liberality of rulers. Almost exactly four hundred years ago the Florentine wrote these words: —

Therefore, a prince . . . ought not to fear the reputation of being mean, for in time he will come to be more considered than if liberal, seeing that with his economies his revenues are enough that . . . he is able to engage in enterprises without burdening his people.

And further: —

There is nothing wastes so rapidly as liberality, for even whilst you exercise it you lose the power to do so, and so become either poor or despised, or else, in avoiding poverty, rapacious and hated. Any prince should guard himself, above all things, against being despised and hated; and liberality leads you to both.

If some of the maxims of Machiavelli seem hateful, by our present standards, others remain as the essence of wisdom. Is it too much to hope that, as the months pass, those in power may ponder the advice of this old expert in the art of government?

VI

I have tried to suggest why the fate of the New Deal is inextricably bound up with the question of whether its sponsors prove able to manage prudently the financial affairs of the country. More concretely, I have said that the question is whether the administration can carry through an adequate test of its policies without either an excessive rise in the cost of living (radical inflation) or excessive taxation. And I have tried also to indicate some of the factors which will determine the issue.

In summary, these suggestions come to this: —

If the administration (whether upon its own initiative or under a growing public pressure) can establish a more effective control over federal expenditures and, by such control, aided by reasonable additional taxes, can bring about in the near future a balanced budget which alone can be the basis of sound money and public confidence, the majority of the people will then be well content to afford every fair opportunity for the New Deal experiments and policies to prove themselves.

But, on the other hand, if the deficits should continue, with the inexorable choice ahead between radically increased prices and radically increased taxes, it would not be in accordance with experience or with the temper of the American people to suppose that the New Deal would long survive. In such circumstances it would seem that, for good or ill, and whatever the pity,

the New Deal would soon lie among that collection of benevolent but unworkable experiments which history records.

Moderate men sympathetic with the New Deal must hope that it will not find shipwreck on what the President has called 'rocks of loose fiscal policy.' And other moderate men, however desirous of the termination of policies which they deem unsound, must also wish that the end of the New Deal shall not be the result of the chaos which would ensue from a collapse of national financial stability.

In either case there is an obligation to do more than complain in private. Irrespective of differences on other questions, is it not the duty of all who have the welfare of the country at heart — New Dealers, Old Dealers, conservatives, and liberals — to take active part in the coming battle to sustain the finances of the nation?

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

GALS IS BORN ON DE DARK O' DE MOON

GAL chiles is born on de dark o' de moon.
Ef dey git hyere late or dey git hyere soon,
Ef dey come in de mornin' or come in de
night,
Dey come when de moon done dim her
light,
Come when de moon clean gone, or quit-
tin' —
An' I spec' dat's fittin'.

Kase it suttinly so dat de women gits de
wus' —

Miss Eve got it, an' she was de fus';
An' it suttinly so dat de men wiggles pas' —
Mr. Adam done it, but he wa'n't de las'.
De gals will lub, and de gals will marry,
An' dey gits de heaby end ob de stick to
carry;

Dey always hoes in de hardes' row,
I know dat's so.

De moon know it, too. When a gal in sight
She take herse'f off, and I reckon she right,
I reckon she right.

Boy chile come when she bright as a dollar,
Boy chile stiffen hisse'f an' holler.
De moon hear him yellin' an' she kind o'
laugh,
She know he gwine to have de fattes' calf.
He holler moughty mannish an' hol' his bref,
She know he gwine to take good care o' his-
se'f,

Good care o' hisse'f.

De gals come a-sniv'lin', and dey'd snivil
all de mo'
Ef dey knowed what dey's in for afore dey
go.

Gal chiles is born on de dark o' de moon,
Come late, come soon.

De moon see 'em comin', an' befo' dey come
She go off a-traipsin', she jes' ain't home,
She know what dey in for, an' it sort o'
shame her,

An' I don' much blame her.

DE HIGHER UP DE MONKEY CLIMB

De higher up de monkey climb,
De mo' he show his tail.
De gal what switch in her Sunday clo'es
Jes' show she a fool, ez de good Lawd knows.
Git along, chile! Git along, chile!
De boy dat's proud, den his pride gwine
fail —
De higher up de monkey climb,
De mo' he show his tail.

De higher up de monkey climb,
De mo' he show his tail.
Pusson what carry his haid too fas'
Got to stump his toe on a flea at las'.
Git along, chile! Git along, chile!
'Tain't always safe on de toppest rail —
De higher up de monkey climb,
De mo' he show his tail!

NANCY BYRD TURNER

DOGS AND CHARM

THERE are a great many dogs in our com-
munity. They are a part of our life. They
roam the streets, leashed or free; they ac-
company their owners in shops, banks,
restaurants, and hang out of car windows.
They stand on the edges of swimming pools
and tennis courts, wait outside of schools,
and congress at public gatherings. Every
June, at the final match of the tennis
tournament, seven or eight of these neigh-
borhood pets attempt to tear each other's
throats out under the grandstand, to a
hideous accompaniment of shrieks and
howls. The players stop, the gallery rises
en masse; a few courageous onlookers, sus-
taining bites and lacerations, extract from
the bottom of a pile of frantic animals a
damaged Sealyham and a mutilated wire-
haired, bleeding freely but still hysterically
exchanging insults. The quarrel, tempo-
rarily interrupted, will be kept alive by the
owners of the combatants, and old friend-

ships will be sundered. But at the next outdoor gathering this scene of bloodshed and carnage will be repeated; no one would think of keeping his dog at home. We are not unaccustomed to being bitten by dogs. We occasionally submit to the prolonged discomforts of the Pasteur treatment, with bad grace, but without surprise. We are resigned to certain minor inconveniences, as I suppose the Irish were, who also kept their pigs in the parlor.

When we have our dinner on the terrace, a wistful semicircle of dogs from the Negro houses on the back street stand at a respectful distance, drooling a little, watching the progress of the food from our plates to our mouths. It is impossible to avoid their solicitous eyes. Talented beggars, they simulate starvation so effectively that our enjoyment of the meal is deterred by sensations of guilt, shame, selfishness, and greed. When we say, 'Go home, Harry,' or 'Dixie,' or 'Baby,' our own watchdog makes a perfunctory sally at the intruders, who withdraw a few paces in polite acknowledgment of his gesture, only to sidle back again, elaborately inconspicuous. They no doubt know that a path through private property, kept open to trespassers over a period of years, becomes in time a public right of way. They have established their right of way in our garden. All day long they trail through the shrubbery and flower beds. The ravages of the cutworm and the aphid are insignificant compared to the depredations of these abject, semi-homeless, and ingratiating animals. At night we share the sorrows of the mother who has been deprived of her young, and the puppies who find their pen uncongenial.

All this we endure, continually, from alien dogs; meanwhile our own pets breathe down our necks in motor cars, destroy our household effects, and embroil us with our friends. I suppose there are well-mannered dogs; one reads about them, but I never happened to meet one. The dogs I have known sleep on the furniture, bark to the point of inducing madness in nervous subjects, make a nuisance of themselves in the dining room, roll in bone meal and other valuable fertilizers, and have personal habits too unattractive to mention. I suppose there are intelligent dogs, especially among the working breeds, but again

I must take it on faith; my canine acquaintances are unanimously lack-wits. Is it intelligent to lie with your chin on the fender, panting and whimpering with the heat? Is it intelligent to mistake the kind and indulgent laundress for a burglar, twice a week the year round? Is it intelligent to eat so much and so fast that you make yourself sick? To jump into culverts you can't get out of? To chase automobiles? To sleep at the foot of a dark staircase and utter indignant screams as each member of the household falls over you? My dogs are not the kind that save babies from burning buildings; they save the plumber's tools from the plumber when he is packing up to go home. They are not the kind to set out on a cold day to rescue travelers from snowdrifts; rather, they are extremely likely to wind themselves around your legs as you come downstairs, and break your neck for you.

Why, then, do we harbor these creatures, parasitic, aggregate of bad habits, and subject to a thousand diseases? Why are we so besotted with love that we attribute to them all the virtues and humanities?

Because they have charm, in an exaggerated degree. A great deal of nonsense has been talked about charm, as if it were some mysterious, esoteric quality possessed only by grand and elevated personages. It is really a very simple quality, possessed in abundance by simple people; the average Negro has more of it than the average member of a privileged class, and a stray dog has more of it than many animals who walk on two legs. Richard Hughes included an apt definition of it in a sentence describing one of the characters of *The Innocent Voyage*: 'A child who can show her affection for you in the very way she plants her feet on the ground has a liberal gift of that bodily genius called charm.' That bodily genius called charm, the ability to express affection in pantomime, the mime of devotion — this is their special gift, their infallible passport. They know how to look love out of their eyes, to express it in muscular convulsions and sharp ugly sounds. When I ask my dog to go for a walk, he has hysterics and bounds high in the air, uttering frantic glad cries — and which of my friends is so appreciative of my invitations? When I pack my trunk to go

away, he hides under the bed, carries his head and tail low, cries out of mournful eyes. When I return, my friends say, 'It is nice to see you again, we hope you had a pleasant trip'; but my dog goes completely to pieces and has running fits — which is very winning, and the essence of charm. A dog is capable, even, if he is old enough and tired enough, of dying of grief when his master dies, a flattery against which no one is proof, and the ultimate manifestation of that bodily genius. Montaigne, who was not generally an admirer of women, wrote an essay in praise of three good women whose virtue consisted in destroying themselves when their husbands died. He was not so much won by their virtue as seduced by their utterly charming behavior.

The charm of dogs is not a subtle charm, but if I were permitted to choose between being endowed with the rare, subtle, and generally indescribable charm of ladies in novels, and the uncouth charm of a dog, I should unquestionably choose the latter (modified to my requirements), and it would serve me well enough. I should not need to practise any grace, virtue, or industry, and everyone in the world would want to adopt me. I do not believe in the subtle variety of charm; it is a quality no more subtle than the brass lungs of a hog caller or the left hook of a prize fighter. It is a rich, strong, obvious, undiluted flattery, flattery laid on with a trowel, but springing honestly from the heart.

It has the power of commandeering our benevolence toward the most unworthy objects. I take my shoes to be repaired by Nicolatti, an Italian of shady character, who looks like, and probably is, a murderer, instead of to the clean and efficient Elite Shoe Hospital, owned and managed by my countrymen. I know a great deal to Nicolatti's discredit. But when I go to his dark and peculiar-smelling establishment his face lights up as if the sun had come out after an Arctic winter. He short-changes me with a golden smile, and when I call the error to his attention he apologizes fluently and gracefully, congratulates me on my mathematical talent, and supplies the deficit. No hard feelings. Once I lost a glove on the street near his shop, and stopped to ask him if he had seen it. He tossed his arms to the sky, expressing grief

and consternation, sent out a great many little Italian boys to hunt for it, and when one of them returned it to me he behaved as if he had received a signal promotion. If I had lost a glove outside the Elite, or whatever its horrid name is, the proprietor would have said, 'Sorry we ain't seen it, lady' — which would have ended the incident. Nicolatti's business flourishes in the face of superior competition because he supplies this basic and indispensable nourishment to the ego without which few of us can live.

And this is precisely why we complicate our lives with dogs, so that we may have, on tap, this constant nourishing flattery. We are so dazzled and confused by it that we have made a cult of the dog. We write books about dogs and make etchings of them and manufacture little effigies as ornaments, and make use of their appeal in advertisements and on magazine covers. People of singularly independent character who are not susceptible to their charm we suspect of sinister traits. Strong men are moved to tears by a story of an abused dog, but they are not moved to anything at all by a story of millions of starving but unappealing Chinese. So what wonder, when we see how charm has the power to confuse our judgment and unbalance our sense of values, to a point where we seem to be bewitched, that we speak of it as if it were an obscure magic, instead of recognizing it for what it is — a simple, if unteachable, bag of tricks?

FORTUNA ANTIQUARIUM

THE mellow golden glow of a late mid-June afternoon was flooding the wooded Western Pennsylvania hills. Vagrant breezes rippled the pale verdure of the wheat fields and the young corn languidly waved its blades. As I whirled along over the lately finished 'Pinchot' road, here and there a red squirrel scurried jerkily along a still-remaining stretch of rail fence, while now and then from thicket edge came the clear 'Ah-ha hoyt!' of an unseen quail, and out of mid-meadow the uncertain gurgling tinkle of a lingering bobolink.

For these and all the other early summer glories of the matchless Pennsylvania June-

tide I happened to have on that particular afternoon neither seeing eye nor hearing ear. Otherwise the shaded bank of the sun-flecked mill stream along which bare-legged urchins were fishing would have had and long held my attentive interest, and I should have stopped for a leisurely chat with miller Will Dale, who leaned on the floury sill of his window high above the foamy water where red and white corncobs floated and swirled. Answering his hearty hail with only a casual nod, I hardly heard the low thunder of tire over yielding plank as I crossed the old wooden bridge below the dam, barely noticed the kingbird-badgered hen hawk on a blighted chestnut halfway up the hill, and gave but a passing glance to the tan-and-white Guernsey calves at the orchard pasture bars of the old Ferguson place. I was absorbed in the eagerness of a quest and aglow with the ardor of the chase.

Envy me, ye devotees of the cult of the antique! What would not any of you have given to be, as was I, on the point of picking up a definitely assured, albeit somewhat indefinitely described, treasure that must inevitably and gloriously crown a several-summer-long and more-or-less-successful search for ancient flasks among the ancestral farmsteads of prosperous descendants of the thrifty Scots-Irish and sturdy German pioneer settlers of my native countryside. In rambling shed and weathered gray barn, dank cellar and dusty attic, camphor-scented cupboard and pungent smokehouse, had I hunted, found, and borne away with many a memorable thrill of triumphant elation aquamarine and amber 'violins,' a "'Jeny" Lind' or two, 'Eagles' of almost every type and provenance, and once, by never-to-be-forgotten favor of collector's luck, a soul-delighting glorious green 'Gen. George Washington'! And now this unknown find, in certain and immediate prospect, was to transcend in beauty, in interest, in value, all these examples of the old-time mould maker's craft and ancient bottle blower's art! To it the best of them would be 'as the moon-shine is to sunshine, or as water is to wine.' A flask of all flasks, maybe hitherto undiscovered, unique! It came about thus.

He had hailed me with hearty familiarity in the street thronged with rural Saturday-

night shoppers and sight-seers. 'Well, well, when'd you get back? Glad to see you here again in old Pennsylvania. How's California? Won't find any weather to beat this, I'll bet, out there. You're lookin' good. . . . Say, they tell me you're huntin' up these-here old bottles. Tom Gill was sayin' you got one out there last summer. Why n't you ever come down to our place? I'll bet you I can show you the granddaddy of them all down there. How's that? No, sir, I won't sell 'er; you can just *have* 'er. Su-u-ure you can. I've no use for 'er. Oh, been kickin' round yonder 's long 's I can mind, I reckon. Yessir, she's an' old-timer all right. What color? Well, kind o' blue, or purple — dogged now if I can just rightly tell. Hold maybe a pint. Uh-huh, sort o' rough an' flat like. No, I know what you mean. 'T ain't anything like that. Just an old-time, a real old-time whiskey flask, that's what she is. You just come down any evenin' an' get 'er. More than welcome to 'er.'

So here I was, coming down.

Hot and dusty from a day's 'cultivatin',' he was standing by the farmyard pump as I drove up, while his team drank from the ancient log trough. 'Well,' he began apologetically, pushing his wide-brimmed straw hat forward over his eyes and scratching the back of his head, 'I reckon you're down for that bottle. You know,' he went on, 'it's a funny thing. I was sure I could lay my hand right on it [my heart sank], but when I come to look for it, I just can't seem to mind where I saw it last. Oh, we'll find 'er all right. She's round here somewhere. How's that? Oh, you bet! As I told you, round like, and flat — shaped somethin' like a horseshoe. Kind of a short plain neck. No, no ring around it that I mind. Letters, though, and some kind o' picture, seems to me, blowed in the glass [could it be a 'Sailors' Rights'?], or maybe a man's face, now that you speak of it. [Dared I hope for a 'Gen. W. H. Harrison-Log Cabin'? It might indeed turn out to be this rarity of many a collector's dream!] Green, did you say? Well, no, I could n't say, but if I mind right, more of a blue like, though I would n't swear to it now. Dad — yes, an' more than likely Grandpap, for all I know — used to keep blastin' powder an' then machine oil in 'er, so it got so you could n't

tell very well what color she was, an' 'deed if I took that close notice lately. Here, you [to the horses]! Quit that, in there! Soon's I get them put away we'll go an' have a look.'

So we proceeded to have our look. Beneath the stone-walled 'bank' barn, amid the cobwebs and chaff we made our way, scaring indignantly squawking hens off their nests, cracking our heads against joists and bumping into posts. In vain. Over the smooth-worn stringers into the empty haymow to scan 'girts' and explore brace bases. No bottle.

Then on up into the 'wagon shade' loft, over the loose, rickety floor boards at imminent danger to life and limb. But what is risk of life or limb compared to the acquisition of a blue 'LaFayette' or a 'Franklin-Ship'? Through coal shed and henhouse, through cellar and cornerib we searched, and out again to further surmise and conjecture. After all, it might have been only an everyday 'Clasped Hands-Union' or commonplace Pittsburgh 'Pike's Peak.' Disappointment is all in the collector's day's work!

'Tell you what, we'll go an' ask *her*. Maybe she'll know.' 'She,' however, who from the kitchen window had been following our futile explorations, 'would n't be surprised if that fellow from Ohio who got the four-posters and the bureau in the fall took it,' and she 'would n't put it past him' — statements that evoked a concurrent, 'I swan, he might of, now, at that.' Yet on further reflection he recalled that he had seen it 'layin' somewhere only last week, just a day or so before I seen you in town.' The elusive prize again assumed its Grail-like glamour. Nothing less now could it be than an amethyst 'G. Washington' with the vine wreath, or a 'Farley & Taylor-Eagle,' or — why not, indeed, though one must not even dream of it — a cobalt scrolled 'J. R. & Son.'

At long last came a shout of victory, a psalm of triumph from the tool shed: 'Just where I'd left 'er! I knowed she was n't lost!' Trembling with excited anticipation and unable to repress an exultant whoop, I rushed to receive from his hand the precious thing.

It was an oval, oil-smeared, clear glass bottle bearing the single word 'NUJOL'!

A MIRACLE OF VITALITY

AFTER an unusually cool September 1933, the first day of October dawned fogless and hot, warming up before the day's end to around the 100 mark. The peaches had been miserable and undersized, many rotting before ripening. Late in the afternoon I took a basket to glean the last of them, which had been thudding to the ground during the hot hours of the day. The mass of rotten fruit under the tree was fermenting, and the bees were gorging their fill. Suddenly I beheld an insect of such size and beauty that I called my husband from a near-by orange tree, where he was pruning. In amazement we gazed upon this stranger, a creature belonging, as we could see, to the wasp family, but with jointed legs as long as those of a big grasshopper, triple-spurred, steely black, with persimmon wings. The segmented iridescent belly was palpitating with apparent joy at the sweetness of his heady drink; he walked nimbly hither and thither, delicately curving to the roundness of the fruit as he supped. He was a good two inches long, his great body connected by a tiny wirelike waist.

Here was a chance to make a capture. Rushing into the house for a glass and a stiff piece of cardboard, my husband standing guard the while so that we should not lose him, I crept up, slipped the glass over him, and then slid the cardboard under him with astonishing ease. There was no resistance, no fluttering or buzzing, even after he found himself imprisoned. Raising him for closer inspection, we watched him bump his bewildered head here and there, turning with great determination first one way, then another, as if saying, 'Oh, this is the way out, then. How very curious . . . dear me, how very annoying!'

We stuck a straw under the edge of the glass when we put him on the table, to give him a breath of air; by this time he was opening his huge mandibles in the shape of ice tongs and making rushes, straining against the sides of the glass in an effort to seize the unseen enemy. Suddenly he found the short straw; laying hold of this, he lifted it, and with it the edge of the glass, as a man might use a lever on a heavy beam. For an instant it seemed as if he might

topple the glass over and escape, then the straw cracked under the pressure of his wicked pincers. Again and again he turned to vent his fury against the straw.

Having no alcohol, we decided that the best way to preserve him intact was to cut off his supply of air. Knowing that some insects are mortally sensitive to this method, we congratulated ourselves on this simple course of procedure. By morning we could mount him, intact and lifelike.

Much to our consternation, we found him displaying a greater fury the following day; his energy was intensified as he reached high and low in search of something to grapple with. This was disturbing, and after my husband left I carried him over to our English neighbors for inspection and a consultation concerning the execution. Very much interested and full of good advice they were. Had I not noticed on the edge of town the sign, U. S. BUREAU OF ENTOMOLOGY, housed in an old dwelling just within the city limits?

I found that the entomology was limited to agricultural pests, such as scale, weevils, and aphids, but there was a reference book on hand, and here we found our captive classified as the Tarantula Hawk, a tropical insect of Brazil, Mexico, and Texas — occasionally found as far north as Southern California. Spiders and other insects are stung into a state of paralysis and laid beside the eggs; the young, when they are hatched, feed upon the prone victims.

'Shall I give him a dose of cyanide and mount him for you?' said the obliging man in charge. It was a relief to feel that the execution, so cruelly postponed, was at last to take place under professional hands. I could already imagine the rare insect standing lifelike on his pedestal while the boys — we run a school — clustered about him fascinated.

Very gratefully, after an interval of waiting while the mysteries of death via cyanide took place, I accepted the mounted specimen, all pinned into place with very fine hairlike affairs, especially designed for delicate wings and bodies. Through the exact centre of the forepart of the body ran a pin, firmly holding the insect in an alert

standing position. The other pins had not been used for piercing, but had been put here and there for holding the six legs in a natural position. Under a glass at home he looked very satisfactory indeed.

It was while preening myself upon this achievement that a slight palpitation caught my horrified eyes. In fascination I gazed more closely — the segments along the glossy armored belly were moving rhythmically. In horrid suspense I waited for each motion to diminish and watched for the hoped-for final palpitations. Doubtless, like the motions of a 'dead' snake, these were mysterious reflexes. In this hope I went uneasily to bed.

The next morning we arose expecting to see the stark dead captive skewered securely in position, but found instead a very angry insect bumping about with the pin through his body, somersaulting in frantic efforts like a pole-vaulter. The strength which it had exerted in lifting the firmly driven pin out of the cork pedestal seemed incredible. Such vitality and fight filled us with awe.

In a frantic effort to end this torture, and still hoping to preserve in all its beauty this strange visitor, I rushed for the ant-powder tin. Since ants have a hard glossy surface and great vitality, this might kill without destroying. Alas, it only made matters worse, and for the first time the sting came into sight, as repeated efforts to pierce its own body were frustrated by the resistance of the stiff pin. The thing began to assume the proportions of a major martyrdom, and in desperation I rushed to the bathroom for a bottle of saponified ammonia and bathed him in that.

He raged on. Each minute I expected him to curl up and die, but he appeared, if anything, to be refreshed, and continued to rush about. His mandibles opened wide, and tiny hairlike feelers thrust themselves out in trembling agony. Finally, unable to endure it any longer, I toppled him into kerosene, which finished the tragedy. All the lustre of wing and body gone, he now stands on the bookcase, an everlasting reproach to attempts of amateurs at murder.

But who can explain this miracle of vitality?

Atlantic

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THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

'To how many of the thousands of intelligent men and women who attend all the concerts is music a means of self-expression? How may we realize its possibilities?' That question was propounded in last February's *Atlantic* by Henry S. Drinker, Jr., whose sister, **Catherine Drinker Bowen** ('The Music Makers'), champions again the 'neglected language.' Mrs. Bowen lives, breathes, and plays the fiddle across the road from the house outside Philadelphia where her brother gathers together a chorus of more than two hundred voices to sing the world's choral masterpieces. **Henry Williamson** appeared last in the *Atlantic* more than six years ago, but 'Christmas' will recall his delightful nature pieces and such books as *The Pathway* and *Tarka the Otter*, which have won for him a high and special place in modern literature. **M. Beatrice Blankenship** needs no introduction to *Atlantic* readers. 'All Sweet Things' and 'The Enduring Miracle' have prepared a warm welcome for 'Death Is a Stranger,' another generous sharing of wisdom and experience gained as the mother of four boys and of one little girl, dearly loved and lost, whose passing made Death a familiar in her household.

'Following the Gleam' is the second installment of **Vincent Sheean's** chronicle of his adventures, mental and emotional, in Revolution. His intense, personal type of reporting made him an invaluable foreign correspondent (he went to China in 1927 as an emissary of the North American Newspaper Alliance); and his lucid grasp of essentials gives him authority on such great issues as the Chinese Revolution. **Dumas Malone** ('The Geography of American Achievement') is editor in chief of the *Dictionary of American Biography*, and with the latest statistics in hand writes an interesting sequel to the *Atlantic* editor's 'Perspectives' in the issue for January 1933. **Dorothy Thomas's** understanding of 'First Love' was delightfully demonstrated in the story by that name, and now again in 'Hazel.'

She bids fair to succeed Willa Cather as First Lady of Nebraska, for her stories appear in print as fast as she can write them, and readers clamor for more. Δ Who is this **Bergen Evans**? A hireling in the pay of Russia? All we have been able to discover is that he is a young professor in the English department of Northwestern University; anything that he says ('Nursery Crimes') may be used against him. Δ 'With the B. E. F. in France' is a further excerpt from the journal of **Harvey Cushing**, Professor of Surgery first at Harvard, now at Yale. Dr. Cushing was awarded not only the American Distinguished Service Medal, but also the French Legion of Honor, for his work as head of American Base Hospital No. 5. Δ These 'Two Poems' are the latest work of **Josephine W. Johnson**, whose first novel, *Now in November*, has won instant acclaim. Her *Atlantic* stories, her novel, her recent poetry especially, make it hard to realize that her years number only twenty-four, all spent on a Missouri farm or at Washington University near by. **Earnest Elmo Calkins's** interest in that 'Sixth Sense' which the handicapped seem often to develop comes as the result of his own years of deafness, years which did not prevent him from enjoying an enviable career as head of a large advertising firm until his recent retirement. Δ If you have ever conducted a vigorous campaign against the Japanese beetle, you will thoroughly appreciate **Frank Jewett Mather, Jr.**, 'On Beetling.' Here is strategy of the first order, planned and executed by the distinguished Princeton professor-emeritus of art and archæology who now fights the good fight at Washington Crossing, Pa. Δ Some time ago the editor of the *Atlantic* wrote to the leading citizen of Cleveland the following letter: 'If I were asked the essential change which the revolution of these last years has wrought in America, I should be inclined to point to the current conviction that the entire nation has the responsibility of the support of every citizen. . . . When I was a boy, every family group in the village where I was brought up

felt that the last misfortune was to permit any member of the group to "come on the town." Now, instead of "coming on the town," he comes on the United States of America.' In this issue, after the unavoidable delay caused by his innumerable obligations as lawyer and chief of the national 1934 Mobilization for Human Needs, **Newton D. Baker** has contributed his reflections on the subject in a paper which is a classic of human sympathy and wisdom ('The Decay of Self-Reliance'). **Margaret Marks** ('The Child') graduated from Barnard in 1929, and in spite of her 'favorite vice of indolence' has written and published poetry ever since. Δ 'Hede' is concluded in this issue. It is by **Paul Hoffman**, a native of Utica, New York, who has published a novel and several stories since his graduation from Harvard in 1932. Δ Inspired by F. Emerson Andrews's 'Excursion in Numbers,' **Hendrik Willem van Loon** goes off on a jaunt of his own and offers some 'Hints for Reformers.' Since he has written for every other audience, he should be welcomed even by such reformers as are more used to giving hints than to receiving them. **Philip Cabot's** interesting scheme in 'Industry and Government' has been tried out to some extent at Harvard's Graduate School of Business Administration, where he is professor of public utility management. **Grenville Clark** ('Federal Finances and the New Deal') is a member of the law firm of Root, Clark, Buckner, and Ballantine, a Fellow of Harvard College, a holder of the D. S. M.

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Madame Sun Yat-sen in Georgia.

Dear Atlantic, —

Mr. Vincent Sheean's article on revolutionary China not only pleases me, but awakens strange tendrils of memory. Incredible as it may seem, that 'figure of enchanting delicacy,' Madame Sun Yat-sen, once walked the streets of our Georgia mountain town, and her sister, Mei-ling Soong (now Madame Chiang Kai-shek), attended our 'hick college' for a number of months. The incident has one or two curious features which may interest your readers.

Ching-ling Soong (later Madame Sun Yat-sen) was a student, about thirty years ago, at Wesleyan College in Macon, Georgia. With her she brought her little sister Mei-ling, then eight or ten years old, intending that she should study in the Macon public schools. But there was a city ordinance, devised in Reconstruction days, that

no pupil of other than the white race could be admitted. In their perplexity they heard of Piedmont College in the mountains, which would admit students of any age to its preparatory department. So Mei-ling was sent to us.

The child, so small, so dainty, and always smiling, was at once a favorite. She was put in charge of our most undeniable 'Southern aristocrat,' a tiny, soft-voiced woman who was like her small pupil in fragility, and in pride of ancient family.

Later in the year, the grown-up sister from Macon came for a visit, accompanied by another young Chinese woman. Some fancy struck the three of them to put on the richest silks of their own country and explore our streets on Saturday afternoon. In Georgia, Saturday afternoon is a national holiday, and all the mountaineers were in town to trade. As the Chinese girls, in strange and gorgeous costume, glided along our board sidewalk, the rustics made an astonished path for them. The mountaineers were too polite to express disapproval, but their glance was full of suspicion, distrust, and racial arrogance. Whatever the Chinese girls were thinking, they kept it to themselves. Their faces were as impassive as masks, and they walked almost as if performing a rite.

As a boy of thirteen or so, I was tremendously impressed. I longed to know what they *were* thinking — if they felt, perhaps, even more arrogant than the mountaineers looked. I wanted to speak to them, but did n't dare.

This still seems to me the best example of exotic human contrast I have ever seen.

WENDELL BROOKS PHILLIPS
Demorest, Georgia

The origin of our numbers.

Dear Atlantic, —

I wonder whether it is worth while to call your attention to a slight but certain error of fact in Mr. Andrews's article about numbers in the October *Atlantic*. It does not affect his main point at all, but it is an error.

In speaking of the Roman numerals he says, 'The letter C was taken for 100 because it was the initial letter of the Latin word for one hundred, *centum*; and so with M (*mille*) for one thousand.'

As a matter of fact this correspondence is merely a coincidence. When the Romans took over the Greek alphabet from the Greeks in southern Italy there were a number of characters for which they had no need as alphabetical symbols. Some of these came into use as numeral symbols. Among them was the letter known to us as *phi*, which was used as a symbol for 1000. From the form Φ it became ⊕, then, opening at the bottom, ∞. It looks like M but has nothing to do with M. The D used for 500 is one half of this

One day in the life of a Visiting Nurse



Just one incident in the busy day of a Visiting Nurse—Dressing an injured foot to guard against infection.

SHE is but one of about 16,000 women whose days are too short to do all they are asked to do and indeed eager to do, in accordance with the doctor's orders, for those who need their skillful and sympathetic care and direction in hygiene.

Looking for no praise, this Visiting Nurse turned in her report for a single day. From early morning until late afternoon every minute was occupied. But there was no place in her record for her own energy, tact, courage and resourcefulness, or for fatigue, climbing dark stairs, constant drain on sympathy for acute suffering or lost hope.

Her appointments, which averaged about an hour each, began with a call on Mrs. Schmidt—an enema for intestinal disturbance, as ordered by doctor. Then Tim Kelly—lobar pneumonia. Next, Mrs. Jacobs and new baby. After her, John Hopkins—an infected leg. Audrey Cohen next—under doctor's orders, gave insulin injection for diabetes. Mrs. Marziotti—prenatal care. Mr. Simmons—a chronic invalid: paralysis. Finally, Lucy Carleton—diphtheria: assisted the doctor in immunizing the other children; arranged home for communicable disease isolation.



The Visiting Nurse Service is one of America's distinguished contributions to the health movement of the world and has been adopted in other countries. Here it is supported by patients whose payments are supplemented by those of organizations that recognize the vast importance of this work which includes education in health. The Visiting Nurse whole-heartedly extends to each patient the benefit of her expert training.

The wage-earner who cannot stay at home when there is illness in the family, but who can afford the part-time service of a Visiting Nurse, goes to work with a lighter heart knowing that she will call at a definite time to do what is required. When possible the Visiting Nurse teaches some member of the family how to give bedside care before she hurries on to her next patient.

Through your telephone book or your doctor, you can find out whether or not there is a Visiting Nurse Service in your neighborhood. These trained graduate nurses are on call in more than 6,000 cities and towns in the United States. The bedside care given by them may help turn a serious illness to full recovery of health and strength.

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original Φ . Another Greek letter similarly used was the *theta* for 100. Originally Θ , it lost its inner bar or dot, one side of the circle came open, and it looks like a C but is not really a C. The L for 50 comes from another Greek letter, the *chi* of the Cumæan alphabet. At first it was $\downarrow$, then the side strokes became horizontal, then the left one fell off, leaving apparently an L, but not the L that comes after K in the alphabet.

I can quote you authorities on this if necessary.

ARTHUR H. WESTON
Professor of Latin, Lawrence College
Appleton, Wisconsin

EDITOR'S NOTE: The *New English Dictionary* cites the following:—

'C, now rarely c. = Latin *centum* a hundred; the common sign for 100 in Roman numerals, as in dates, numbering of books or chapters; so CC = 200, CCCC or CD = 400.'

'D, the sign for 500 in Roman numerals, as MDCCCXCIII = 1893. [Understood to be the half of CIO, earlier form of M = 1000.]'

'L, the Roman numeral symbol for Fifty. As in the case of other Roman numeral symbols, this was originally not the letter, but was identified with it owing to coincidence of form.'

'M, the Roman numeral symbol for: A thousand.'

Under 'Numeral,' the *Encyclopædia Britannica* has this to say:—

'The most familiar case of the use of letters as numerals is the Roman system. Here C is the initial of *centum* and M of *mille*; but instead of these signs we find older forms, consisting of a circle divided vertically for 1000 and horizontally, Θ , or in the cognate Etruscan system divided into quadrants, $\oplus$, for 100. From the sign for 1000, still sometimes roughly shown in print as CIO, comes D, the half of the symbol for half the number; and the older forms of L, viz. $\perp$ or $\downarrow$, suggest that this also was once half of the hundred symbol. So V (Etruscan Δ) is half of X, which itself is not a true Roman letter. The system, therefore, is hardly alphabetic in origin, though the idea has been thrown out that the signs for 10, 50, and 100 were originally the Greek X, Ψ , Φ , which were not used in writing Latin.'

Magic Zero.

Dear Atlantic, —

For the last year and a half I have been working in an industrial chemical laboratory. The analytical work entails much multiplication, division, subtraction, and addition; the development work requires transposition of one set of units into another, as centimetres to inches, pounds to grams, litres to quarts. In short, I was constantly dealing with numbers. One day last

March I began to wonder about these numbers which I had accepted since childhood: What did they mean? What was division? How was multiplication invented?

I set out on this quest of the meaning of numbers and their manipulation without the aid of any books dealing with the theory of numbers or the number concept, although I had heard that such books were available. I did this purposely as a kind of test, to find if I could arrive at any definite conclusions from my own thought and inquiry. I worked at it for several days, perhaps a week, but finally dropped it because of constitutional indolence.

About a week ago I came across the notes and tables I had made. Knowing that the *Atlantic* often published articles which contained new or original thought, I decided to write up my inquiry in essay form, calling it 'Magic Zero.' Two days ago I made an incomplete first draft. To-day I saw the October *Atlantic*, and I cannot tell you with how much pain and exasperation at my own indolence I read F. Emerson Andrews's 'Excursion in Numbers.' There, in print, were the very things I myself had arrived at, even the discovery that the use of zero was a stroke of genius, and all this in the very publication to which I wished to submit my essay! Although it inflated my ego to know that another man had reached the same conclusions I had, it deflated my hopes of ever having my article published.

IRVING LIGHTBOWN
Akron, Ohio

Almost converted.

Dear Atlantic, —

Mr. Andrews's 'Excursion in Numbers' is interesting and thought-provoking, and he almost persuades me to become a duodecimalarian. If Congress were to adopt the duodecimal system to-day, I could gleefully cavort around as a mere youngster of 49. But hang it all — I knew there was a nigger in the woodpile! I should have to wait 18 years, instead of 8, to be eligible for retirement on pension at 65. Down with such radicalism! I'm a conservative.

H. L. WALLAU
Cleveland, Ohio

Another sign of the times.

Dear Atlantic, —

A reading of Mr. Edward Weeks's 'Signs of the Times' in the October number prompts me to send you the following from my own collection. On the side wall of a furniture factory I found this gem: 'We Stand Behind Every Bed We Sell.'

LILLIAN R. MORRIS
Oakland, California